ba Parietis or the Wall Flower
As it Grew out of the Stone Gamber
Belonging to the
Metropolitan
Prison of London Called
NEW GATE
Being A History
Wch is Partly True
Partly Romantick
Morally Devine
Whereby A Marriag
Between Reality &
Fancie is Solemnized
By Deuinity
By T. B. whilst he was A Prisoner there.

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The Wall-Flower.

As it grew out of the *Stone-Chamber* belonging to the Metropolitan Priſon of

LONDON

CALLED

NEWGATE.

BEING

A *HISTORY* which is Partly true, Partly *Romantick*, Morally *Divine*.

WHEREBY

A Marriage between *Reality* and *Fancy* is ſolemnized by *Divinity*.

Written by THOMAS BAYLY, *D. D.* whilſt he was a Priſoner there.

Omne tulit punctum &c.

He the beſt of all doth write,
That mingleth profit with delight.

LONDON.

Printed by *J. G.* and are to be Sold by *Peter Parker* at the *Leg* and *Star* over againſt the *Royal Exchange* in *Cornhill*, 1679.

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To the Reader.

I Alwaies thought it possible, that a Man might find such a Libertie within a Prison, as to the Prisoner might seem an Enlargement beyond the extent of Aire: So that the Iron-Grates thereof may be no more terrible (as Barres from Freedomes) then the Streakes and Lineaments which the Sun drawes (by the Pensills of his Beames) over the face of Water (and their Shaddowes) seeme Confinements to the Fishes in the Deep: And under what Restraint can that Body be, whose Soule hath an Enlargement within her selfe? Whilst I was thus Endeavouring to make the Place no Prison to my selfe, and labouring to sweeten my Sufferings with Contemplations upon the Causes of my Afflictions, whereby I found my self (like Noah's Arke) but raised so many Degrees towards Heaven by those Waters of Affliction; but Behold! after that I had thus fallen under the Lash of an Incensed Power, my Innocence received such a Wipe over the face by an Unknown hand, and by a Pretender to that Side from whence I least expected any such Stripes, that it amazed Me on the sudden, and doubtlesse had troubled me not a little, had there not been more Simplicity than Error in the Accusation. For,

A Fellow without a Name (having Collected all His late Majesties Works into one Volume) set an Advertisement to the Reader before the Booke, that charged Mee

1. With wronging the late King very much.
2. With Presumption (being but an Obscure Person) to undertake such a Businesse.
3. With Relating a thing so Broken and Imperfect.
4. With Composing most of it my selfe.
5. With Publishing it divers yeares after the Conference.
6. With its Non-Agreement in Matter and Stile with His Majesties other Works, and making His Majesty Contradict Himselfe (as Hind. Pap. 5. Compared with my Pamphlet, pag. 116.)

Now, I shall desire the Courteous Reader to give Me leave to take this Opportunity to wipe this Cuckow's spittle (fall'n upon my other Writings) off with my Gilliflower.

1. As to the first Article; If to lose a Thousand Pounds per Annum for His Majesties sake; If to lose Blood and Liberty in His Quarrell; If to vindicate His Majesties Cause and Workes, by Writing in their Defence, and suffering such an Imprisonment for those Vindications, be to Wrong His Majesty, then I am guilty of that Crime: Otherwise, I know not how I should deserve such an Aspersion: Except the Particulars alledged against Me were as true as I shall easily render them to any indifferent Reader False and Ridiculous.

2. As to the Second; Although I can lay claime to no Illustriousnesse in my Family; yet (I thinke) I have enough that will defend Me from Disparagement, or my Person from such Obscurity as the Nameless Gentleman would blind me with, if I onely say, I came into the World upon an Account that speakes Me the Sonne of a Peere of this Realme, and that my Mother was a Knights Daughter, and of an Antient Family.

The Father of Him who Published the Discourse that troubles the Waspe so much, was sufficiently knowne, both in the King's Court and the Emperiall City; and by His Writings generally taken notice of, not onely by his Native Countrey-men, but by more Kingdomes than His Soveraigne Master had Scepters over. And this Obscure Person (his Sonne) had the luck to be Thrice in Print, and the Presse never

yet Printed any Disparagement to His Pen, nor waste to His Paper before ever he Published that Controversie.

Neither doth the Publisher thereof thinke the Authour of that Advertisement either a Courtier, or a Soldier, or a Scholler, or a Gentleman, or a Friend, or an Enemy to the King: But He imagineth the Fellow to be one of His late Majesties Upstart Friends, that knew no longer how to be His Enemy. So that the Obscurity may not so properly belong to him, who hath set downe his Degree, Name, and Dignity to his Pamphlet, as it may to his Accuser, who taxes a Person that had all Three, and hath none himselfe. Which Pamphlet and which Person is already knowne to other Nations and Languages besides his owne, and in his owne to have so much notice taken of him by the Higher Powers, as to be thought worthy of Iron-Grates for the Royall Cause; and therefore altogether undeserving such an Aspersion by any pretended Royalist.

3. He saith my Relation was broken and Imperfect; Who doubts it? I have acknowledged as much my selfe in my Epistle: It could not be otherwise; I have related it as it was: I intended it not as a Monument of His late Majesties Abilities (whereby it should be thought worthy of taking place with the rest of His Admired Works) but as an Argument of His Constancy in His Religion and Sincerity, in resisting a strong Temptation; and I must tell this Nicholas-Nemo that it is conceived (by better Judgments than his owne) That His Majesties Answers (so upon the sudden) to those Objections (as broken and as imperfect as he makes the Relation of them to be) argued more Acutenesse of Wit, and Soundnesse of Judgment, than any thing that ever he did upon mature deliberation.

3. His Third Objection, is, That I composed most of it my selfe——

Truely, I compos'd it all: So did he the King's Workes, but he was not the Author of any of them: No more was I either of any of His Majesties Answers, or the Marquesse's Objections, Besides what I owne my selfe.

4. He saith, I published this Conference divers yeares after the Conference. Indeed it must be divers yeares after the Conference, because it was not the same, but could not be many yeares, because it was but three, nor many months after I had Liberty so to doe: Which being agreed by both Parties to be kept Private, I could not Publish, till after both their Deaths, as appears in my Preamble to the Conference.

5. The next thing wherewith the Fellow taxeth me, is, That my Relation was broken and Imperfect. I have acknowledged it, I have confessed in my Epistle, that it had received some Tainture by running through my Quill. I intended no Monument Royall; Onely, a Vindication from those Aspersions that were laid upon His late Majesty, viz: That He was a Papist in His Heart, and could no way better Vindicate His Majesty from that Aspersion, then by Publishing His Resistance to so strong Temptations.

6. Next, He saith, It Agrees not with his Stile, and that I bring in the KING contradicting Himselfe, as may appeare (He saith) by His Papers against Hinderson, and the quoted place of my Pamphlet: and how is that? viz: In His Majesties Paper against Hinderson, the late King pleads the Church to be the Judge of the Scriptures; and there I bring the King holding the Scriptures to be their own Interpreters. But was there ever such a Sir Jarvis Simple knowne as this Fellow makes himself? Either he never Read the Controversie (and so takes it up upon trust) or else he remembers, or knows not what he reads: for otherwise he might have taken notice that I own'd that Paper (which he makes to Contradict the King's to Hinderson) as my owne, and not the King's; otherwise then as He approved of what I writ: for, he might have remembred, that I writ how that the King commanded Me to view the Marquesse's Paper before I brought it to Him, and to give Him my Opinion of it, Wch I did in Writing; Wch Paper His Majesty approved of, as a sufficient Answer, and so sent it to the Marquesse: and that I said in my Epistle to the Reader,

That

That I writ onely what the KING ſpake, and that I Tranſcribed or Publiſhed none of His Writings. *And if I had aſſerted that Paper to have been an Emanation from His Pen, it had not been a Contradiction to what He wrote to* Hinderſon. *For,* Hinderſon *urging upon His Majeſty the* Private Interpretation as the Proper Judge of the Scriptures, *His Majeſty might very well hold out unto him* the Authority and Expoſition of the Church as a more Competent Judge then that which the Scripture it ſelfe ſpeaks againſt; *Which was an Argument good enough againſt him: And when the Marqueſſe preſſed His Majeſty with* the Churches being Judge of Scripture, *His Majeſty might have recourſe unto the Scripture, and yet there might be no Contradiction at all: But as a Fellow in a Fooles Coat may have the Priviledge to ſtand in the King's preſence amongſt Wiſe and Worthy Men; ſo, this Advertiſment may not be amiſſe, before the King's Workes.*

If this be the Reward of Loyalty (like a Blind-Beare) to be whipt on both ſides, and laſh'd by every hand: Or like a Maſtiffe to be ridde by ſuch a Jack-an-Ape and boxt on both Eares, I will have nothing to doe henceforward with State-Affaires; LOVE *ſhall be my Theame, which is* the Spirit of God and Soule of the World, *which (like* Archimedes *his* Needle) *drawes all things to it ſelfe:* Love-Paſſions *are the Hinges whereon depend the Two Leafes of that one Doore of Entrance* into Eternall Life, *the* Law *and the* Prophets: *the* Two Heavenly Poles of the Doctrine of Salvation *are the* Love of God *and that of* our Neighbour. Love *is that wherewith the* Sonne of God *being lifted up upon the* Croſſe, *promiſed, that* He would draw all Men unto Him: *All other* Graces *put together doe but ſcant* the Cup; *but* Love *is the* fulfilling of the Law. *It is the Tree* whoſe Fruit is never withered, *or blaſted; And the Root from whence the* Flowers of all good Workes and good Deſires *doe ſpring.* Love *compoſes Bookes of* Holy-Scripture, *and drawes Lineaments of Beauty over the ſeverall Pages. Now come forth thou black and ſullen Spirit that carpeſt at my Writings, and ſee of what Fraternity thou art of, whilſt thou commeſt ſo neer that onely Property of the Devill and Damned Spirits,* [Not to Love] *'I, but* Momus *will aske me, What kind of* Love *is this, of which you treat? I anſwer him, That there is but one* Love in the world, *but there are Diverſities of Objects,* [the Love of God, the Love of Women, the Love of Money.] *The Love of any thing is but one and the ſame thing, though it be different in the Subject whereon it workes:* Amor, Dilectio, Charitas, Zelus, *are but ſo many Branches of that Immaculate Tree of Life guarded by Angels, and a Sword whoſe Temper was of Holy flames of Preſervation, whilſt the Tree of Knowledge parted with her Fruit to ſinfull hands, and whoſe Armes received the Embracements, and entertained the Windings and turnings of the ſubtile Beaſt: whoſe Branches as it bare Knowledge of Good and Evill, ſo, an Excreſſency (contrary to its owne Nature) grew out of its owne Body, which was Death.*

Doe we not ſee God and his Creatures oftentimes Corrivalls for the ſame young Mans Heart? We ſee Heaven and Earth Competitors for the ſame Roome and Lodging in the heart of Man: and the Holy Ghoſt adviſing Man how he may gaine Poſſeſſion of the heavenly Manſion by laying up Treaſure there, that there may his Heart be alſo.

What ſhould I ſay more? The World, the Fleſh, and the Devill are but ſo many Defendents to the joint Plaintiffs of the Bleſſed Trinity, both contending to whom the Heart of Man ſhall properly belong, and when the Scales are even, Love *is the Weight of the Hearts Ballance, cauſing it to Propend that way Whereſoever it lyes. The Compaſſe hath many Points whereto its Needle may becken and make its offer, but there is but one that is Elegible, whereby it may find reſt, and leave its Trepidation, and that's the North: So there are many Circumferences, whereby the Affections of Mens hearts are carried further off from one another, by how much the more they forſake their Fountaine-head; yet there is but one Center, the place of reſt and unity, where all theſe may fully meet, and that is* God; *which* God is

Love; and Love thus rightly plac'd, is the main prop and principall Stay and Support of Christian Religion, and Center of Perfection.

Wherefore (my Friendly Reader) be not froward, nor so ill Composed in your Gravity, as to condemne the Innocence of my Narrations, as Culpable of your imaginary Crimes; The Canticles must not be blotted out of the Scriptures, to please every Peevish and Crosse-grain'd Disposition. Will you refuse all that Divinity of Our Saviour, which he folded up in Parables? Will you despise the Heavenly Manna, because it was gathered into Ægyptian Basquets? Think not this a Vain Story, because my Flower lookes upon you with an Amorous Complexion: for, those Illicite Passions which agitate the Minds of Infamous Lovers, my History cries downe: It is that vertuous and honest Love, which like so many Sparkes of the Divine, have fram'd themselves into a fiery Charriot, able to extoll an Elias up to Heaven. The Holy Writ compares God the Father to a Husbandman: His Sonne [Christ Jesus] to the Heire of his Farme: the Holy Ghost to a Sower of good Seed: The Word of God, to the Seed it self, [Corne:] The Church to a Field: The Devils, to Crowes: Hard-Hearts, to Stony-Ground. Nay, Christ compares himself to a Thiefe in the Night. What if I should compare the Almighty to Medina Cœli; The Second Person of the Deity to Periüssa, Bertaldo; To his Humanity, Aminda; To the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity, Holy Ghost, Comforter, or Angel-Guardian, Maximanus; To the Devil, Lorenzo and Amariffa; To Soul & Body, Berontus & Amariffa; To a Convictor between preferment & humility, Hortensius & Pippea, to patterns of true patience & piety; Thoron, to carnall delights, vanquished by the documents of chastity; Maximanus his Secretary, to the Devils Servants; & Bonella, to such as fall away from vertue? Do you not think but these Comparisons are as well warrantable, as usefull for a Christian Exercise? If you find the Pearl, let it not be valued by the invalidity of the Shell, nor his Orientall Lustre prejudiced by the despicableness of its out-side: Value not these Jewells by their Cabinet; A fine Cabinet may have Counterfeits, whilst Natures Treasures lie enclosed in that which is good for nothing but to be cast away. Thinke you not but that the Rich and inestimable Jewells of Divine Love may be Comprie'd within these pure and undefiled Living Chests, as well as in a Coach-mans Box? Or Truth may not become my Parables, as well as a Coblers Mouth? ——— Leave Carping Zoilus! If I prevaile upon a Child to take some necessary Medicament in the Pappe of an Apple, have I not done well, when Perswasions of Wisdome will nothing worke upon him? Is Vertue of lesse worth, for being Muffled up in an Uncouth habit? Or Beauty blemish'd by the Modest Covert of a Vaile? Surely not! Nor more my Flower, of lesse worth, or Beauty, because 'twas set, and sprung up, within the Barren-Confines of a Prison, and Lives shaded from Vulgar-Eyes, by the silken Curtaine of Conceipt: For although it wanted the Vivifying Raies of the Sunne, either to hasten or strengthen its growth; yet abounded it with that Excellent Temper of Heate and Moisture, which (usually) Heaven bestowes on her Favorites, to sweeten the bitter Pills of their Affliction. Take it as it is, and though it want of its hop'd-for-Perfection, impute it to the Generall distemperature of these Criticall times, not the wilfull Neglect, or Naturall Indisposition of him, Who continues

Yours, in all Christian

and Civill Observances,

THO: BAYLY.

HERBA PARIETIS:
OR,
THE VVALL-FLOVVER.
As it grew out of the STONE-CHAMBER belonging to the Metropolitan Prison of LONDON called *NEWGATE.*

CHAP. I.

Rome *besieged and taken by the* Goths. Bertaldo *and* Honoria, *Nephew and Neece unto the Emperour* Honorius, *fly severally into* Africa, *where* Lorenzo, *won by her Princely Comportment, treats her honourably, and afterwards marries her.* Bertaldo *finds out his sister* Honoria. *His gallant behaviour at the Prince his Court.*

AT the time when *Romes* foundation was 1164. years standing, and after she had been governed by an Emperour 25. years, under the name of *Honorius*; It happened, that *Alaricke*, King of the *Goths*, infested *Romes* Territories with a better *Army* then good *Cause*, having no pretence for what he did, but the daily promptings of a bad Genius: For when *Isidorus* the Hermite (a man of great authority amongst the Religious, and of highest estimation with the Vulgar, exemplary both in life and conversation) met with this *Enthusiastick* Tyrant, and disswaded him from drinking the blood of Innocents, whilst there was not the least thirst, occasioned by excitation of any heat that was between them; he was answered by the same *Alaricke*, that there was a man that came daily to him, and would not let him rest, but uncessantly perswaded him to march to *Rome*, destroy her Inhabitants, and rase her walls, whom he could not in any way resist: Which so astonished the poore Hermite, that he departed from him, with these (onely) words in his mouth, *Vereor, heu vereor.*

Two yeeres the Capitoll ecchoed to the *Gottish* Drummes, before it answered to the word *Yeeld:* Which when *Necessity* had once taught it how to speak so *strange* a language, amongst the miserable, *Honoria,*

Romes *glory*, and her Sexes *wonder*, (having loſt her aged Grandfather under the walls of *Rome*, and two younger brothers, Nephews to the Emperour, who having not *ſtrength* enough to *fight* againſt the Enemie, wanted not *Piety* in attempting to bring their father *off*, but were both *mowed* downe by the ſame Sithe, which knew no difference betweene the talleſt *Bent*, and the moſt tender *Flowers*) followes *Bertaldo* her elder brother, who was fled before through a ſea (which though *ſtormy*, yet) leſſe *raging* then the Tyrants fury: thus forſaking the *Calabrian* for the *Carthaginian* ſhore; where like the Sunne (appearing to a heathen people) ſhe found many *Adorers*, amongſt the reſt, *Lorenzo*, Prince of *Carthage*, and all the Territories round about, who *requited the captivity* of her *beauty* with captivating her *Perſon:* which he performing with a paſſion more *impulſive* then that of Love, attended with Civility, ſhe thus ſpake unto him:

SIR,

I am nothing, more or leſſe, then a leafe *which is falne from the* tree *that made* Lawrels *for the Roman Emperours; and toſt by a wind that hath blown me upon your coaſt: I perceive you are a man of ſome authority in theſe parts; exerciſe that power, which may make you worthy of renowne: (and not in* ſullying *a vertue, which belongs to Princes, which is, to defend and relieve the* diſtreſſed, *and chiefly, Ladies in* diſtreſſe; *the true point of* Maſculine *Nobility.) Sir, you ſhould take me by the* Minds *Intellect, and not thus hold a Lady by the* wriſt, *overcome a* Romane *Dame by the* Soules *Dialect. I have a* Mind *as much* above *your* reach, *as is your* ſtate *above my* miſery. *You may force fleſh and blood, but no more enjoy me, then if you ſhould commit a* Rape *upon Repentance; and what pleaſure can you take in the fruition, when you ſhall find me as* cold *to your deſires, as is a Corps that's new digg'd up out of its grave. Sir, I dare tell you thus much, Though my locks are* gray'd *with* hoary *froſts, and my garments* blaucht *throughout with theſe* ſavours *of the Ship; and though theſe eyes, within mine head, vie Controverſies with the ſhooes upon my feet, which ſhould be filled with the ſalteſt waters; that there is a greater* Partition *between you, and Honour, then all the water that the Earth's Globe hath received into its boſome, hath made a ſeparation betwixt me, and* Rome: *if you intend, that, which I feare, as little, as you ſhall find Contentment in the proſecution.*

Lorenzo having *before* let goe his hold, *now* begins to let fall his courage; and (as if he had been *Planet-ſtrucken* by ſome She-conſtellated Deitie) to aske her pardon, and to aſſure her, that ſhe was not ſo *low* in her condition, as he was *high* in his Reſolves, to perform all acts of *grace* and *favour* in her behalfe, that ſhould ſeeme moſt agreeable to her owne liking, calling to witneſſe all that was ſacred, that he rendred himſelfe at her diſpoſall, as true a Convert, as the greateſt friend on earth, had cauſe to boaſt a merit. *Honoria* joy'd with the good ſucceſſe of her own (ſo well beſtowed) language, bids him be conſtant in his reſolution, and be happy. Whereupon he

diſcovers

diſcovers himſelfe a Prince of all the Territories round about, and cauſing his moſt ſumptuous Chariot to be ſent for, he ſeats her in it, and kneeling at the loweſt ſtep, he begs the favour of his admittance: ſhe bends both her body, and diſcourſe, to lay hold upon all the Civilities that might helpe him up; applauding the exuberance of ſo great humanity, ſhewed to a perſon, who ſate there, as a meere object of his clemencie. The commanded haſte, which the Charioteere ſoone made, to the Royall Palace (together with the many Queſtions and Anſwers which the King and Queene of Love made to one another) ſhortned the way, that brought them to ſo glorious a ſtructure, as if one of *Jupiters* birds had built his neſt in the Sun; which dazled the eyes of its beholders.

The Palace was ſeated on the ſide of a hill, whereby though there were *many* buildings, yet not any *one* obſcur'd the reſt, but *all* like ſo many *yearly* children of a right Architect, ſtood in ſo many ſeveral degrees one above another. Before the houſe there glided a ſoft ſtreame, *ſmiling* upon the flowery Bankes, whoſe depth rather received *Bargemen* then *Navigators*. All along which River there was a fruitfull Valley, that yeelded a moſt pleaſant proſpect, which a man might eaſily *behold* without *loſing* his owne eyes. Above the Palace, a Hill, almoſt compaſſed the Seate, in forme of a Moone Creſſant, opening to receive the benefit of the pleaſing *Zephirs*, and a *Grove* betweene, anſwerable to the *ſhape* and *manner* of the Hill. Adjoyning whereunto, in proportion, was a goodly Orchard, and next unto the Houſe, a faire Garden, whoſe Platt was contrived upon ſuch a hanging Levell, whoſe *proclivitie* was ſo *inſenſible*, that you might walke *upwards* upon plaine ground, and *downe* againe, without deſcent. Upon the midſt whereof, was a liberall Fountaine, which was no leſſe ſervient to the *Grotts* for Water-works, then to the Houſe for uſe. No *tunnells* of any Chimney were to be ſeene above the houſe, but the Chimneys of every Square were ſo contrived all back to back, that they ſent up their conveyance ſo cloſe drawne up together, that over ſo many ſeverall places of the Palace, there was nothing more to be ſeen then ſo many tripartited walls, with Benches for to ſit upon, either opening to the *Sunne*, or affording *ſhade*, from what part of the Firmament ſoever the Sunne ſhould caſt his Beames, as *favours*, or *perſecutions*. Upon the ſide of every wall, there attended the Suns motion, Dials, that took conſtant notes of all the progreſſe. At the corner of each wall, were Pendents, and in the midſt, higher then all the reſt, a larger Pendent, having the Princes Armes cut through, whoſe thorough light made the *Chardge* Sables, and the *Field*, Azure, or *Skie*-colour; ſerving as well for ornament as uſe. Neither was the Contrivement leſſe beneficiall, reſpecting the *three* walls ſheltridge from the *foure* winds. The comming up to the Palace, was over a faire River, and along a two-arched ſtately Bridge, betweene which and the Palace, was a ſtately Launt, five hundred and fifty paces, with a double row of trees on both ſides; in each double row a Foot-

walk, wherein three might goe abreaſt; and in the middle a faire gravell riſe for the Chariot and the Horſe; which led through a faire Parke, no leſſe enamell'd with ſtore of Deere, then ſhadowed with the goodlieſt trees; which brought you to a Building, whoſe contrivements were all ſonnes and daughters of Uniformity and Beauty.

The Prince (having ſhewed her all that is deſcribed, and having brought her with all his Attendant Lords and Ladies to the top of the Palace) tells her (before them all) that all that ſhe had ſeene within thoſe walls, and all that her eyes beheld without, ſhould be hers, upon no other condition, but that ſhe ſhould be his.

Honoria (perceiving that ſhe was now put to act the two parts both of Modeſty and Diſcretion) anſwered him in theſe words:

WORTHY SIR,

In my weake opinion, you doe not deale ſo kindly with me, as if you would have me live: You cannot be ignorant of the danger that is in taking a poore hunger-ſtarv'd *wretch, and tempting her owne* appetite *to be her* ruine, *in ſetting before her ſo many diſhes, and plentifull varieties. I have beene fed with ſorrow a long time, and have had no moiſture wherewith I might quench my* thirſting *after comfort, but my owne teares; and now you cram me with delights: what can be expected, but that I ſhould ſoone ſurfet with the joyes wherewith you fill a heart that is too narrow to containe the moitie of your bounty and goodneſſe? I ſee here in your preſence, choice of faire and honourable Ladies, daughters to Felicity, and right heires to Happineſſe: Tell me but which you like, and my needle ſhall worke her ſuch a wedding garment, as it may be* Carthage *never ſaw the like; and this is all the favour I ſhall beg, or thinke my ſelfe worthy of.*——

She (ſeeing him ſtand amazed) urged him farther with theſe words (ſo modeſtly ſpoken) *I pray Sir, let it be ſo, it may be I may be thought worthy for to wait upon her.*

No, (ſaid the Prince) *they ſhall all attend on thee, and thinke themſelves no more or leſſe happy then according to the degrees of favour that thou ſhalt ranke them in, and their merits, at thy hands, ſhall purchaſe eſtimation. For (by all that's ſacred) before the morrowes Sunne ſhall reach to its Meridian, thou ſhalt be mine. Doe not you ſtand ſo much upon refuſall, leſt you make us thinke, that you* Romanes *have an art beyond us, to make your ſelves more acceptable by crowning your Perfections with Humility. Come, let's goe, and what thou haſt not ſeen, that ſhall be thine; Ile ſhew thee farther.*—— Whereupon leading her by the arme, he delighted himſelfe (in ſuppoſing how much he delighted her) in ſhewing her all his Rarities and Treaſures.

All his attendants (eſpecially they of the Female Sexe) were not (as yet) more affected with *envie* of her happineſſe, then they were pleaſed with the *humble* manner of her behaviour, untill their ſecond thoughts had placed their envies right againſt her: conſtruing that

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Modeſtie, as a piece of cunning, to attract Honour (the more) by flying it; and to draw his love more and more towards her, by ſeeming to refuſe it. This night, the honourable women, by commandement from the Prince, attended *Honoria*; who the next day, as their Princeſſe, was to command their attendance. Which day being come, the time of that day allotted for the ſolemnization of ſo great a Marriage was at hand: when they were both made one, with the greateſt pompe and ceremony that could be deviſed, which I leave to your owne imaginations to ſupply the place of a deſcription. But one thing I muſt not omit, becauſe it was ſo ominous to that, which after happened: For at the ſame time whilſt the Prieſt was joyning the Hands of thoſe whoſe Hearts were one already, Blood guſht from his noſtrils, and at once ſtain'd the two maine preſervers both of Knowledge and Devotion, the ſacred Directory, and the Prieſts lips; and made the very word which enſured the Prince his love unto *Honoria*, Rubrick in the Lyturgie. Which though the ſtanders by interpreted it as a bad *Omen*, yet the parties themſelves, guarded with Innocence, and Thoughts as noble as their Reſolutions towards each other, diſdain'd to underſtand it a preſage of evill.

No leſſe prodigious was that of the Diſhes being ſerv'd up to the Bridall Board with a noiſe of the Cloud-cleaving thunder of the Almighty, and with Lightnings from the ſeverall windowes croſſing the meat: Which was not conſtrued, as a benediction, by thoſe who did obſerve it; and they who were leaſt ſuperſtitious, were (notwithſtanding) ſomewhat out of countenance to behold ſuch ſad Portents; which the Princely Bride perceiving, thus ſpake unto her better part:

My Lord,

Why ſhould you and I be troubled at theſe accidents, ſeeing it lies within our power to make them nothing? If you ſhould once ſpeak harſh to me, that thunder would be terrible in mine eares; neither can I feare the blaſting of any Lightning, but what may (unhappily) have its procedure from your eyes; and when I deſerve either, may I meet with both. The Prieſts blood dropt not upon our hands, but upon his booke; whilſt theſe are pure and innocent, we need not feare. Though the blood fell upon the Letter, it did not fall upon the meaning that was between us. Be you but conſtant to theſe vowes which you have made, and it ſhall not lie within the power of Fate to work our prejudice.

My deare Honoria, (reply'd the Prince) *I am glad that theſe things have happened thus, ſince they have given thee occaſion to make Superſtition ſuch a foole. Look, my Deare, it cleares up already, thy breath hath rais'd the Siege that had ſo cloſe begirt the incloſed fires, that ſallied forth in thunder; and thy ſmiles have already diſpell'd the Clouds that ſate on every countenance. Come, let us ſit downe, and better our Commons with exceedings both of mirth and jollity.*——

It happened (whilſt theſe affaires were in agitation) that *Bertaldo*

Brother to *Honoria*, and Nephew to the Emperour *Honorius*, ſometimes Governour of *Cilicia*, (a man of admirable Proweſſe, and much Gallantry) one who had expreſſed it ſufficiently againſt the *Goths*, (having ſlaine with his owne hands *Amboyolus*, Brother to *Alarick*, King of the *Goths*) eſcaped the Gottiſh Inquiſition, and conceal'd himſelfe for ſome time heretofore in that Country) came to heare of the good fortune which his ſiſter met withall by flying from ſo ſad a fate, (where finding her fixed amongſt the higheſt Conſtellations of that Firmament, and hearing that there were Juſts and Tournaments to be performed in the after-noone in honour of the day) he engaged a rich Jewel, which he had brought over with him, and ſlipt himſelfe into the moſt compleat Armour that the time would give him leave, and mounted himſelfe upon the braveſt horſe that money could buy. When the Prince and Princeſſe were ſeated, with all the Lords and Ladies of the Court, he entred the Liſts amongſt the other Tilters (diſguis'd as the reſt were) who therefore could not wonder at any other ſtrangeneſſe, but that their number ſhould exceed by one, they knew not who, and come amongſt them, they knew not how: wherefore he was ſoone accoſted by the Herauld, who demanded of him what he was, and upon what Accompt he entred the Liſts: to whom *Bertaldo* gave this Anſwer:

Sir, I am a Stranger, that ſeek renowne in Forraigne parts, and oppotunity offers me a purchaſe at your hands: I require my Match if if he be to be found amongſt the Carthaginians. Amongſt the *Carthaginians?* (ſaid the Herauld) that you ſhall ſoone find. And ſo left him, declaring to the reſt, the contents, of what had paſſed betweene him and the ſtrange Knight: the newes of ſo bold a Challenge was ſoon brought into the eares of the higheſt Spectators, who fraught with wonder, ſummon'd all their intellectualls; out of which they choſe a Committee of Divining thoughts to make enquiries who it ſhould be, but could not draw up a report: the Combatants diſdaining, that ſuch a bold expoſtulation ſhould proceed from a ſtranger, to the diſparagement of the *Carthaginian* Chivalry, if not chaſtiſed for his preſumption: they all ſtrove who ſhould undertake him firſt: and not agreeing otherwiſe, they all reſolved to caſt Lots to whoſe turn the Enterprize ſhould fall; but the Prince fearing that the Lot might fall to the moſt unskilfull, and weakeſt, to undertake ſo high a piece of Confidence; and ſo the glory of the *Carthaginians* might happen to be eclipſed, commanded *Coſdruball*, Captain of his Guard, a man of higheſt eminence and eſteeme in all that Country, and one that never had been foil'd in point of Chivalry, to undertake the Challenger, which was obeyed, and thus performed.

Coſdruball mounted upon a Milk-white Steed, having a ſilver Mane, that reacht (curling) downe to his knees, with his Launce in his hand, aud Sword by his ſide, in gilded Armour, enters the Liſts, (his

(his horſe out-noiſing all the Trumpets with his neighings) and prepares himſelfe for the Encounter, againſt whom was brought *Bertaldo* upon a bright Bay, with black Spots over all his body, and a white Star in his Fore-head, having a goodly Mane mingled with black and brown Haires: Drake-neckt, mouſe-ear'd, full-ey'd, and open noſtrils, pawing with one Foot upon the ground, and pricking up his Eares, as if he delighted rather to hear, then mar the muſick of the Trumpets: Blowing, as if he ſtomackt the delay, and waving his body up and downe, as if idleneſſe were a greater burden to him then action: All which ſignes of goodneſſe in his Horſe put *Bertaldo* in good hopes, that he ſhould make his words good, which he promiſed to his late Maſter in his behalf: who hearing his late Maſter ſpeak by way of commendation of his Horſe, (he was then ſelling to *Bertaldo*) *viz.* That he was a Lambe in the Stable, and a Peacock upon the Road; anſwered, that he would teach him how to be a Lyon in the Field.

Thus all in Armour ſilver'd ore, with a mourning Ribbond a croſſe his Armour; and a black plume of Feathers in his Helmet, with a Launce in his hand, and Sword by his ſide: He ſate his Horſe in ſuch a comely poſture, that his Princely Siſter could not but think of him, who was the Man ſhe thought of, her own Brother: the ſignall was thrown down on the ruſh, like lightning upon one another; and he that was never worſted in all his life, was now unhors'd upon the firſt Encounter: Which *Coſdruball*, not knowing how to brook, requeſted that he might run againe, and trie his fortune once more; which being againſt the Lawes of Chivalry for him that was Unhors'd to trie a ſecond Combate, was denyed it by the Herauld: and his fellow Tilters (hoping to re-gaine immortall Honour, by repairing that miſ-fortune with a better) ſtickled ſo much againſt him, that he (ſcorning nothing more then that the glory of vindicating the Carthaginian honour ſhould fall to anothers ſhare) therewith was ſo outed of all moderation and reaſon, both at once, (by a ſtrong paſſion that too often had been his enemie) that he ſtruck at one of them, and the other foure vindicated the firſt: ſo that they all five fell upon him. Which *Bertaldo* perceiving, takes part with his Antagoniſt; by whoſe aſſiſtance, *Coſdruball* held long play with all the five, and two of them were diſmounted, and ſore wounded in the face, and between the joynts of their armour, and both of them, by the brave *Bertaldo*; whoſe ſword at the laſt breaking, he took one of their horſes by one of the cheeks of the bit, whoſe horſe being tender mouth'd, rear'd ſo up an end, that it gave occaſion for a leſſer ſtrength, then what *Bertaldo* had, to throw horſe and man backward over and over: Whereupon the Prince threw down his Warder, commanding his Guard to part them, which was done accordingly. But *Coſdruball* by this time having turned his Envie againſt *Bertaldo* into Admiration, and his Choller into Complement, thus ſpake unto him:

SIR,

You have expreſſed a great deale of Gallantry, both againſt me, and on my behalfe. Let me be ſo happy as to know your name, leſt you make me beleeve ſome Deity hath fought this day in Armour.

Bertaldo about to reply, uſing the ſame reverence which *Honoria* had obſerv'd him for to ſhew on Horſeback unto the Romane Emperour, whilſt he thankt him (upon his returne) from ſome good ſervice, cryed out, *It is my Brother, my deare Brother, deare* Bertaldo, *I know it is he.*

Whereat the Prince aſtoniſhed, ſends for them all to come before him; who having uncaſed, were preſented to the Royall Paire as the true inſtruments of valour; But no Muſique affected the Royall Princeſſe eare ſo much, as when ſhe heard her Brother ſpeak, whom ſhe preſented to the Prince, her Husband, who acknowledged himſelfe much honoured with his relation to a man of ſo great Gallantry; offering him to be no leſſe then what he would be, that lay within the power of his Dominions to make him ſo; wherefore he bad him freely to ſpeak his minde, or to take ſome further time for his demands.

Bertaldo ſoone reply'd, *Great Prince, there needs no long time to be given me to requeſt that at your hands, which of all other things I moſt deſire.*

Speak it then, (ſaid *Lorenzo*) *and upon the word of a Prince it ſhall be granted preſently.*

Then Sir, (ſaid *Bertaldo*) *I deſire nothing more then that you would love my Siſter.*

At which words, the Prince ruſhes into his armes, and embracing him, told him, That *he had requeſted nothing, for greater love then that he bare already towards his Siſter, he could not ſhew:* But this he had gained by ſo great an expreſſion of his love to her, that he could love him no leſſe with all his ſoule, then her with all his heart. And ſeeing his modeſtie would not make knowne unto him any farther deſires, he was contented (for his merits ſake) to be the hardeſt Student, untill he had found out wayes to make him happy. With ſuch love-expreſſions between theſe two Worthies, as alſo betweene *Bertaldo* and *Coſdrubali*, the Prince and Princeſſe, *Honoria*, and her brother, with variety of delights and paſtimes, Muſick and Dancings, the reſt of the Day, and the borrowed part of the Night, that the maine happineſſe could afford to lend their expectations, ſeemed too ſmall a contribution to ſatisfie the deſires of thoſe who now began to wax ſad with thinking how their happineſſe muſt end, with a beginning of that felicity whereof they were no ſharers, but ſo far forth as they could make it theirs by fancy: The time being come, that the Queen of Beauty muſt be taken by the Miniſters to the throne of Love, out of the hand of her beloved, where ſhe might be placed by his ſide; ſhe taking her leave with a reverend, yet Prinely behaviour, and went before that ſhe might be come to, rather then come at man:

where

where ſhe was no ſooner laid in her bed, but all the Honourable women fell in love with her, (except *Amariſſa*, a faire Lady, whoſe quality we ſhall defer to mention till the laſt: It ſhall ſuffice for the preſent, that ſhe was one who formerly conceived hopes of having ſome aſſurance of the Prince's love, who ſate at the beds feet, behind the Curtaine, with her face from the bed, weeping) and with no leſſer ſenſibilities of delight, then as if their owne imaginations had metamorphoſed them all to men, ſtanding on both ſides the bed, holding Tapers in their hands, and gazing upon that lovely object, whoſe ſo *many* faces caſt *one* ſo out of countenance, that ſhe made ſignes with her hand that they ſhould be gone; and then recollecting her ſelfe, as fearing that they might judge the diſmiſſion a making *haſte* for her Husbands approach, her bluſhes forc'd a paſſage ſo *powerfully* into her countenance, that ſhe was faine to attempt a *ſuppreſſion* with both her hands: And leſt any of the *red* ſhould ſlip an apparance through her *white* fingers, ſhe throwes the ſheet over her head, ſo that their eyes forſooke their object, as *objects vaniſh* from the eye-ſight, when the light is gone.

Word being brought, that the Prince thought their Ceremonies too tedious, they *ſighed* forth their extaſies with ſuch a ſtrong gale of wind, whoſe breath *ſwell'd* each contrary Curtaine, as if by thoſe *full* ſailes they had been *tranſported* to themſelves againe; and ſo left her: Onely *Amariſſa* ſtay'd behind, unmiſſed, and unregarded, until ſuch time, that the Prince with all his Nobles entred the Chamber, who entertained him with this ſad *Prologue* to the *Play*:

SIR,

Had you no other way to ſtep *into your Nuptiall bed, but by* treading *upon a heart, that ſo much lov'd and honour'd you? to* abuſe *a beliefe, that once thought you could not erre? What delight is this you take, to* raiſe *with one hand, and* deſtroy *with t'other? to* fill *one creature ſo* full *of joy with an unexpected fruition, and* ſtrangle *another in the midſt of all her hopes? Sir, you did not well: There is that* within *you, and there be thoſe* without *you, that will not ſtick to tell you ſo:* and with that ſhe flung out of the Chamber, in the greateſt diſdaine, both to her Soveraigne, and her bad fortune, that could be imagined.

Bertaldo, who loved a ſpirit, (howſoever qualified) was mightily taken with her, (whoſe comportment it ſeemes well ſuted with his humour) wherefore he thus ſpake unto the Prince:

SIR,

You were once pleaſed to bid me aske *and* have; *now I onely* aske, *that I may* have *this Lady, or at leaſt your approbation and aſſiſtance.*

To whom the Prince returned this quick Reply:

My deare Bertaldo, *I will not onely grant thee this, but aſſure thee, were I a woman my ſelfe, thou ſhouldſt have me.*

Whereat the Princely Bride raiſing her ſelfe up a little in her bed, ſaid,

My Lord, I pray tell me truly, have you promis'd the Lady marriage,

that ſeem'd to be ſo much perplext through ſome unconſtancie on your behalfe?

To whom the Prince made anſwer,

Upon my word I never promis'd her any ſuch thing, and I know ſhe's more noble then to ſay I did.

Oh Sir, (ſaid the Princeſſe) *I beg that I might heare her but acknowledge what you ſay, before you come betweene theſe ſheets, or elſe I ſhall never enjoy you nor my ſelfe: For I proteſt before all that's good, that I had rather embrace a heartleſſe, then a faithleſſe man: And as ſoone ſhall Steele ſtrike fire without a Flint, as* either *of us can enjoy Felicity, where* both *have not kept touch with mutuall Loyaltie.*

The Prince proteſted againe *by Heaven, he never did promiſe that he would marry her.*

Then ſaid the Princeſſe, *Did not you tell her that you loved her? tell me truly; and ſo made her beleeve too much? Did you never give her any Rings or Favours?*

The Prince confeſſed that *he had done all that.*

Whereat the Princeſſe as *over-ſenſible* of the *ſad* condition that the poore Lady was in, *gently* wiping the teares that were even ready to *overflow* their bankes, told him that he had done *too much*, to doe *no more*; and that ſhe feared, that was not *all.*

Whereat the Prince, deeply wounded with her ſorrow, told the Princeſſe, that he would have her ſent for, and would engage her honour in teſtification of that truth which he had ſaid; and for the wrong which ſhe conceived that he had done the Lady, in telling her, in a generall way, he loved her: or in beſtowing ſome particular favours upon her, he would make her this amends:

Here is Bertaldo, (ſaid the Prince) *as much in love with her, as ever ſhe was with me; a man every way deſerving her affection, with ſtronger pleas of merit, then I my ſelfe can boaſt of;* (*onely he's not a Prince.*) *And rather then thou ſhouldſt build a diſcontent on ſuch foundations, he ſhall be Prince of* Carthage, *and I will be* Bertaldo: *And* (ſaid the Princeſſe) *I will be* Amariſſa, *and ſhe ſhall be* Honoria. *Let her be ſent for.*——

Whereupon the Prince commanded two of his Noblemen to go and tell *Amariſſa* that her company was much deſired, who all this while had hid her ſelfe in a place where ſhe both *ſaw* and *heard* all that had been *ſaid*, or *done*: And being overcome with the Princeſſe goodneſſe, thinking her ſelfe by this time ſufficiently *revenged*, in finding *Honoria* (already) a partaker with her, in her affliction, and ſo *ſenſible* of her owne and hers, ſhe anſwered that *ſenſibility* with a deepe ſenſe of both their willingneſſe to give her ſo *full* a ſatisfaction, for ſo *ſmall* a fault, as was neither a *reall* wrong, nor a *compleat* injury: but eſpecially by reaſon of thoſe *ſparkles* of fire which *Bertaldo*'s words had kindled in her breaſt, which began (already) to *ſmother* under that *vaſt* load of fuell which *former* love had prepared for ſo *high* an inflamation. In ſhe comes

comes of her self, before she was either lookt for by *them*, or found by *their* Ambassadours, upon whose approach, the Prince thus spake unto her:

Madam, As you have relation unto Honour, be a friend to Justice; and let no passion prejudice the truth, that onely must confesse I often said I lov'd you, and that I gave you pledges of my love, I have acknowledged it; but that those pledges might not have been given as well unto a thing call'd Man, *as unto you as* Woman, *(seeing I never promised you Marriage, or gave them you in any such consideration) I see no reason.*

To which *Amarissa* thus reply'd,

SIR,

It seemes I did not understand your dialect, *nor the* language *of your* gifts: *I must confesse, I thought, that (being a* woman*) professing love to* such *a one, (and I never questioned any other but what was honourable) had no other* signification, *but what it seemes you never* meant: *and your* gifts, *no otherwise, then so many* pledges *of that love: But I am* contented *to be* mistaken; *my griefs are now* epitomiz'd *to this small* Volume. *I am sorry I am not a* Man, *(as you took me to be) for then would I love* Honoria *better then your selfe, and so be even with you. Wherefore be ever happy,* Honoria, *in his love, and if my contentment may contribute any thing to that accomplishment, you have it freely: Imbrace* him, *as the* Ivie *doth the* tree, *murmur together like two* Turtle-doves, *and kisse as close as Cockles meet, I envie not your happinesse.*

Bertaldo fir'd with this brave carriage, tells *Amarissa* that she is the greatest *Conquerour* in the world, thus to *rout* her passions, and *overcome* her selfe, (not knowing the *meanes* whereby she got the victory) and that if she could love a *man* under the degree of a *Prince*, she might find happinesse to *crowne* her desires, besides that which Princes weare upon their *heads.*

Amarissa made quick reply, saying,

A Woman was not taken out of the scull *of Man, whereby she should so much affect that* ornament; *but out of his* side, *that she might sit neare his* heart: *Where if she were once duly seated, she ought to think her selfe sufficiently crown'd with hearts content.*

Come, Amarissa, *(*said the Prince*) behold the* Prince *of Chivalrie, and the sonne of* Mars: *sole Executor to all the goods in the Temple, of honour and of vertue, heire to Fortune, and one to whom Fame hath assign'd over her right; a man to whom the world owes more then it's able to pay: Love him, and be as happy as thou wilt.*

Which words the Princesse seconded with these:

Love him, and you shall not lose your first love; For Lorenzo *being my selfe, and I yours,* Bertaldo *and* Amarissa *shall so agree in a* third *person, that* foure *shall be happy all at* once. *Love me,* said *Bertaldo, and I will teach Love it selfe new delights that it never dreamt of, and make it ashamed of its old wayes, as if they were out of fashion.*

*As to you, Sir, (*said *Amarissa*, applying her selfe to the Prince)

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you have deſcribed a gallant man: And I ſhall no otherwiſe anſwer your Encomium *of him, then with Beliefe: And your words* (to the Princeſſe) *with no leſſe reſpect, then in laying them to a heart that truly honours you: And in requitall of your good opinions of me, I will anſwer the reſpect with an act of the greateſt contentment to you both, that either of you can imagine, in taking my leave of you, and keeping you no longer out of Paradiſe. And as to you,* Bertaldo, *I ſhall commit you to the greateſt happineſſe, when I leave you to your ſelfe: And ſo Good night, and Happineſſe to you all.*

Bertaldo, as if his *ſoule* were making an *eſcape*, haſtened after her, with ſo *much* reſpect to *her*, as ſhewed but *little* to the *Prince* and *Princeſſe*, (who notwithſtanding, were beſt pleaſed with the manner of his departure) and overtakes her, before ſhe had got halfe way to her Chamber, and waiting upon her to the doore, he kiſs'd her *hand*, calling it his *Altar*: her *ſelfe*, his *Shrine*: the *place*, his *Chappell*: and (making a *low* obeiſance) *that* his Adoration, ſhe diſmiſs'd him onely with this aſſurance of her favour towards him, that in her owne nature ſhe was enclin'd to *mercy*, and hoped ſhe ſhould not put him to too many prayers: And ſo they parted.

CHAP.

Chap. II.

The disturbance that the Prince and Princesse had in their rest the first night. The pittifull Lamentations that Amynda *her Genius made to the Prince. The Invasion of the* Moores. *The hard shift that* Periissa *made to enjoy the desired company of* Bertaldo.

THe married couple had no sooner falne into those sweet slumbers, (in one anothers armes) in the *Cradle*, wherein *Hymeneus* uses to *rock* his paires, but a Heart-penetrating voice gives musick to their eares, (whose *stops* were *sobs*, and *aire* was *sighes*) unbound their senses, which were fastned in a True-loves knot, and disturb'd them in that soft repose, they both listned to the Lamentation, and at the first, they both concluded, that *Amarissa* had come back againe, and privily conveyed her selfe into the roome, purposely to cast so sowre a sauce into their dish. At last, they asked *Who it was?* and bade her speake, saying, that they thought *she had gone away fully satisfied.*

I (replyed the Voice) *am the sad* genius *of now poore and miserable* Amynda, *whose soule hovers in the aire betweene* Damascus *and* Jerusalem, *and has no rest, by reason I was accessarie to an act of high injustice. I was sometime a servant to the High-borne Princesse* Cosbia, *who was delivered of two sonnes, one of them being a faire and goodly Child, the other seem'd to be not so well favour'd with naturall endowments. The best favoured was the youngest, the lesse the elder; whom she caused to be accounted as her youngest sonne; and us, to keep her counsell, which we did accordingly: so that* Berontus *the right heire, was all along esteemed to be the younger brother, who (as if his divining soule could not be contented with a lesser degree of Fortune, then that which the God of Nature had already given him) seekes better in the worlds wideneesse, while he was yet a Stripling, and* Jacomius (*the younger*) *was bred up to all the good qualities that education could afford him, and is unjustly likely to inherit that vast Estate which his Father left him, beside the Dukedome that was to descend unto him after the death of his Great Uncle, (if your mercie towards my distressed condition, and love to Justice, doe not help to set things right)* acquainting him with the names, and places of the women, and their habitations, that were at the Labour of this great Lady; she implores his assistance for pitty sake, promising him faithfully, that if he would doe this good worke for her, he should never want her assistance to give him the best intelligence for his good, or the avoidance of any evill that should befall him.

As much as Wonder and Amazement would give him leave, he promised faithfully to effect what she desir'd; the voice was heard no more, after these her last words, *What you have promised, look you doe*

performe: Which words were no ſooner out of his mouth, but they could heare a melodious Harmony, as the Muſick of the Sphæres in compariſon therewith would ſeeme but jarring; and ſo (as if it went farther and farther off, till it went ſo far, as paſt their hearing) they were permitted to their former ſweetneſſe of repoſe. When as the Prince perceiving how Sleep (that dull thiefe) began to ſteale upon him, fearing that he might obliterate thoſe penall notions out of his *Memorandum*, ſtarts upright in his bed, *Honoria* claſping him by the middle, and asking him, *What would my Love?* He anſwers her, *Sweet heart, the* Blood, *the* Thunder, *and the* Lightning, *that the Prieſts* Booke, *the* Eares, *and* Eyes *of all that were obſervers of thoſe* Prodigies, *bid me be circumſpect, and omit no opportunities, that may make* Fate *her ſelfe runne back with all her Monſters in her armes.* Whereupon he ſtept out of his bed, and onely cloathing himſelfe with his Night-gowne, he opened his doore, where the Guard, which watcht in the Gallery, were ſo amaz'd, that it was a long time before his commands could be obey'd. At the laſt, they lighted his Candle at the Lamp. Which done, he retires into his Chamber, and commits all the particulars to writing, that had been told him by his late informer. Which having done, he betakes himſelfe to his former place of reſt, but found little there: For, ſcarce had *Whyes*, and *Whithers*, and *What aylſt thou's*, with ſtroakings, and expoſtulations, brought him into the ſame predicament he was in before, but the Alarum bell rung as if the wooden wheele had ſounded mettle. The Guard without cryes, *Arme, Arme, Arme, Coſdruball* bounces at the doore, and cryes, *Sir, pray open your doore, I muſt ſpeake with you:* The Prince ſtarts up, the Princeſs puls him down again, crying aloud, *Ah! This was* Amariſſas *doings, gaſte was under her lips, whiles ſhe ſpake ſo fair; and aſpes hid themſelves under the leaves of her pretences, and now ſting us ere we be aware.* The Prince *forcing* his own liberty, *leaps* out of his bed, takes his Javelin in his hand, and in his ſhirt, opens the doore, and queſtions the diſturbance. *Coſdruball* with *ſubmiſſe* behaviour acquaints him, that intelligence was brought to the Court that the *Moores* had *ſwarm'd* on his Dominion, and that the *Vultrians* had revolted to them, and let them in. The Prince asked him *if the* Moores *were at the gates?* His Lieutenant *Coſdruball* anſwered, *No. But they were within 60. miles. That's ſix dayes march* (ſaid the Prince) *I hope I may have one nights reſt, and to morrow I am a ſervant to my Country-men.* Coſdruball, *here's my Seal, iſſue forth what Warrants you ſhall think moſt fit to ſet the Country in a poſture of defence, and to morrow I will be in the head of the moſt reſolute party.*

He had no ſooner ſaid theſe words, but in comes *Amariſſa*, with *one* Petition in her *hand*, and *another* in her *mouth:* The *firſt* was, that *Bertaldo* might *have* a competent Command in this Deſigne: The *ſecond*, that he might *not*. The *firſt*, ſhe ſaid, ſhe was bound to performe in point of *Honour* and *Engagement*. The *ſecond*, ſhe

ſhe humbly begg'd, as a *fond lover*, and *preſervatrix* of ſo great a Worthy. Then ſaid the Princeſſe, *Let me be in a capacity of being a Petitioner too, and beg the favour in his behalfe, that it may be thus: That if my Lord goes, he may goe; and if he ſtayes behind, that he may doe ſo too. For neither can there be better uſe made of his worth, then by preſerving you: nor* Amariffa *better merited then by ſuch a preſervation.*

Bertaldo (entring the Chamber) cryes out, *Excellently well ſaid my deareſt Siſter, thy motion is honourable, and thy words are reaſon.*

Then ſaid the Prince, *Bertaldo he ſhall goe, and ſo will I:* Coſdruball, *you ſhall be our Lieutenant,* Hanno *our Major, and you* Bertaldo *in this Expedition ſhall act my Part, and I* Bertaldo's. *I have two ſuites of Armour that are both the ſame, and ſhall make us both one, one apparance ſhall caſt the ſame colour over both our Horſes, our Commands ſhall ſtrike* Uniſons *in the Souldiers eares, and our* Cognizance *ſhall be alike, leſt one* ſoule *be not ſufficient to enliven ſo great a* body. *With theſe directions I diſmiſſe you, for the preſent, till the day gives further order. For by Heaven, were the Black and Tawny Moores now ſcaling the walls of* Carthage, *and Terrour it ſelfe making its approach under my very walls, I would not leave this red and white, till* Phœbus *himſelfe ſhould firſt riſe out of his* Thetis *bed, and bluſh in my face, to look on my preferment. Great* Mars, *wreake no vengeance on thy ſervants head for this preſumption, for thine own ſake, who thy ſelfe ſo often haſt neglected thine owne affaires, to dally with a creature that was* mortall, *whiles I take pleaſure in delights (ſo lawfull) with a creature that is ſo* divine. *Begon, begon I ſay.*

They had no ſooner departed the Roome, but Aminda's *Genius having received no further benefit by him, as yet, but hopes of reſt by promiſe, ſings to him at his window a forewarning of his approaching miſeries.*

Luſt, Contempt, Reproach, *and* ſhame,
Mean to play the after Game.
You ſhall prove as Chaſt *as ſhe;*
She as Chaſt, *as* Chaſt *may be.*
But oh, where Jealouſie *and* Fear
Brings up the Van, *leads up the* Rear,
Loves main body *quite is routed,*
And her ſenſes all are outed.
Where love is ſeconded by Scorne,
The Generall *leads up the* Forlorne.
Shoot a Bird once in the Head,
The Wings *will never raiſe it dead.*
Commit not to Wolves *keeping, Prince,*
An Embleme of ſuch innocence.
I have done you ſervice now,
If to follow it, you know how.
I've given you the fayes intent,
As far as my Commiſſion *went.*

The ſame voice which *Charm'd* their eares, *lul'd* them both aſleep, and ſleep ſo ſoone after *admonition* is not good: for reſt invites the body to *lie down* in her lap, whilſt ſhe *picks* memorialls out of his head. All was thus forgot, *Aurora*, the *Poſtillion* of the morn jets by the window, at whoſe heeles the near-horſes of the Sunne follow the gray with brighter colour: till at laſt, *Phœbus* himſelf lookes in at the window; and darting his beames through the crimſon Curtaine that was drawn before it, made all the bridall *whiteneſſe* of the bed look *red*. *Sol*, with his ſanguine complexion glares through that falſe medium, upon ſome part of the Princes eyes which were not cloſed, whilſt he lay dreaming that he was then ſwimming through a ſtream of Blood, till freſh Alarums of the *Moores* bloody practiſes awakened him, and fill'd his ears with the relation. They both ſtarted out of their bed at the contrary ſides, like two pieces of a broken Bow falling aſunder, when its entireneſſe was at its full bent.

Thus the after-ſports (which the Sonne of *Hymeneus* would have had) had his further dalliances *ſuperſeded*, like the full-fed Child, that is *patted* on the hand from playing with his meat. Freſh Alarms follow the heeles of one another, and the High-wayes are *ſcour'd* along with *poſting* intelligence. The Court, like the firſt *Chaos*, (big with forme) labours by Order (Midwife to *Confuſion*) to produce *Method*, (the ſole life to Action) and at laſt brought all to good perfection.

Periiſſa, (a faire Virgin, but of Parentage ſuppoſed to be ſomewhat diſparaging, and a Countrey-Laſſe, but indeed a Lady of higheſt extract, as hereafter we will mention) happening to have a place upon one of the Scaffolds, (where ſhe beheld the brave comportment of *Bertaldo*) was ſo much taken with his behaviour and valour, that ſhe proſecuted her deſires of glutting her eyes in beholding that face that attracted all the faculties of her *maiden*-ſoule, to admiration of that *manly* figure. From thence ſhe came to *wiſhes*, and the next ſtage was *Love*. Her humility was ſuch, (occaſioned through ignorance of her owne worth) that ſhe thought it a vaine thing that the *Daffedowne-Dilly* ſhould be in love with the *Lawrell*, and the *Primroſe* with the *Palme*. She had wit enough to keep her hopes at a due diſtance: and was not ſuch a fool as to be ignorant, that impoſſibilities would be too hard for her: Wherefore ſhe limits her affections to probabilities, and contents her ſelfe with competent felicity: which ſhe thought to be enough in conſcience, if ſhe might be, but in a condition, without controle, dayly to look upon him, which ſhe thus effected.

Having lately call'd into her own hands, a ſmall portion, allotted her by her (ſuppoſed) Father, She puts her ſelfe into Pages habit, (in which diſguiſe, whilſt ſhe continues, we will mention her hereafter by the name of *Philoret*; and *ſhe* muſt now be *he*, till *he* returns to *her* againe) and tenders (now) *his* ſervice to *Bertaldo*. *Bertaldo* (being

ing in a condition to entertaine more ſervants then he had leaſure to find out, was much delighted with ſo faire an offer, asking his *Idolatreſſe* many queſtions, as *How*, and *Wherefore* he deſired to ſerve *him*, rather then any *other?* and *who* had commended *him* unto his ſervice?

Philoret anſwered him, that *the commendations of his owne worth, had made him ambitious of ſerving ſuch a Maſter.*

Bertaldo told him, that *he was now going to the Wars, and the harſh uſage of a Campe, would ſoone ſpoile ſo faire a complexion, and alter the colour of the* Roſe *and* Cherry *upon his* Lips *and* Cheeks, *and turne them into* pale *and* wanneſſe.

Philoret reply'd, *Might I but feed upon your* leavings, *and lie but at your* feet, *how ever you fare, no uſage would be hard.*

Bertaldo ſtroaking his cheeks with both his hands, told him, *Thou pretty boy, I will make much of thee, and thou ſhalt never want, be true to me.*

Philoret (over-joy'd) knew not what he did, ſo that before he was aware, he was going to make him a *Curſie*, which having perform'd *halfe way*, remembring himſelfe, he fell quite downe at his feet, and ſo converted an Errour (that would ſoon have been *obſerved*) into the higheſt *obſervation*. Whereupon *Bertaldo* helps him up againe, with both his hands; *Philoret* on his feet, fearing the *treaſon* of his owne bluſhes, looks him (with a counterfeited confidence) full in the face, that joy might ſeem to flouriſh its *red* in his face, rather then *Mayden-colours*. Thus well he acted his part in the firſt Scene.

Chap. III.

The Prince of Carthage *going to warre, commits the protection of* Honoria *to* Maximanus *his onely Favourite, who falls in love with her, but finding himselfe neglected, converts his* love *into extreame* hatred. *Plots her ruine. The Battaile with the Moores.*

Orenzo ready to set forward in his expedition, (attended with all his *Heroes*) takes *Honoria* by the hand, and delivers her to *Maximanus* custody; saying, that *he trusted him with the greatest Jewell in the world*: Commanding, that *neither cost, nor labour, should be spared to purchase her contentment. Maximanus* promised, that *she should never have any cause to complaine. Honoria*, whether her divining Soul presaged those after-evils, or whether some secret antipathy in nature, between her and her Guardian, or her unwillingnesse that her Lord *should*, and she *not* goe, began to sink down in a sound; but being held up, and recall'd to her selfe againe, she spake these words:

My Lord,

I know what it is to part with a Father and a Brother, but a Husband never bade me farewell before: and to take his leave of me, to be so coursly us'd, as the chance of Warre might give him entertainment. I know what it is to bid adieu to such, and never see them more: but it was never wont to be thus with me, either this love is of an higher nature, and nearer relation, or else there is more in it then willingly I would imagine. I pray let me goe with you, I have no minde to stay behind.

Alas (reply'd the Prince) *what shouldst thou doe amongst a company of rude Souldiers? Stay here, and I will reach thee a Lawrel-bough with mine owne hand, and thou shalt make a wreath, and give it whom thou wilt; and I will bring thee home an Olive Branch, and thou shalt wear it. I but in the mean time* (said *Honoria*) *I had rather you would take away this claw of lead that gripes my heart so sore, and squeeses out all the gladnesse thence. Honoria*, (said the Prince) *no mis-fortune can befall me, whilest I am happy in thy love, which nothing can deprive me of, but that which may lead me to a better life: And if thou think'st my death any mis-fortune, I'le repaire the losse of my Person, with the donation of my Dominion: For here, before all these Nobles, if I fall, there stands the Queen of Carthage.* Whereupon *Honoria* made her last Reply: *Long may you live to enjoy that, your selfe; and I, you.* So they both parted. She was sorry that he was gone, he discontented that she was sorrowfull. *Bertaldo* taking his leave of his Sister, and the rest of the Ladies, bids her make much of her self, she, him:

That

That he ſhould have a care of her Husband: And *Amariſſa* prayed *Bertaldo* that he would not be too ventrous.

The Court (thus) emptyed (almoſt) of all the Men, *Maximanus* ſtruts among a Company of Women, like a *Major domo* of a *Seraglio*, (though he was more *Satyr* then *Eunuch*) yet for ſome while he kept on his way, laying hold on all opportunities that might advance him to the Princeſſe favour: which, when he had once ſufficiently obtained, he thought he had made a faire progreſſe towards his journeys end, diſloyall luſt. *Good natures are ſeldome wanting in retalliating good ſervices with acknowledgements, and innocence oſtentimes engratiates her owne Subjects with too many freedomes.*

Maximanus had often ſought occaſion to give the Princeſſe ſome intimation of his meaning; but all his opportunities proved fruitleſſe to his deſires, which were ſtill nipt in the bud, (before he could give them breath) by the chaſt wind of her words, and Majeſty of her Countenance: Which was ſuch, as would have ſtill kept him in the ſame ſtate of innocence, if ſhe had not (as *unhappily*, as *innocently*) let fall a word by chance, which (like a ſpark of fire by the often claſhings of diſcourſe, like the ſtriking together of Flint and Steele) lighting upon the black tinder of his halfe-burnt Soul, (once extinguiſhed, and ſuppreſſed already by her chaſt hand over him) ſo ſpread fire (by his additionall breath) that he thought he might (in a very ſhort time) both touch his match, and light a candle to his hearts deſires. And thus it was:

Honoria was much addicted to good Houſewifery, eſpecially in preſerving Fruits, and Diſtillations; well governing her Houſhold, receiving Accompts, &c. *Maximanus*, as he was very diligent to find out wayes wherein (he thought) he might pleaſe her, and beſt ſuite with his occaſions, and adminiſter diſcourſe proportionable to his deſigne. One time amongſt the reſt, he preſents unto her, a rare and exquiſite Limner; making it his requeſt, *That the Prince's Gallery might be graced with her Picture, which was wanting: Which if it were truly drawne to the life, would put down all the pictures there.* She (as little regarding the *motion*, as affected with the *vanity*) was, notwithſtanding (by much opportunity) drawne to give her conſent (with this proviſo) that ſhe may have the liberty to chuſe her owne fancy in it. *Maximanus* thought, Reaſon good; and duty, binding. Whereupon ſhe cauſeth this rare Artiſt to draw her Picture holding *Cupid* between her Legs, his *Bow* under her Foot, his *Quiver* upon the ground, with the *Arrowes* broken, and plucking the feathers out of his Wings, (which lay ſcattered about the Roome) with this Motto, *viz. But a Gooſe to a good Huſwife.* And when it was perfected, ſhe preſented it to *Maximanus* with theſe words: *Now Maximanus I am at your ſervice.* Meaning no otherwiſe, but that (upon thoſe termes) ſhe had gratifi'd his deſires. He (not reading the *Motto*) underſtood not the *conceit*. She (not doubting but that he had) ex-

plain'd it no farther. *Maximanus* (imagining that by *Cupid* which ſhe held betweene her legs) was Hieroglyphict the love that was betweene her and her husband, whoſe *bow* ſhe trod under her foot, and whoſe *feathers* ſhe threw away, as ſlighting his departure) thought verily, that ſhe had done this, to let him ſee, that now ſhe had (*wholly*) caſt her ſelfe upon his love and affections. Whereupon he ſaid but little, becauſe the Limner was preſent, as if he had been ſomewhat ſorry that ſhe had ſhewed her ſelfe ſo *comming* before a man, that could not but take ſome notice of her *too much* forwardneſſe. Howſoever he was all on fire, which being kept in, burnt the hotter: She ignorant of *any*, addes *more* fuell by her enſuing diſcourſe: ſaying unto him, *Come* Maximanus, *you and I will goe and hang it up in my owne Chamber, bidding him reward the Picture-drawer, and diſmiſſe him*, which he did accordingly: He carrying the Picture in his hand into her Chamber, and finding no body there, inſtead of ſetting it up, he ſets it down. And thus the *Goat* courted the *Lamb*, and the *Night-raven* the *Dove*.

Madam,

That my love was unexpreſſable, it might appear by my not ſpeaking: but it ſeemes my actions ſpake in a language that your quick apprehenſion underſtood: But I could wiſh you had ſaid nothing, and then you had performed the greateſt maſter-piece of wit that ere was wrought by ingenuity, and had made a third hand, Limne the Idea *of your minde, who never knew your meaning: whereas now I am afraid*——

And as he was going on with his ſpeech, ſhe gave him ſuch a look, that ſtopt his ſpeech, with ſwallowing downe his Spittle. Asking him, *What he meant by that ſtrange language, and inſolent kind of behaviour? Maximanus* recollecting his ſpirits, asked *Honoria what ſhe meant by that ſtrange Picture, and familiar way of telling him that ſhe was now at his ſervice?* Adding, moreover, the *diſmiſment* of the Artiſt, and *inviting* him to her Chamber, able to give a *duller* apprehenſion, then his own, the like encouragement: Withall, acquainting *her* with his conception of the Myſtery. She *him*, with the true meaning and purport of her Fancy: letting him underſtand, *that if her familiarity was the occaſion of ſuch conſtructions, he ſhould have leſſe reaſon (hereafter) to miſtake.*

Maximanus reply'd (to ſo unexpected a cooling Card) *Madame, I pray be not offended, you cannot hate me for loving you: nor blame that love that is attracted by ſuch Magnetick vertue: 'Tis your owne fault to be ſo Beautifull, and none of mine, to be paſſive in my obedience to that power. Truly Madam, I muſt needs confeſſe, I doe love you with all my heart, and have ſmother'd my affection a long time: But now I muſt tell you, that you murder me, if you deny.*

Sir, Sir, ſaid the Princeſſe, *love is your ſcene, but when the ſcene is opened, foul luſt appeares, which makes you unworthy of your Princes Favour, or my Company: With what countenance can you look him in the Face, that can be ſo diſloyall to him, or me, of whom you have entertain'd*

tertain'd ſo vile conceptions? For the Love-ſake that my Husband beares unto you (in hopes of your amendment) I will not blab your Baſeneſſe or Diſloyalty: But I proteſt, if ever you open your mouth againe in this particular, your Maſter ſhall know into how treacherous hands he hath repos'd ſo great a Truſt: And ſo farewell.

Honoria being gone, *Maximanus* bites the lip, and ſwears by all the Gods it ſhall not ſerve her turne; if faire meanes will not doe it, foule meanes ſhall, whom we leave hatching his owne Villanies. To treat of the ſucceſſes which attended the Prince in his expedition againſt the *Moores*.

Lorenzo (*Monteroing* the top of an Hill with his Army, beheld the *Moors* drawn up in Battalia ready to receive him) brooks no delayes, but (thinking himſelf as Superiour, to them in Courage and true Gallantry, as he was inferiour to them in number) uncovers the Mountaine head, advances towards them; and makes up to the black-fac'd Monſter through diſadvantages, breaks through difficulties, and gives them a home Charge, ſome of the *Moores* begin to ſtagger and runne: Whereat the Generall of the *Moores* was no more diſcouraged then the Husband-man, when he ſees the winde blow the *Chaffe* away from the purer *Corne*. *Coſdruball*, Generall of the Prince his Horſe, routes theirs, but performes the execution with too hot a ſpurre: inſomuch that the whole Army of the Princes was almoſt Routed, and the Prince himſelfe in very great danger, had not *Bertaldo*, the Prince his *alter ego*, well defended his *Prototype*. For *Lorenzo* (with his Brigade) charged into the main Body of the Enemie, hewing down all before him, like a fierce wind, that gets into a thick wood, when as the leafe is in the fall; which knowing not its way out againe, whirles about the trees, ſhaking down their leaves, clatterring their boughes one againſt another, ſo bending their branches to the earth, till their rootes came up, and bodies downe. So this ſonne of *Mars* (environed within a black cloud of *Moores*) thunders in the midſt of them, and (like lightning) ſo peirced this black cloud, till there fell ſhowers of bloud. Such was the behaviour of the brave *Lorenzo*.

Bertaldo having intelligence from *Hanno*, that the Prince was thus engaged, if he were not loſt already; and that the left wing (attempting to diſ-engage him) were all routed, with his 100. Volunteers which guarded his Perſon, and thought no otherwiſe but that he had been the Prince; rides amongſt the heartleſſe and breathleſſe Souldiers, crying, *Victoria, Victoria!* Come and let us make an end of the day, all's our owne: they think him to be the Prince, and that he had made his way *through*, (and ſo ſhrewdly diſordered them) all follow him, and his directions. He gives *Philaret* a ſtrict charge that *he ſhould not loſe the ſight of him (if it were poſſible) but be ready at hand (with his ſpare Horſe) if need required; and that he ſhould ſhew his love unto him in that dayes ſervice, and have it ever after.* The poor wretch over-joy'd with the apprehenſion of ſuch a reward,

converts his fear of death into hopes of merit: And having at the beginning of the Battell taken a box of Oyntment from a Captive Tawny-Moore (wherewith the *Moores* uſed to make their Faces more black (as more Beautifull) he colours his face as black as jet, imagining (thereby) to performe ſome notable piece of ſervice that day, in the behalfe of his ſo much beloved, *Bertaldo*: who by this time finding the *Moores* to ſtand ſo cloſe drawn up, as no ordinary force, or manner of diſcipline could break, or enter; drawes up his Men in forme of a wedge, edg'd with his own perſonall Valour (it being impoſſible that ſuch a *one*, being backt by *two*, thoſe *two* by *three*, *three* by *five*, bearing the ſame proportion up to the very Rear, whoſe *greater* number ſtill followed the *fewer*, whilſt the *better*-mettled *fewer* ſtill made way for the *worſer* temper'd multitude to follow, (like a well-droven wedg) riving the bonds of nature in ſunder) and thoſe hearts of Oak, at once, both to complaine and open, till they ſaw the Prince (with a few ſurvivers) like *Mars* himſelfe ſtand *Bulwarckt* in the midſt of ſo many ſlaughter'd *Moores*: and *Re-intrench'd* about with his owne Dead. Where the Prince and *Bertaldo* congratulating one anothers happineſſe in both their preſervations, both parties ſtood amaz'd to behold *two* ſuns in the ſame Firmament: The Princes men were contented to take *Bertaldo* as a reſcuing Angell in their Soveraignes ſhape: and *Bertaldo* his men were glad to ſee *two* Princes, who not long ago were afraid they had not *one*.

Theſe two men in *Mors* his livery, ſeeing the *Moors* endeavouring to Sally on either hand, reſolv'd (equally) to divide their Forces, and Charge them ſeverall wayes. *Bertaldo* (in proſecuting his deſigne) had his Horſe ſlaine under him upon the firſt Charge, which had no ſooner brought him to the ground, but up comes *Philoret* with his ſpare Horſe in his hand, ready to re-eſtate him in his former poſture: He perceiving *Philoret* black as the night, thought ſome *Moore* had kill'd his pretty Page, and ſeiz'd his horſe, and clad him in his Pages habit: whereupon *Bertaldo* ſtruck at *Philoret*, who call'd upon *Bertaldo* to ſtay his hand, but the confuſed noiſe being ſo great that he could not hear him, *Bertaldo* gave him a ſleight wound upon his neck, whereat (*Philoret* letting his horſe goe out of his hands) to lay hold on that, *Bertaldo* left proſecuting *Philorets* revenge, by ſparing the perſon whom he perſecuted with ſo blind a zeal: crying out, *Black Devill, how couldſt thou find in thy heart to deſtroy ſo ſweet a Creature? Philoret* was ſo *well* pleaſed with the *kindneſſe* of his language, and ſo *little* troubled with the *ſmart* of his wounds, that he only thirſted for another opportunity to doe *Bertaldo* the *like* ſervice at the *ſame* rate, which was preſently offer'd him: For

Bertaldo was no ſooner mounted, but preſently he Charges in amongſt the thickeſt of his Enemies, as if ſome wild Bull had runne madding through ſome Market-place, treading down all the people

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as he ranne along, till ſtopt by Butchers, that ſtaid his courſe by knocking of him downe: ſo fell *Bertaldo*. Up comes *Philoret*, and diſmounting his horſe, ſtrides over him, and with his ſword in his hand menaces the approaching Enemy. The *Moores* ſeeing him Black, took him to be one of their own party; and by his rich apparrell to be of ſome extraordinary quality; wherefore they durſt not preſſe upon *Bertaldo* any further violence, whom Authority had protected: untill the Prince (having quite routed his Adverſaries, and hearing *Bertaldo* to be ſo engaged) comes in (like a raging Sea back'd by the winds, that had made ſome new breach into the Land) which when the fainting ſpirits of *Bertaldoes* men once perceived, they reſolv'd (like a dying taper) either to contract *all* their ſtrength, to make *one* great blaze before they went out, or elſe (for ſhame) to doe their own work themſelves, before *Lorenzo* ſhould come to their aſſiſtance: which they performed ſo couragiouſly, that they made the enemy give the ground that was covered with *Bertaldoes* wounded body; who being ſet upon his feet, on the one ſide by his friends, on the other by his ſuppoſed enemy, to whom he thought himſelfe ſo much beholding, that he pray'd his Souldiers to *uſe that pretty little Blackamore well*: wondring how he neglected his owne liberty, and hazarded his life to preſerve his perſon.

Philoret was forthwith carried out of the Battell, which was ſoon after ended, and the *Moors* all totally routed, by the comming back of *Coſdrubalis* horſe, who received orders to follow the execution. They all drew off the field: and when the Prince was well goe to his Quarters, and *Bertaldoes* wounds had been well dreſs'd, he requited the Princes *kinde* Viſite, with the *pleaſing* Story of the great kindneſſe that the ſuppoſed *Moore* had ſhewed him in his extremity. They both reſolved to ſend for him; and being ſent for, they were both inquiſitive after the cauſe of his ſo great humanity.

Bertaldo (telling *Philoret*, that to his knowledge he had *ſaved his life, hazarded his owne, and loſt his liberty*) deſiring to know of *Philoret, what moved him to all that kindneſſe? Philoret* reply'd, *nothing but that I had a mind to ſave ſo brave a Man.* But *oh* (ſaid *Bertaldo*) (fetching a deep ſigh) *what haſt thou done with that ſweet-fac'd Youth thou ſtripp'ſt of thoſe cloathes? Philoret* anſwered, *I will bring him to you ere it be long. Why? did you love him? I did* (*gentle Moor*) ſaid *Bertaldo. What ſhall I give thee for reward of ſo great a Curteſie?* The Prince ſeconding *Bertaldo*, bid him *aske* what *he pleas'd, and he ſhould have it.* Then ſaid *Philoret, I ask at both your hands no other favour but that you would give me for all my ſervice, one Baſon of faire Water.*

They admiring firſt, and afterwards commanding it to be ſent for; which being brought, they both delivered it to *Philoret* (ſtill wondring what he meant to doe therewith) who receiving it ſtep'd aſide, and (as if night had been waſhed away by the morning dew) breaks upon them with ſuch red and white, as *Aurora* paints her

Cheekes withall, after her climing up the Eaſtern hills. Of which, when they had throughly enform'd themſelves, they both ſtrove who ſhould imbrace him firſt; the Prince firſt caught him in his Armes, he catches at *Bertaldo*, who kiſs'd his Cheekes: And *Bertaldoes* armes being about his neck, he weepes upon his hands; his merits ſowing the ſeedes of love in the field of *Mars*, his teares reaped no further benefit then of being rewarded in the Act, which was as high as his poor heart durſt goe. The Prince perceiving him to weep ſo faſt, lets him goe, fearing that he had hurt him, by embracing him with too hard a kindneſſe. *Bertaldo* enjoying a quiet poſſeſſion of his ſo much beloved, takes him in his Armes, and askes him *what he ayl'd*; he hanging down his armes by his ſides, as unworthy of ſuch an armfull, puts by the true cauſe by this excuſe. *I weep to think what danger you were in. I* (ſaid *Bertaldo*) *rejoyce that thou wert my preſerver*; aſſuring him that *he had perſerved him for himſelfe, as the beſt Maſter that ever any Boy was glad of.* And that *he would preferre him to his own hearts deſire:* bidding him ask *what he would have for the preſent, and he would grant him his requeſt. Then I deſire* (ſaid *Philoret*) *in the firſt place, That you would never put me from you. Secondly, that I may ever ſleep at your foot.*

The Prince burſting forth into admiration, cryes out, *What ſtrange affection is this of a youth towards his Maſter!*

Philoret fearing that he had gone too farre, and that nothing could ſooner deprive him of that competent felicity (which he had propoſed unto himſelfe) then that it ſhould be known what he was, breaks off all further expoſtulations with this aſſurance: That as *no promiſe could be greater then that, ſo no performance could anſwer his deſires with more delight.*

Bertaldo reply'd, *Thou art as much Maſter of both, as I am of thee.* So *Philoret* was *ſatisfi'd*, *Bertaldo* pleas'd, the Prince *aſtoniſhed.*

CHAP.

Chap. IV.

The Prince purſues the Moors *into their own Countrey. News is brought to Court of the victory, and of the Prince's leaving his Country.* Maximanus *purſues his luſtfull deſires. Layes his gins.* Amariſſa's *kindneſſe to* Honoria, *for which ſhe ſuffers.*

LIke ſome *Braggadoſio* inſolent Ruffian, who intended an Affront to a higher Spirit then his own, and that before his Doore: And finding himſelfe worſted by the Defendant, quits his ground, runs his way; the other after him, chaſtiſing that bold attempt (with reduplicated verberations) on the perſon of the Offender, up to the ſame doores where his caſtigation had beginning (through a whole ſtreet of amaz'd Spectators) ſo *Baſted* was this *Moore*: ſo *Valiant* was this *Prince*, both in his *Owne*, and *Enemies* Country: where we leave him, and returne to our Affaires in *Carthage*.

The particulars whereof being brought to *Carthage*, *Maximanus* entertaines high reſolutions of perpetrating his black deſigne, which thus he proſecutes.

Having from that time forward ſought his opportunity of ſingling her out, at the laſt he found it. At the time when *Honoria* (all alone) went up to the Garret to remove and order her Quinſies, Pomegranats, and other Fruits wherein ſhe delighted, *Maximanus* comes in with a Dagger in his hand haſted towards her, and pointed to his owne Breaſt, ſpeaking to her in this language:

Madam,

I have layne a long time ſcorching in the unquenchable flames of my deſires, fir'd by your Beauty, and you have caſt me no cooling water of Conſent, but oyle of Denyall to increaſe, but not to mitigate my torment: Wherefore I am conſtrain'd to be thus charitable to my ſelfe. Either be juſt in your retribution of affording love, for love, though with an unwilling mercy; or elſe be mercifull with this Inſtrument, in ridding me out of paine, by a moſt pleaſing Cruelty.

Honoria ſcarce having patience to hear ſo much, and having none left to hear any more, She calls him *Luſtfull Goat, perfidious Man, tempting Devill, unworthy of his Maſters favour, and the Truſt he had repoſed in him.* Bids him *begon, and coole his inordinate deſires with his own ſighes; and quench that fire from Hell with tears of his Repentance: for that was all the reliefe he muſt expect from her.* At which words he turnes the point of his Dagger to her Breaſt, and tells her, that *if ſhe would not, otherwiſe, that ſhould make her; and that which*

ſhe was forc'd unto was not her own act. And therefore wiſh'd her *not to make any reſiſtance, or call for the leaſt help, as ſhe loved her owne Lord and Life, and the welfare of his Dominions, with often inculcations, that if ſhe compell'd him to ſtop her out-cryes with that Dagger ſtruck through the lunges that ſends them up, he would (afterwards) prove as great a Traytour to her Lord, as ſhe had compell'd him to be a Murderer of her, and have his deſires at laſt, though it were but between hot and cold, life and death. Honoria* laught in his face, and bade him *look who ſtood behind him.* And whilſt he was turning about, (to ſee what ambuſh ſhe had laid) ſhe whips by him; and running by the doore, clapp'd it too; which he open'd with ſuch ſpeed, as men often finde who are moſt in haſte: But had doubtleſſe overtaken her running downe the ſtaires that led into the Gallery, or in the long Gallery, before ſhe could have reacht any Company, if her owne Chaſt ſpeed, and the winde together, had not blow'd off her Veile ſo directly towards his feet, that he was ſo entangled therewith, that downe he falls along, upon the ground, whereby ſhe got ſafely to her Guard of Ladies, but could not ſpeak to them, ſhe was ſo out of breath: and when ſhe had breath'd ſufficiently, ſhe could not ſpeak for laughing.

In which Interim, *Maximanus* enters the Preſence, who not a little glad to ſee her ſo pleaſant, and exceeding glad that ſhe had not ſaid any thing at all of him to the Ladies, with greateſt reverence he requeſted her that *he might ſpeak but one word in private with her, at the window:* ſhe conjecturing his meaning (commanding the Ladies not to ſtir out of the roome) withdrawes her ſelfe, where he *begs, and prayes her, for goodneſſe ſake, though he had deſerved the greateſt evill, that ſhe would not ſpeake a word of what had paſſed betweene them: Proteſting before all things ſacred, that he intended her no harme, but onely to put her to the utmoſt tryall; which had not the ſuddenneſſe of her owne wit taught her ſuch an eſcape, ſhe ſhould not have been unſatisfied in that particular; but now the truth of his intentions was wholly at the* mercy *of her Belief:* Promiſing her faithfully, that if ſhe would *forget*, and *forgive this miſdemeanour, he would never open his mouth unto her, in that behalfe, nor ever harbour any ſuch thoughts within his breaſt. For if ſhe did not, that would be the way to have them both undone; and if ſhe did, nothing ſhould preſerve her honour more then that Engagement.*

Honoria (with a ſevere Countenance) reply'd,

Maximanus, not for fear of any thing wherewith you can threaten me, but for the lowes ſake my Husband beares unto you, I will pardon you, and never ſpeak of this offence: Firſt provided, that you be as good as your word, in baniſhing all thoughts of falling into a relapſe. Secondly, That I may be in a condition never to truſt you any more. Wherefore you muſt give me leave to diſmiſſe your attendance upon my Perſon, till your Maſter returnes, and your ſuit is granted. I give you leave to make what excuſe you can for keeping ſuch a diſtance.

Maximanus seem'd to be contented, and complaines to her, how that he had *broken both his elboes with his fall.*

Honoria burst out into such a laughter, as quitted claime to the *suspition* which the Ladies had already entertained, of what (indeed) was *reall.* Yet notwithstanding, assoone as *Maximanus* had taken his *leave* of the Princesse, *Amarissa* takes the *boldnesse* to be inquisitive after the cause of *her* being so much out of *breath*, and *his* being out of *Countenance* at his first entrance into the Roome. *Honoria* (to make good her promise) told *Amarissa*, that *they had been both frighted by a strange kind of noise as they pass'd by the Hobgoblin Chamber, at which they both fell a running; and he making more haste then good speed, came over and over: wherefore he followed her, requesting her for Gods sake, that she would not tell any body of it. And that he had so bruised his Elbowes, that he knew not what to doe.*

O Honoria, thou hadst escaped a great deal of misery if thou hadst granted fewer favours, or been lesse punctuall in thy performances. But *many a good man* (like the tree that affords wedges out of its selfe, whereby its main body is cleft in sunder) *suffers, by conferring too many acts of grace and favour, upon objects that are incompatible with a just reception.*

Maximanus now having his *quietus est*, disquiets himselfe in finding out wayes to his revenge; and in requiting so much goodnesse with the greatest mischief. For he gives it out amongst his creatures, that *he verily believ'd, that his Mistresse was naught*: And that *he suspected her to play fast and loose with no baser a companion then her Gardner*, (a poore harmlesse wretch, whom she often took along with her into the fields to chuse and gather Simples, (being an excellent Herbalist) as well for the use of her Still, as setting what were likeliest to grow in her owne Garden, (a delight becomming the state of Innocence) and that *therefore she had dismiss'd him of his Attendance upon her Person, that she might the more freely enjoy her opertunities; but he would observe her haunts, and she should beare his horse-dese ere it were long, though she betook her selfe to never so many by-wayes.* Some out of envie, others out of complacence to so great a Favourite, were willing enough to beleeve it, though none could, untill such time as a fooliſh mistake (sufficient enough to create a Belief, where the mind is willing to receive it) had in some measure conform'd them to his vaine imagination, and thus it was.

Hortensius (the Gardner) waiting upon his Mistresse to a flowrie banke, whose bed (at its severall seasons) as well made *soft* with the often *risings* of the *water*, as *comforted* with the *Warming-pan* of the *Sunne*, having a *Diana*'s Grove (like a drawne Curtaine) betweene it and the *North-East-wind*, standing so commodiously for the benefit of the *Southerne Clime*) invited them to search into Natures bosome, where she was likelyest to hide her greatest rarities.

To this very place *Maximanus* dogs *Honoria*, and sets Spies over her actions, and there leaves them, (as well hoping that their willing-

neſſe to be deluded, might lay hold on ſome occaſion to let in error through the back-doore of ſome miſtake, whereby ſome grounds of witneſſing againſt her may be had, as alſo that if any ſuch thing were, they might adde a little to it, make more) and according to his expectation, there hapned this unlucky accident (food to his hunger, and a full draught to his revenge) *Hortenſius* having fill'd his Basket, and ſhe her Apron with the choiceſt delicates; they were both comparing the fruits of their own induſtry, and natures bounty, together; ſome miſtake of the right name of an Herb (on his part) made the Princeſſe laugh, whereat the ſupervisors thought them ſomewhat pleaſant: Another miſtake there was of the Princeſſe, which cauſed her to clap her hand upon her breaſt, as blaming her forgetfulneſſe, which cauſed thoſe eves-droppers (byaſs'd with prejudicate opinion) to cry out, *Oh what a paſſionate expreſſion was there! How ſhe was fain to pump it from the very bottom of her heart!* Which miſtake of theirs, the Gardner himſelf ſomewhat improved, when he had made her ſuch an obeyſance, whilſt he was craving her pardon for his contradiction; whilſt ſuſpicion was thus well onward on its way, a ſmall matter helps it forward to its journies end. For *Honoria* eſpying an Earwig ready to creep into *Hortenſius* ear, endeavouring to ſtrike it *off* with her hand, ſhe ſtrikes it *into* his Neck; and perceiving it to be there, thruſt her fingers into his Coller to take it thence; ſhe laughing all the while at his not knowing what was the matter, and wondring why ſhe gave him ſuch a whirret under the Ear: Of which, aſſoone as he had beene informed, in humble manner he makes her a low obeyſance, and *thankes her for being partiall in his behalfe, in taking one wormes part rather then another.*

So, ſo, (ſaid the Ambuſhcado) *here's fine doings indeed, we have even ſeene enough, it is no marvail that honeſt* Maximanus *muſt not come neer your Perſon, leſt he pry into your actions.*

Some raſhly wondred, ſaying, *Who would have thought ſhe had been ſuch a one!* Others ſet their teeth on edge againſt the Gardiner, ſaying, *He deſerv'd to be hang'd, and cut as ſmall as herbs to the pot.* All inform'd *Maximanus*, that *they had ſeen them as good as naught together.*

He eager to know *what*, and *how*, and *wherein*, and *what they had ſeene*, and *how it was*: They told him, that *they had ſeen them court one another extreamly: the words (indeed) they could not hear well, but their actions were too too palpable. Why, what did ſhe do* (ſaid *Maximanus*?) They made anſwer, that *ſhe ſtroakt him under the Chin, clapt his Cheeks, thruſt her fingers into his Boſome, ſmil'd him in the Face. And how did the Gardiner behave himſelf* (ſaid *Maximanus*?) *He* (ſaid they) *dopt, and cring'd, and made legges all the while, whilſt ſhe anſwered his reverence, with her hand patting her Breaſt.*

Which (being ſo confidently related by ſo many witneſſes) had been enough to have made him believe (as it did too many others) that it had been ſo indeed, but that his owne temptations were ſuf-

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ficient tryals of their vertue, or that ſhe had preferr'd the Gardner before him, but that he did verily beleeve they invented thoſe lies to curry favour with his greatneſſe. *Thus fooliſh people ſtanding a great way off, and ſeeing men and women dance, (hearing not the muſick) ſuppoſe them to be all mad.*

Strange Reports (like wild-fire) ran up and downe the Court concerning *Hortenſius* and *Honoria*; ſome of them got *Amariſſa* by the eares, and held her in aſtoniſhment. She, with a friendly Apologie (full of reſpect) acquaints *Honoria* with the buſineſſe, who knew no more what to ſay to it, then a weaned child knew how to draw up an Anſwer to a Charge of the Higheſt Treaſon. But having recollected her ſelfe a little, ſhe preſently cryes out againſt *Maximanus*, ſaying, *Upon her life this was his doings*, and forthwith up and told *Amariſſa* all that had happened betweene *Maximanus* and her ſelfe. *Amariſſa* being fully ſatisfied from what Quarter this wind blew, ſaid unto *Honoria*, *Oh* Honoria, *hadſt thou been ſo happy as to have queſtioned him for his villanie, before thou hadſt been queſtioned by him, thou hadſt cruſht the Cockatrice in the egge: But now, when Falſhood hath once made Truth a Defendant, it hath taken away her Teſtimonie.*

Amariſſa having further made knowne the particulars to *Honoria*, as they were related; *Honoria* then unfolded all the Riddles, and cleared the Miſtakes. *Amariſſa* over-joy'd that ſhe was ſo fully inſtructed to defend *Honoria's* honour, ſatisfie the abuſed multitude, and queſtion the Tyrant; She begins to ſtickle in her behalfe, and undeceive the miſ-informed, and talkt of calling *Maximanus* to account for his villanie.

Now began the feud, Reports joyne iſſue, Publications are brought forth, and a day of Hearing boldly is required of the Judges. *Maximanus* fearing that his Evidence would not hold water, without farther proofe, ſtops the proceedings, till he had got *Poſitives* to his *Circumſtances*, which thus he labours to obtaine: He corrupts *Bonella*, the Prince's Waiting-woman, with ſtore of Gold, by the means of his chief Secretary, who alſo was to pretend himſelfe a Suiter to *Bonella*; ſhe both credulous, and ambitious, ſwallowes downe the Treaſon, which thus ſhe had agreed to execute: *Bonella* having told *Maximanus* (upon his enquirie) that ever ſince he was diſmiſs'd his attendance, that *Honoria* and *Amariſſa* lay together in the ſame bed, and that every night before they took their reſt, they drank a glaſſe or two of Cinamond-water: Whereupon ſhe had direction given her, that when they call'd to her next for any of that water, ſhe ſhould drop three drops of that receipt (which ſhe had then given her) into one of their Glaſſes, acquainting her that every drop would caſt them into ſo many houres dead ſleep: Which when ſhe had done, ſhe ſhould informe *Maximanus* of it, and then leave him to act the reſt.

Bonella puts this horrid Treaſon in execution, the very next night following, and brings word to *Maximanus* what ſhe had done; who asking her *how long it had been ſince ſhe had done the feat*, and *how it*

wrought with them? she answered, *Presently*, and that they were both asleep before they could get into their bed, so that she was faine to help *Amariſſa* to her resting place by main strength, and that halfe an hour had not scarce spent its time since she had perform'd the work. He dismist her for the present, sent for *Hortensius* to come before him, as to examine him upon the premisses; he answers according to his innocence, and was discharg'd with courteous language.

The Secretary (having his lesson given him) followes the Gardner out of the chamber, commending him for *his honest dealing*, and rejoycing that he had *come off* so well, invites him into his chamber, bestowes wine upon him, he (little thinking that he shooke a Devill by the hand, whilst he thought he had caught an Angell by the foot) was over-joy'd to see himselfe so much made of. At last he had two drops of the same ingredient, distill'd into one of his cups; which having the same operation, he was privately carryed and laid in the same bed, betweene *Honoria* and *Amariſſa*: and there they were all three left. Forthwith pretended intelligence was brought, that *Hortensius* was spy'd privily stealing into *Honoria* her chamber, witnesses were call'd, they went directly to *Bonella's* bed-side, and demanded the key of her; She with a counterfeited trembling produces what she had but lately given her: They open the doore, enter the chamber, approach the bed, find them all three fast asleep, with *Honoria's* arme about the Gardners neck. *Maximanus* cryes, *It's pitie to wake them, how sweetly they lie! I would my Father had made me a Gardner; what a fine time he has of it!* desiring the company to *wait their pleasures a while*, knowing the time to be at hand, when that somniferous drug (that growes not any where but under the shade of death) would wake them with a vengeance. They all withdraw behind the Foot-curtaine of the bed. At last *Honoria* and *Amariſſa* both awake much at a time, yet neither perceived that they had any body between them. *Honoria* taking *Hortensius* to be *Amariſſa*, and she the same to be *Honoria*, both began to wonder at the light which was in the roome, both their heads began to ake, both complained to one another: *Hortensius* presently awakes, and finding himselfe between two, asks *Where am I?* the deceived Innocents shreeking out, cry, *What have we here?* In which *interim*, *Maximanus* and the rest discover themselves, and cry all with open mouth, *Out you faule Adultereſſe*, to *Honoria*; *Out you Bawd*, to *Amariſſa*; *Out you villaine*, to *Hortensius*. *Hortensius* hee skips out of the bed, distracted, and amaz'd; *Maximanus* tells him, that *there are his cloathes*, and that *hee knew well enough where he laid them*. *Hortensius* begins to speak, as well as Amazement would give him leave. *Maximanus* stops his mouth, with bidding them *Carry him away*, and telling him, that *he should speak upon the Rack to morrow*. *Honoria* begins to speak, like the gentle wind, when it passes over the heads of sweetest flowers, and so delightfully carryes their fragrance into our nostrils; so pleasingly would she have *breath'd* forth her innocence into their eares,

eares, but could not be heard. *Amariſſa* began to ſpeak, like the bluſtring *Boreas*, but was out-nois'd by *thunder* and *exclamations*. Both were commanded to riſe out of their beds, and were committed to ſafe Cuſtody for that night.

Chap. V.

The miſerable uſage of Honoria *and* Amariſſa. Hortenſius *racks, and afterward* Bonella *ſent away to be Murdered. A relation of the particulars ſent to* Lorenzo.

He next morning they were both committed ſo cloſe Priſoners (to ſeverall Wards) in a place of the Tower, not farre diſtant from the Pallace, and appointed for Malefactors of the higheſt Rank and Quality. So accommodated, that they could neither *eaſe* their *minds* by *Complaints*, (not ſo much as to one another) nor *expreſſe* their *injuries* by *Arguments*.

All mens hearts were *ſet* againſt them, their eares *ſtept*, their mouthes *open*: yet notwithſtanding, the Heavens *lowr'd*, the Place *mourn'd*, the Stones *wept*, the Hollow windes *murmur'd*, and their Eechoes *anſwered* to every Groan. And leſt ſorrow ſhould be defective in *any* part, to compleat *all* woe, their eares were fill'd with the loud cryes and roarings of poor *Hortenſius* upon the Rack juſt under them: who was the more miſerably us'd, (they hoping to extort from him a Confeſſion to their liking out the violence of his torment) each ſtretch they gave him upon the *Rack*, made every veine of both their *hearts* to ake; and their *heart-ſtrings* were ready to *break*, as his *Limbes* grew more and more out of *joynt*. So great a ſympathy was there in the ſame Innocence: As he *Roar'd*, they *Shreekt*; as he left *off*, they were *ſtill*: nothing could be got from him, but that *he was a Martyr to a chaſt Bed*. Still, when they had let him downe, and threatned him with a ſecond and third Torture, he ſaid, that *he could wiſh that he had patience enough to endure their Tyranny, that he might not be ſuch a diſturbance to the good Ladyes, but he had honeſty ſufficient not to injure their Reputations, through the violence of any ſufferings*.

And in his greateſt and laſt temptation, in the midſt of cruelty, he cry'd aloud, *O Honoria pray for me! pray for me good* Honoria! Amariſſa *help her! help her* Amariſſa!

Honoria falls upon her knees, and prayes, riſes up againe, and ſtamps with her foot upon the ground, runnes to the doore, and knocks as hard as both her ſoft hands would give her leave, calls out *to ſome good body to ſpeak to them to ſpare him, and inflict what puniſhment they would on her*. Whereupon they all cry'd *ſhame* upon the

the tormentors, for which ſhame ſake (at laſt) they let goe the Rack.

Hortenſius had no ſooner his joynts ſet, and the company diſmiſs'd, but *Maximanus* enters the Priſon all alone, mad with rage: And ſeeing that no *paine* could ſqueeze out an acknowledgement, he was reſolv'd to trye what the terrour of *Death* could doe; and therefore he thus ſpake unto *Hortenſius*, (holding his dagger to his breaſt.)

Villaine, I am reſolv'd to have my will of thee, I know thy innocence as well as thy ſelfe; if thou preferreſt the ſtab that this will give thee, before a prick of Conſcience, I come to give it thee.

Hortenſius bids him *ſtrike*, againe cryes *ſtrike: ſtrike*, the third time.

Maximanus thinking with himſelfe, that death would not doe ſo well for his purpoſe as acknowledgment, pawſes a while; at laſt ſpeakes thus unto him:

Come ſirrah, thou ſhalt be rul'd by me, I will raiſe thee forth of the Mire; and will ſeat thee in a place of Honour: I will recompence thy ſufferings with the choiceſt favours that my friendſhip can beſtow upon thee: I will ſupply thy wants with ſtore of Riches, I find that thou haſt in thee the principles of a true friend: Bend but thy reſolutions to my intereſt, and be my ſelfe. Away with this thing call'd Honeſty, ſo like a feather in a fooles cap: Let your Conſcience alone, and it will never trouble you; it will never ſpeak if you never examine it; and is nothing elſe but the Idea of a fantaſtick braine: Fear firſt begot in men the awefulneſſe of a Deity: Rouze up good fellow, what ſayſt thou? Shall thy horſe ſtand in my ſtable, or ſhall it not?

Hortenſius (after ſome pauſe) replyes,

It ſeemes that I have read better Divinity upon the leaves of Flowers, and Herbs, then you have read in all the folio's of your Books. No Sir, you have a Conſcience that would ſpeak to you without examining, but you will not hear it; and trouble you too, but that you hide your ſelfe out of thoſe wayes it would direct you, and ſecure it as you have done Honoria *and* Amariſſa. But conſidering with himſelfe, how that he might (happily) do them more ſervice by preſerving his owne life (though with a *ſuppoſed* villany) rather then (by death) to deſtroy the chiefeſt witneſſe of their innocence, by *reall* Martyrdome. He was ſorry that he had gone ſo farre, and thus he endeavours to re-collect himſelf.) *And beſides, if I ſhould hearken to your allurements, you your ſelfe would think me to be the baſeſt fellow in the world, and would uſe me accordingly, when you had once wrought your ends upon me. No* (ſaid *Maximanus*) *it is the property of thoſe to love the Treaſon, and hate Traytor, who are otherwiſe themſelves. Vipers nere ſting Vipers, though they gnaw their way through the very bowels of their Dam: the innocent Dove can have rough feet; and of Cruelty it ſelfe it can be ſaid no more, then that it hath rough hands. Give me the wiſedome of the Serpent, who ſtops his eares at the voices of thoſe Charmers, and*

carry

carry ammunition poiſon with their ſtings, rather then the nature of thoſe ſilly Doves, and Pigeons, that can fight, and have no gaul. It is as naturall for Thunder-bolts to ſtrike, as 'tis for Mothers to ſnatch their Children from harmes-way. It is onely the contrariety of thy diſpoſition unto mine, that makes thee obſtinate, a fooliſh fancy, a femall pitty that makes thee thus: It is not my fault, nor thine, to doe ſuch things as theſe, 'tis theirs, to over-load us with what we cannot bear, and then to ſtand in our way.

What ſmoother then the face of water? what creature runnes a gentler courſe then the ſmiling River, as it glides a long with ſo many pretty dimples in the cheekes of her fair purling ſtreames? But if a tempeſt riſe, what more out-ragious then the Sea? If ſtormes give orders to Crekes and Rivolets, Brookes and Torrents to charge both flankes of this faire troop of waters, in their march, it ſwels; and makes the greater haſte to diſ-engage it ſelf, by cutting through the Van, that it may bear all down before it; ſo that theſe out-rages are not in our nature but by accident.

Hortenſius, *be at once both Wiſe and Happy.*

What would you have me doe? (reply'd *Hortenſius.*)

I would have thee ſay (ſaid *Maximanus*) *that thou wert Courted by thoſe Ladyes to pleaſures, whoſe temptations were above reſiſtance. None can blame thee, but them; Thou ſhalt erect a happineſſe upon their Ruines, that ſhall not lie within the power of fate to ſhatter. If I ſtand, thou ſtand'ſt; If I fall, thou fall'ſt; throwne downe with a winde that ſhall either ſhake the Earth, or blow the Maſſy Crown from off the Princes Head, with no more then difficulty if a Hat and Feather ſhould ſtand in competition with the wind.* Then ſaid *Hortenſius, Sir, I am at your ſervice and diſpoſall, direct me wayes how I may be uſefull to you.*

Thus they (ſeemingly) agreed: Reports ranne over all the Pallace, that *Hortenſius* had confeſs'd his fault, and accus'd the Ladyes.

The Ladyes hearing of it, were ſtruck with horrour and amazement, look'd up to Heaven, wondring *that the Gods took no more care of humane Affaires.* Sometimes they could finde in their hearts to turn Atheiſts, but thoſe thoughts were laid aſide, with confidence that they ſhould be vindicated in their Reputations, though not before, yet after death.

Hortenſius was highly rewarded, and promoted to high dignities, whoſe ſuddain riſing made the wiſer ſort, ſoon believe, that the Gardner had not rais'd that Mount without the Devils help: All things were carryed clear againſt the Ladyes, and *Maximanus* ſuppoſed by ſome to have perform'd the part of a vigilant *Scout-maſter*; by others, of a perfidious *Bloud-hound.*

Bonella muſt now be thought upon, (as moſt *convenient*) that ſhe ſhould not live; whereupon the Secretrary pretends to run away with her, (having both feather'd their neſts ſufficiently) to which ſhe was willingly enough enclin'd, & ſo by the way to murder her, which was

thus far put in execution: He attends her towards the Wood, which when he had far enough entred, tells her what she must trust to, and what his Commands were. Whereat *Bonella* wept, and askt him, *Will you doe it? Is your love come to this, and your profession murder? I must confesse I have deserv'd it, for shaking hands with such a Tyrant in so great Villanies: But know, that his* 20000 *Crownes were none of the allurements that made me to do this foul injury to such innocent Creatures: but it was your love, and to obtain that which made me thus forgetfull of all goodnesse, and am I thus rewarded? Know you not that the Tyrant will not suffer one to live, who is acquainted with his Villany? And doe you think you shall escape at last? No, you may have the honour to goe last to pot. But assure your selfe, he will not leave a man to live within the compasse of betraying him with recantation. No! Doe not doe this, though it be justice in regard of my selfe, yet it is iniquity in respect of you. I have not deserv'd it at your hands, leave off this wicked purpose, and goe along with me, and thou shalt never want. I have sent* 600 *Crownes beyond the Seas, I have a thousand hid under the ground, that never shall rise out of the Earth if I fall to dust: Thou hast wealth enough of thy own, both together will make up a convenient Fortune to maintain us. Or if thou didst but make me believe thou lov'dst me, to worke this hellish Plot by my meanes; yet let me but live, and I will bequeath that to thee, as a recompence of thy mercy towards me: otherwise, whether I shall find a Grave, or not, that shall lie buried where it is.*

The Secretary being somewhat touch'd with these words, (but especially being loath to lose so much money which might be had by Craft) tells her, *That the truth was, he never intended to Marry her, but for her last request he would grant it, upon condition that she would acquaint him where her treasure lay:* Which, upon many Oathes and Execrations that he would not murder her, but leave her there in the Wood to shift for her selfe, she told him where it was, which, when she had done (for two reasons sake: the first, *That he might be as good as his word.* The second, *That if she did not tell him rightly, he might know where to find her.*) He causes her to climb up an old hollow Tree, and lets her down into the bottome of it, telling her, *That there she must remain untill such time as he had found the truth of her relation.* And there he left her.

Back goes the Secretary, and gives his Master an accompt of the businesse, as perform'd according to his injunction, who believes it; and forthwith leads him over a Trap-door, made for some such purposes, who not acquainted with the mode of ordering his steps, falls down a Precipice, and there was hideously slain, falling down upon sharp stakes, stuck in the bottome ready to receive him. Whereupon *Maximanus* gives it out, that his Servant, and *Bonella* were both fled, being accessaries to the foul Adultery, and that upon the Confession of *Hortensius*, who takes all upon him, now that he may have all to throw hereafter.

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By this time all things were fitted to the Tyrants hand, and obstacles removed out of his way, he thinks it fit to acquaint *Lorenzo* with the whole substance of the story and sends a subtile Messenger, whom he trusts with the mannagery of this Affaire: And thus he directs his Letter to the Prince.

May it please your Highnesse,

MY Loyalty was ever such, that it could break through the greatest difficulties, and run hazards of the highest nature, wherein it may preserve your Honour, though I fell my selfe by the rise of that. Sir, my Heart trembles, and my Hand shakes, so that you may easily perceive a difference from my wonted Character: whilst it acquaints you with Newes, as unwelcome to your Eares, as it dropt unwillingly from my Pen. I have summoned all the faculties of my understanding to act the part of a Discreet man in this Affair, wherein I have found much difficulty, but I have overcome it, and present the businesse to you clear as the Sun. Suspitions I valued not, neither did I weigh Circumstances, but when Evidence brought in her two main witnesses, Demonstration, and Confession, I thought it time to let your Highnesse know how much you were mistaken in the high value you set on such a Counterfeit, as Honoria *has too palpably proved her selfe to be since your departure: And how much a Bawde to her foul Lust* Amarissa *was. The examinations whereof, under the known Hands and Seales of your most trusty Servants, and Loyall Subjects I have here sent inclosed, leaving the rest of the particulars to his Narration: And so expecting further orders from your Highnesse concerning the forementioned Delinquents: I rest as my Duty bindes,*

Your Highnesse faithfull Servant,

and Loyall Subject,

MAXIMANUS.

Chap. VI.

The Prince paſſing by the Lady Dutcheſſe Cosbia *her Houſe, ſettles the Difference between the two Brothers. A Battell fought with the* Moores. *Tydings is brought to* Lorenzo *concerning* Honoria. *The Prince and* Bertaldo *are at Variance concerning it.* Philoret *ſent with Inſtructions.* Amynda's *Genius bids them take heed.*

WHen as the *Carthaginian* Drums had beat up a March to the tyr'd Souldiers feet over the *Feſsian* Mountains (and the ſhrill Trumpet, with his Breath, call'd on the Couragious Troops to follow) faſter then the wearied Palferies could anſwer to the hot ſpur of their fierce riders. *Lorenzo* might behold (in a fair pleaſant Valley) a cõmodious place for quartering his Army, (having a pretty Village cloſe adjoyning, which, together with the indiſpoſedneſſe of his Army to march any further, invited his Highneſſe reſolution there to reſt his Standard) inquiring what great Perſonage did own ſo great happineſſe to be ſo well ſeated. It was anſwered, that the Lady *Paramount*, to all that fruitfull Plaine, and ſtately Building, her name was *Cosbia*, who eſpying an Army to deſcend the Hils, with Colours flying, as if ſome curious Garden had deſcended the craggy Mountaines, to have given Battell to her ſet of Tulips. She ſent to know the cauſe, and dive into the meaning of ſuch an approach.

The Meſſenger having delivered his Errand, was ſent back with this accompt: *That it was* Lorenzo, *Prince of* Carthage, *who in caſtigation of the bold* Moores *attempt upon his Confines, followed the Purſuite, and was conſtrain'd (as his March fell out) to trouble her, and the reſt of her good Neighbours with one nights lodging; aſſuring her, that the demeanour both of him, and his, ſhould be rather like Gueſts, then Souldiers.* The old Lady thought it policy to make a vertue of neceſſity, and entertain him worthily.

Lorenzo was no ſooner entred the Pallace, but he call'd to mind *Aminda*, her engagement; for he was no ſooner invited to reſt himſelf upon the Couch, by the ſide of the old Beldam *Cosbia*, but he began to ask her *how many Sonnes ſhe had?* who anſwered, *Two.* The Prince deſired *to be acquainted with their names:* ſhe anſwered, *If he pleas'd, he might Honour them, and her, with taking notice of their Perſons, for they were both either neer, or within the Houſe. Lorenzo demanded the cogniſance of their Names:* She told him, That *the one was known by the name of* Jacomius, *the other of* Berontus. The Prince demanded *which was the Eldeſt of the two?* The Lady (though ſomewhat ſtagger'd) anſwer *Jacomius*; whereat the Prince ſeemed ſatisfied, (for the preſent) but after a while, the two Brothers entring the

the Roome, they had no ſooner made their obeyſance to the Prince, but the Prince calls to minde the relation that *Aminda's* Ghoſt had given him; whereupon he ſalutes *Berontus* with a more Princely favour then his younger Brother, whereat the old Lady (conſcious of her owne injuſtice) was ſtruck with fear (*the inſeparable ſhadow of a guilty Conſcience*) that ſhe had been betray'd; and that the Army had advanced thither to no other purpoſe but to vindicate the wrong which her partiallity had caſt upon her lawfull Heir, and Eldeſt ſonne: yet notwithſtanding, ſhe plucks up her ſpirits, and tells *Lorenzo*, that *ſhe ſuppoſed he was miſtaken, for that was her Eldeſt ſonne*, pointing at *Facomius*: The Prince tells her, that *he believ'd that neither he, nor ſhe, were miſtaken, though ſhe thought to blind the world with ſuch a falſhood, as rendred her unworthy of the* Cosbian *name.* Neither of the two young Princes *knew* his meaning, *Cosbia did*; the Prince drew forth his Memorandum, and gave Orders to bring before him ſuch, and ſuch, as were inſerted in the Paper. They were all brought before him, examined, confeſſing (in the midſt of the Army, as if they had been ſurrounded by ſo many Ghoſtly Fathers) all that had been done, and how (at the unjuſt commands of the Lady *Cosbia*) they had hitherto kept her unjuſt precepts, but now they could not withſtand the truth any longer; whereat *Berontus* raiſes up himſelf a thought higher then he was before, *Facomius* knew not what to think on't: *Cosbia* (as if ſome Deity had deſcended from the Gods, with an Army of Intelligencers) declares the truth: where upon by the Prince his mediation, *Cosbia*, her willingneſſe, and the clear evidence that the witneſſes did give) the two Brothers were agreed. *Berontus* was to be (thence forward) acknowledged right Heire (as Elder Brother) to the *Cosbian* Family, and *Facomius* was by conſent (of all parties) to inherit the Dukedom that was deſcended by their great Uncle *Bomon*. Supper-ſeaſon caus'd the Cloath to lay aſide all buſineſſe, ſo that they were at laſt ſenſible of no other want but reſt.

When time had thus put on her night-cloathes, and the night had brought *Lorenzo* (thus) to Bed, *Aminda*, her gratefull Genius, gives *Lorenzo* thanks and melody, with this Song at his Chamber window.

With voice of Condenſated *aire,*
With the Thankſgiver-part *of Prayer.*
With a Lute, whoſe Back *is* Cloud,
Its Belly, Air: *The windes aloud,*
Strike the ſtrings (*at my Command*)
That's the finger *and the* hand.
May no Murmuring *of the Woods,*
No Rowling *of the Water-flouds:*
No Yelp *of Hounds, no* Howles *of Wolves;*
No Brayes *of Aſſes, nor of Bulls*

The Roarings *may no waters* breach,
Nor Crack *of Thunder this night reach*
Lorenzoes *eares*; *be* happy, blest,
Compos'd, *and* sweetly *take your rest.*

The Prince (no lesse sollac'd with the *Musick* then the *gratitude* of *Aminda's* Ghost) sleepes soundly all night long, untill the *Morne* threw up the Cypresse over the face of *Day*; about which time the Army (like a Main body that rests senslesse till it receives Orders from the Soul, how to direct its Feet and Hands) moves upon *Lorenzo* his approach, and pursues the Foe. He had not advanced his Cohorts thirty miles, but he was out-fac'd with an Army of sixty thousand *Moores* drawne in *Battalia*, whose sole Commander was great *Tomolin*, Emperour of the *Abissines*, whose multitudes *Lorenzo* no more weighes, then man-hood feares to charge through darknesse: and therefore thus he animates his Souldiers with an Oration.

Companions in Armes,

YOu *see your Enemies before your faces*; *if ye turne your backes upon them they are* Lyons, Tygers, Vultures, Devils; *if ye stand stoutly to your Tacklin, they are but* Sheep, Hares, Hens, *and* heartlesse. *So that it lyes in your power to chuse whether you will have them* Valiant, *or* otherwise: *Your comportment may be such, as may make them all* Cesars, Hectors, Alexanders; *and it may be such as may render them your* Slaves, Vassals, Victims, *and* Trophees *of your Renown. Would you this day* live, *or* die? *If you would* live, *the way to* life *is not to stand in fear of* death: *and the way to* die, *is to meet* death *by flying from it. Honour is your* aime, *Victory the* end, *Riches your* reward, *and a good Cause the* ground *you fight upon:* Fear *will be your* overthrow, Cowardice *your* shame, *and* Confusion *will be* destruction *to you all.*

Wherefore let me be your Example, follow my Conduct, *observe but my* Directions, *and three houres time* (*well spent*) *shall* crowne *all your desires*; thrust *palmes into your hands*; seat *joy on every Countenance*; fame *over your actions*; fill *your hearts with gladnesse, and your pockets with money: For by all that's* good, *and all that's* true, *after this day, your never see* Lorenzo *more, except a* Conquerour.

The Souldiers shouted with acclamations of joy, crying, *No man cares to live, if* Lorenzo *dies*; *and no man feares to die in preservation of his Life and Honour.* Forthwith the Signall was given; the *Carthaginians* flie upon the *Moors* like a strong tyde, whereon *Neptune* rides foaming in his rage against some black Rock, that receives the violence into its bosome: So Charges *Lorenzo* through the heart of the main Body, and there with his own hands he slayes the Standard-bearer. *Bertaldo* and *Berontus* seize the Standard; but such confusion had their fury, and the dayes over-cast already cast upon them,

them, that the *Moors* (had by this time) compaſs'd whom they knew *not* compaſſed, and the *Carthaginians* kept on their way, with ſuch like confidence, as men uſe to fight withall, when they carry all before them, till ſuch time that they had made their way through the very entrailes of the black-fac'd monſter, and found (like phyſick) that they had not *toucht* the vitalls, but onely *purg'd* through the body of its Patient, leaving it more ſound and active then it was before, and *themſelves* divided from *themſelves*.

Whereupon *Philoret* finding them all at a ſtand, he betakes him to his old ſtratagem, blacks his face, and the faces of one hundred more, which were the flower of all the *Carthaginian* Chivalry, and takes *Lorenzo*, *Bertaldo*, *Berontus*, *Coſdrubal*, and *Hanno*, with him along, (as if they had been Priſoners) cauſing the reſt of that party to draw farther off, which (with the thick miſts aſſiſtance) ſoon was out of ſight, and Orders were ſent to the reſt of the Army, that as ſoone as ever they ſhould hear a rumbling within the guts of the foul Monſter, they ſhould make ruptures into the very bowels of the beaſt, up to the place where they ſhould find the Prince to be engaged. Accordingly they act, *Philoret* brings in his Captives, tells the *Moores*, that the *Carthaginian* Army is quite fled, and gone, and that in the purſuit he had taken ſo many men of note, whom he brought for to preſent unto the Emperour, that their qualities might be known: whereupon the *Moores* gave a ſhout that made the Skies ring: *Tomolin* having received intelligence of his ſuppoſed happy fortune, ſends Commands to bring the Priſoners before him, when the Emperour ſate upon his Horſe guarded with the Quinteſſence of all the *Affrican* Nobility, on whom the ſuppoſed Priſoners, and the reſt, fell like a fierce Storme; at which ſame time, the ſeverall parties following their directions, this great Gyant fell to ground, as ſtab'd to the Heart, and maim'd in all his Limbes; *Berontus* having ſlaine the Emperour with his own hands. Thus *Victory put palmes into theſe worthyes hands, but ſhe reſerved the Bayes to crown the Virgin Temples.*

The day their owne, and now the Country theirs, *Lorenzo* and *Bertaldo* both conjoyne to promote the moſt deſerving *Philoret* to ſome place of Eminence, and Command, amongſt the Souldiers, and they voted *Philoret* at that time Captaine of the Guard to Prince *Lorenzo*. *Philoret* amaz'd (with horrour) at the danger of his own merit, thus modeſtly refuſes his preferment: *I hope I have not deſerv'd ſo ill this day, as that I ſhould now loſe my place; I eſteeme no Dignity comparable to my relation to* Bertaldo; *and when I am turn'd out of his ſervice, I ſhall be uſeleſſe for any action. Wherefore as my ambition aimes no higher, ſo my deſires beg this onely favour, that I may be ſtill the ſame.* *Bertaldo* was ſo in love with *Philoret*, that he thought himſelf miſerable in the ignorance of wayes to recompence his unexpreſſable affections towards him, had *Philoret* but ſaid ſhe had been *a Virgin*, *Amariſſa* never had been thought on more.

Chap. VII.

Maximanus *his ſervant arrives at the Camp with Letters.* Lorenzoe's *deſtruction: He falls out with* Bertaldo *upon it,* Berontus *ſaves* Bertaldo *from danger.* Philoret *makes both Friends, and is ſent to make Enquiry into the buſineſſe.* Aminda's *Ghoſt forwarnes him concerning* Honoria.

Lorenzo had no ſooner conquer'd the *Moores* but there aroſe a new Warre, and ſharp conflict within his his boſome upon the delivery of the Letters from *Maximanus*; whoſe eyes poſted ſo faſt over the Apollogy, to come to the maine ſubject of the ſtory, that (when thoſe quick intelligencers had inform'd his injured ſoul) it let in ſuch lightning (through its windowes) as too ſoon laid hold on that combuſtible materiall, *Fealouſie*: that the houſe was all on fire over the head of its inhabitant; then he haſtes back againe to the Apollogy, and ſeekes for *water* in their iines, but meets with *Oyle*: Sometimes he raile's upon *Honoria*, calling her Perfidious woman; *Amariſſa*, Hag; *Hortenſius* Villaine: Teares his hair, ſtamps upon the ground. Then ſtanding in a calmer poſture, he ſayes (to himſelf) *me thinkes it ſhould not not be, ſure it is impoßible.* Unfolds the Letter againe, flings it open; then askes (himſelf) *if it were not ſo, why ſhould theſe, and theſe, certifie thus and thus:* Then falls into another fit of raving, in which *Bertaldo* and *Berontus* find him, and happen to enter the preſence as he was venting his poiſon'd ſtomack of this foul language: *Baſe Woman, foul Adultereſſe; could ſhe find no body with whom ſhe might ingender, but with a Garden-toad.* Whereat *Bertaldo* askes, *what meanes the Prince? What hath rais'd ſo great a tempeſt in ſo fair a mind? Your fair Siſter Sir,* (ſaid *Lorenzo*) *How* (ſaid *Bertalda*) *my Siſter? Who, Honoria? She's not* Honoria (ſaid *Lorenzo*) *I ſay your ſiſter Sir, who is falſe, and wicked, vile, and has buried all my Glory in her diſhonour.*

Then (ſaid *Bertaldo*) *take truce with your Paßions but a while, and you ſhall finde your ſelfe abus'd, and her innocent. I muſt deſire you to forbear your paßion, and that language.*

You muſt deſire (ſaid *Lorenzo*) *what? for any thing that I can fear from you? To thy face I ſpeak it, thy Siſter is a Whore.*

To thy face I ſpeak it (ſaid *Bertaldo that* Lorenzo *Lyes.*

They both drew upon one another, and *Berontus* layed better hold upon *Bertaldo*, then *Philoret* could upon *Lorenzo*, from whom he ſoone had diſ-engaged himſelfe; whereby *Bertaldo* had been much in danger, if *Philoret* had not with both his armes intangled the feet of him, whoſe hands he could not hold. So that the Prince thereby

fell

fell upon the ground, whereat he calling out, the Guard rushes in, amaz'd to see so much fury, and no enemy neer.

Lorenzo calls upon them to fall upon *Bertaldo*. *Berontus* desires them for *to hold their hands*, assuring them, *that the Prince himselfe would give them thanks hereafter, and commend their disobedience.*

O (said *Philoret*, hanging upon one of his armes) *what doe you meane to doe? to put out one of your owne eyes? to cut off your owne right hand? let me who have been fortunate to you in some small services, be now happy, in doing you the greatest good, in causing you to be your selfe, which whilst you are, there is no higher Excellence, but now you are not: what have you received, but a Letter? cannot Letters lye? from whom have you received it? from* Maximanus, *is it not possible he may be false, and* Honoria *innocent? you abus'd, and* Bertaldo *es merit requited with such an injury, that repentance can never wash the staine out of your honour? heare more, enquire farther into the businesse, upon my life* Honoria *is true, true to you, and undeserving the least ill thought.*

O (said *Lorenzo*) *were that but so, I would give the world, if it were all mine.*

Berontus replyed, *It is time enough to be thus perplext, after that you were assured that this were true.*

I am assured (said *Lorenzo*) *by all these testimonies, under the knowne hands of my most approved Counsellors.*

Sir, (said *Bertaldo*) *returne to your self a little, were this true, none should be her Executioner but my selfe, these hands should teare her limbe from limbe, but I can no more believe it than I can believe impossibilities.*

Oh Bertaldo (said *Lorenzo*) *could I believe so too, I should thinke my selfe herein more happy than in all my victories.*

Sir, (said *Bertaldo*) *it is but conquering your selfe a little, and I will promise you a glorious victory over these Enemies both to your hearts ease, and the tranquility of your minde: be* Lorenzo *once againe, and* Bertaldo's *yours for ever.*

Bertaldo, (said the Prince) *I pray thee forgive me, and I will hope the best:* and turning to the Messenger that brought the Letters, he askt him his opinion, and what *his thoughts were of* Honoria.

Oh Sir, (replyde the subtil Curre) *it is not for me to have any thoughts, or give my opinion in a businesse so concerning; I was onely entrusted with the safe conduct of those Letters, to your royall hand, which when I have performed, I have done my office: but I agree with you in my hopes of better satisfaction.*

Sir, (said *Philoret*) *you would do well, as* Maximanus *hath sent one with Letters to informe, to send another with such Letters as may make Enquiry, into the cause of those emissions.*

Bertaldo gave his vote *that none was more fit to be employd in that affair than* Philoret, *whom they had found both active, and ingenious upon all occasions.*

Lorenzo agrees with him.

Philoret is dispatch'd, who, by the way, picks many causes of suspition, out of the Messenger, entangling him so often in his discourse, especially in asking this Question, *If* Hortensius *hath acted such a villanie, and hath confess'd it, how comes he to be so much in favour with* Maximanus? and receiving such an answer from him, *vid: that favour must not last, I warrant you shall see him come to a shamefull death ere it be long.* Whereat *Philoret* demanded of him, *What necessity there was in colloguing with such a Villaine, after such Witnesses produced, and his owne confession.*

Oh (said the Devils Adjutant Generall) Maximanus *knowes well enough what he has to doe.* Whereupon *Philoret* soone gathered, that there was more to be found out upon his arrivall at Court, where we leave him on his journey, and bring *Lorenzo* to his resting place: where sleep had no sooner rockt his senses fast, but *Amynda* makes him start with her gratitudes of Song and melody, where she thus begins:

To tell you wherefore I am sent,
Honoria *is innocent.*
And so is Amarissa *too,*
And you must looke now what you doe,
Sullie *not a Princes name,*
By too much credulence *to fame.*
Had she been otherwise to thee,
Thou *hadst been pleas'd,* she *had been free.*
But 'cause she's modest, chaste, *and* wise,
They have begun this Enterprise.
He that is eathe of belief,
Runs downe staires *to meet a Thief.*
Where jealousie's bed-chamber *groome,*
Fire's *brought into th'* Powder roome.
Up goes Husband, Friend, *and* Wife,
Crowne, *and* honour, Scepter, life.

Lorenzo rises in his shirt, and runs up and downe the roome like a mad man, raving on those false Intelligencers, calling *Maximanus*, Traytour; *Honoria*, good; vowing to all the Gods, that he will never believe one word against her; flings into his bed againe, casts his armes abroad, and sighs out this *Palinodium* in her justification, *Oh* Honoria, Honoria! *how much have I injur'd thee! how much hast thou been abus'd by Villaines! I will recompence thy sufferings, with a thousand acknowledgments, and expiate my offence with the flower of my indulgence, sifted from the bran of those rude conceptions of thee, which lay too long in common, with my better thoughts:* and so he fell into a sweet slumber, *bound* about the head with these resolves, where we leave him to returne to our affaires in *Carthage*.

CHAP.

Chap. VIII.

Philoret *falls acquainted with* Hortenſius *by whom the villanie is diſcovered.* Pippea *(a little Girle and Daughter to* Maximanus *his Landereſſe) ſteales into the Priſon-Chamber where* Honoria *lay: the whole buſineſſe diſcovered, and found out by thoſe three.*

IT happened that *Pippea* (too gracious a Child for ſuch a Mother, and too little to be ſuſpected for the managing of ſuch a buſineſſe, as ſhe went through with, (her age not bearing above 12 yeares date) Daughter to *Hormunda* one of his (both) pitifull and pittileſſe creatures, and Landreſſe) ſtole one day into the Princeſſes Chamber (all alone) being taught the way by following her Mother thither, (as ſhe went and came, about her linnen employment) and (having heard the divers mutterings, that were in every month throughout the Court) making many pretty *dops*, and *curtchees*, as if ſhe would *feigne* be ſpoke to; or ſpeake, if ſhe knew how, or where to begin: which the Princeſſe obſerving, ask'd her, *If her Mother was comming after her?* to whom the little Girle, reply'd, *No forſooth: then* (ſaid Honoria) *I warrant thee thou art come to ſee how I doe:* whereat the little Girle fell a weeping very ſoarly: The Princeſſe asked her, *why ſhe wept?* ſhe anſwered, *to thinke how much you are wrong'd Madame. Poore heart, 'art thou ſenſible of my Injury* (ſaid Honoria) *if thou wert capable of underſtanding, then thou wouldſt weep indeed. Madame,* (ſaid this pretty heart) *I underſtand a great deale already, and thereby am the better prepared to underſtand the reſt; I pray let me know how it is, I will remember what you ſay, and if I can, I will help you, for all my Mother; ſhe is gone into the Countrey, and will not come home till night: I know where ſhe put the key, and no body knowes where I am.* The Princeſſe finding her heart *much* eas'd by this *little* vent, and her complaints more to purpoſe, than when ſhe powred them againſt the walls; ſhe up, and told that ſmall Auditory, all the ſeverall Paſſages, that were between *Maximanus*, and her ſelf, from the very beginning, to the end, (as is before related) and ſoone perceived (by the Girles *earneſtneſſe* in *liſtning* to her diſcourſe, *greedineſſe*, in hearkning after more, her *pertinent* queſtions, by the way, her letting fall ſo many *ſhowres* of teares upon occaſions, when the *ſeaſon* of her diſcourſe required that moiſture) that her language was not ill beſtow'd, and that the *perſpicuity* of her *minde* had over-match'd the *number* of her *yeares*; wherefore thinking with her ſelfe what uſe ſhe might make of her, in vindicating her ſelfe from that foule aſperſion, ſhe ask'd the Girle, *And doſt thou pitty me? Yes indeed Madam* (ſaid Pippea.) *And wouldſt thou help me if thou couldſt?* (ſaid the Princeſſe.) *I with all my*

heart (reply'd the pretty thing) *if I knew which way. Honoria* (who had no other thoughts, but theſe; nor policy, (for the preſent) but how ſhe might preſerve her honour after death, and embalme her memory when ſhe was dead and gone) ſpeakes thus unto that ſmall epitomy, (wherein all her worldly comforts were compris'd) *My pretty ſweet Heart, if thou wilt doe one thing for me; God will bleſſe thee, and thou ſhalt never want his providence to defend thee from all wickedneſſe. It is this my pretty Maid,* Maximanus *will certainly murder me one time or other.* Whereat *Pippea* ſhreek'd aloud. *Oh take heed* (ſaid the Princeſſe) *ſomebody will heare you, and then you ſhall be ſure never to ſee me any more, and ſo I ſhall want my pretty Comforter. Madam,* (ſaid Pippea) *will not the ſame God bleſſe you alſo, and his providence defend you from all wickedneſſe? Bleſſe me* (ſaid Honoria) *I hope he will, but defend me, it may be not; becauſe it may be his pleaſure that I may ſuffer, and I am contented to act any part that he ſhall put me to: in the meane time doe thou but act thine and I will pray for thee, and if I ſhould out-live my miſery, thinke how kind thou haſt been to me.* The Girle ask'd the Princeſſe, *What it was ſhe would have her doe? and if it were to be done, ſhe needed not doubt of her good will,* ſaying over and over againe, *Madame, Ile doe it.* Then ſaid Honoria, *I will write a Letter which the Prince may read, when I am gone into another world, that ſhall tell him, how true I have been to him, whilſt I lived in this: if thou wilt be ſo true to me, and kinde in this one requeſt, here is the key of my Cabinet, I pray thee take it, and I will write a Letter and thou ſhalt conveigh it into my Cabinet, and when thou haſt done, thou ſhalt bring me the key againe, and I will breake it, and throw it away, and ſo when* Maximanus *cannot open it, he will not breake it open, and* Lorenzo *ſhall come to ſee that, which it may be he may believe when I am dead, whatſoever he may otherwiſe whilſt I am alive; wilt thou doe ſo much for me? Yes,* reply'd *Pippea,* who wept whilſt *Honoria* writ this Letter.

Worthy Prince,

O*F a better* fortune *then to be* abus'd *by a perfidious Servant, to the deſtruction of his faithfull Wife, and ruine to his Honour, calling his name and wiſdome into queſtion: When I ſhall be* Honoria *in my Grave, and* juſtified (*by the care that the Gods have over Innocents*) *when I am dead, who living, was not more grieved with all the ſtormes wherewith the revenging Tyrant vex'd my innocence, then I was troubled whilſt I was* alive, *to think how* thy *injured Soul will be overwhelm'd with ſorrow, when the Gods ſhall bring to light this Horrid Treaſon, againſt the peace of thy inward ſtate, as a puniſhment of your too much forwardneſſe of belief. Could I have been falſe to* Lorenzo, *it may be I ſhould not have been thought ſo,* Greatneſſe *would have protected me; but avoiding the* act, *I fell into the* ſuppoſition *of Diſloyalty, whereby goodneſſe ſuffer in my behalfe.* Lorenzo, *I forgive thee, upon this condition, that thou wilt not over-much afflict thy ſelfe with too much grief, when thou ſhalt perceive thy Errour:*

Yours, and never otherwiſe,

HONORIA.

The Letter was superscrib'd for Lorenzo, *Prince of* Carthage: *My Honoured Lord,*

This Letter *Honoria* delivered to *Pippo*, who was as punctuall in her performance, as if her yeares had promis'd much discretion.

By this time *Philoret* is come to Court whom (having put on her maiden habit, whereby she might be *least* known in being *likest* her selfe, and the better *conceal'd* by leaving off her *Discourse*) we will call by her own name, *Periissa*, who applies her selfe to *Cordelius* (a true friend to *Bertaldo*, and a great rarity in Court, an honest man) one who was sufficiently already satisfied of the great wrongs which *Honoria* had sustain'd through the unjust usage of *Maximanus*: they two (having confer'd notes together) thought fit, that he should admit her into his house as his Maid-servant, whereby she might conceal her self the better: Thus *Periissa* was disguis'd in the propriety of her own Habit.

Periissa Hums about the Court like an industrious *Bee*, dwelling longest upon that *Flower* where most *Honney* was to be gather'd; amongst the rest, she finds *Hortensius* his discourses (like beds) best set with flowers of Invitation for her seeking faculty; him she Courts, and smiles upon; her, he thinkes as halfe his own: he asketh her the question, he takes her silence for consent. She makes use of her *Servants* apprehension, as a *Master-piece* of Policy, telling him, *that if he would but answer her to own question truly, and solve but one doubt really, he should soon know more of her mind: He vowes performance, and assures solution in any matter that she should propound.*

Periissa soon reply'd, *my Question is, (as you are a true Lover) whether or no do you think that* Honoria *is innocent.*

Hortensius fetching a deep sigh, answered, *I would you were mine but halfe so sure.*

And looking behind him, he told her, that *no place was safe for that discourse, where stones were laid together by the power of Art, nor would he trust Woods and Trees, but as they grew simply, and out of method: For* (said he) *when the Square and Line is once drawn ouer them, I cannot believe, but that (thereby) they are conjur'd into intelligencers; and that their Buildings have spies in every corner. Therefore (Sweetheart) if you be pleas'd to repose so much confidence in me, as to walke over the Meadowes, and to trust your selfe with a Faith that never blemisht its professor into a place of Trust, I will tell you (by the way, and in the trusty Groves) such things (concerning the business, wherein you would so faine be satisfied) as shall not leave you so much as a place for scruple.*

Periissa glad of this profession, presently went along with him, where (by the way) *Hortensius* open'd his breast, and shewed her all the secrets that were lockt up there, concerning the whole businesse, between *Maximanus*, and *Honoria*; himself, and *Maximanus*; untill such time as approaching the Tree where *Bonella* perished in the Hollow (by reason of the Secretaries perishing in the *Dungeon.*)

Periissa (as if her divining Soul had bid her *Stand*) makes a *halt*, and sayes, *Will you tell me then* Hortensius, *if these things be true, what can you expect but to be made away at last, as the rest of his unhappy Instruments have been already? You that Act their part, must have their Exit.*

Truly (said *Hortensius*) *I look for no other.*

Why will you stay here then (said *Periissa.*)

Hortensius casting his Eyes up towards the top of the Trees, he chanced to spie a Handkerchief, in which (it seemes) *Bonella* (finding her self forsaken, and buried alive in such a growing Coffin) had wrought her mind in Needle-work, and bloudy Characters shadowed with Death, which she in her life time (having folded up with a double weight, both of Substance and Signification) threw up to the place where she could not follow, which catching fast hold upon a Bough, let fall the same friend that help'd it up, that it might the better hang out *Maximanus* his Villany, as upon a Signe-post: And this was the Inscription, *viz.*

HONORIA IS INNOCENT, I BETRAID HER, SHE AND *AMARISSA* WERE CAST INTO A DEAD SLEEP, SO WAS *HORTENSIUS*, AND LAID BETWEEN THEM: NOTHING TRUE IN HER ACCUSATION. HERE I WAS PUT BY *MAXIMANUS* HIS SECRETARY, AND THIS HOLLOW TREE CONTAINS A DEAD TESTIMONY OF A SAD TRUTH *Bonella.*

Hortensius and *Periissa* having both read the Contents, were sufficiently rejoyc'd, and furnished with ample satisfaction, they (having viewed the dead body) both returned to the place from whence they came, both resolving to be instruments of this discovery; in order whereunto

whereunto they communed (by the way) about the manner of the accompliſhment. *Periſſa* having brought *Hortenſius* privily to *Corderius* his houſe, ſhe forthwith declares her ſelf to *Hortenſius* to be *Bertaldo* his Page, ſhewing him her Apparel, her Letters of Credence; and calling upon *Corderius* to witneſſe (what he thought to be) truth: *Hortenſius* ſoon quitted his amorous paſſion, and fell in love with the deſigne. *Corderius* preſently haſtens them both away, with inſtructions, & ſome other Intelligence (relating to diſcoveries) which he himſelf had lately found out in *Honoria* her behalf. So that they were both gone upon a ſuddaine. *Maximanus* miſſing his Engine, and gueſſing (rightly) that it would ſoon be employ'd againſt himſelf: and finding a great many of ſtrange faces, with unwonted behaviours, daily looking upon him, thought it high time for him to look about: wherefore placing a ſtrong Guard of *confiding* men to look well to the Princeſſe, and keep the reſt in aw, he himſelfe makes all the ſpeed he could to *Moretania* (where *Lorenzo* was) and ſends Poſt after *Hortenſius* and *Philoret* (his ſuppoſed Miſtreſſe) taking his flight as a matter of no ſmall conſequence; ſo that they were both ſeiz'd upon at the Ferry ſide (ſtay'd too long by contrary winds) by the Governour of *Molocco*, by vertue of Letters ſent by *Maximanus*, charging them with the Higheſt Treaſon, and ſo were put into ſafe Cuſtody, to attend the comming of *Maximanus*. *Philoret* then in Priſon comforts up *Hortenſius*, and betakes him to his old Stratagem (his Box of Oyntment) blacks his Face, alters his Habit, and ſo conveighs away his Letters and Inſtructions, together with himſelfe (at noone day) ſo inviſibly, as if he had carryed night about him; and ſo went unto the Governour himſelfe, and preoccupies his underſtanding with ſuch ſeaſonable truthes, as his owne well-furniſhed abilities and dexterity could eaſily infuſe into a man who had not been poſſeſs'd with prejudice, nor byaſſed with intereſt to either party: and ſo acquainted the Governour with the hard ſhift that he was faine to make to come to ſpeak with him, before the Tyrant *Maximanus* ſhould batter the Juſtice of ſo good a Cauſe, with the engine of his falſe pretences: whereupon he thruſts his hand into a Baſon of water, (that ſtood there by accident) and waſhes and wipes the diſguiſe from off his face. Whereupon the Governour ſaid unto him, That *he had obſerv'd many to have put a Good Face upon a bad Matter, but he never had obſerv'd any to put a Bad Face upon a good Cauſe before.* But the newes of *Maximanus* his arrivall, broke off all further diſcourſe: the Governour (doing that which he moſt deſir'd) diſmiſs'd him to his Fellow-priſoner, promiſing, That *neither of them ſhould ſuffer the leaſt injury from him, by any meanes that* Maximanus *ſhould attempt: And that he would ſee them ſafely brought to* Lorenzo. He was no ſooner departed the Roome, but *Maximanus* enters the houſe, with ſuch prepared Invectives, and high Accuſations againſt *Hortenſius*, that had not *Philoret* foreſtal'd his market, it might have very probably betray'd their In-

nocence to hard usage. But withall, *Maximanus* told the Governour, That *he could not stay to desire further favour at his hands, then that he would secure them both till his returne; and then he would make known unto him his further desires concerning them.* The Governour glad to hear him say so, told him, That *he would have a speciall care that they should be forth-comming.* So *Maximanus* posted away towards *Lorenzo*, whom after three dayes journey, he finds at *Mastoka*, that was the Emperours Palace.

Chap. VIII.

Maximanus *comes to* Lorenzo's *Court his dissimulation, he perswades* Lorenzo *to go to satisfie his doubt to a Conjurer; whereupon he gives* Maximanus *Commission to kill* Honoria *and* Amariſſa: *the Governour of* Molocco *refuses to yeild into his hands* Hortentius *and* Periſſa.

NEwes being brought to *Lorenzo*, that *Maximanus* was arriv'd at Court, all were astonished at the impudence of the man, who bare himself *high* upon the *confidence* which he had of the Prince his favour towards him: but *higher* upon the *strength* of his owne braine, which he thought) stood him at any time, in stead of an Army, to secure him from all emnity; nor did he a little relie upon his Oratory, able enough (in his owne conceit) to *entangle* no small flies, within the fine spun *cobweb* of his facetious Language.

Him, the Prince sends for, with much greedineſſe of desire to see, as also with a longing expectation to heare what he would say of his *Honoria:* in he comes, *Lorenzo* receives him with much respect, *Bertaldo* with grinding teeth, he *Bertaldo* with great humanity: the Prince ask'd him, *How he had left his affaires in* Carthage? *and what winde had blowne him thither? what was become of his* Honoria? commanding an accompt of that particular, in the first place.

Maximanus with *much* reverence, and *more* confidence speaks as followeth: *Sir, if you will have me speake in a word, on my soule she's innocent: and I can no more imagine her to be otherwiſe, than I can suppose the Sun's clarity, to be guilty of the same blemiſhes wherewith the unconstant Moone seems spotted. The good opinion I had of her virtue (to me) was such, that I refus'd intelligence from mine owne eyes, and eares. Why* (said Bertaldo) *what did you see or heare, speake out your full meaning? Worthy* Bertaldo, reply'd Maximanus, *let not a truth offend you, that proceeds from the mouth of him, who is as great an Admirer of her worth and rare perfection, as if he were her Brother; but yet there were strange reports, stranger evidence, and demonstration it selfe, was strangeſt of all. What demonstration?* (said Bertaldo) *what reports? and what evidence? why dost thou not tell us what they were?*

Good

Good Bertaldo (ſaid the Prince) *forbeare, let him ſpeake his minde. Worthy* Bertaldo (ſaid Maximanus) *give me leave to touch this ſore, as gently as I may; I doe not tell you, that I believe any thing of all that I have heard, or what was witneſſed againſt her, nor what I ſaw; but I believe that envy, and malice, have joyn'd iſſue, in the ſame Conſpiracy; I believe the Witneſſes were falſe, and that there was more than honeſt craft us'd to bring theſe things about, and that deluſion had caſt ſome falſe medium before our optick nerves, when we beheld the* (*ſuppoſed*) *vile* Hortenſius, *in the ſame Bed, between* Honoria *and* Amariſſa; *of which there are divers Witneſſes, anſwering the former Reports.* Whereupon, *Bertaldo*, with much vehemence, cryes out, *Thou Lieſt, and I'le juſtifie it to be a Lie, wert thou a hundred* Maximanus's. To whom Maximanus (gently) reply'd, *Worthy* Bertaldo, *you need not, for* Maximanus *hath (in this buſineſſe) given himſelf the Lie oftner by many times; and is ready to write her Accuſation falſe with no other point but what this ſword ſhall willingly enable me a Subſcriber to her innocence, with the blood of her Accuſers; but how to reconcile the beliefe within me, to my outward ſenſes, I cannot tell, if you'le have me ſweare ſhe's honeſt, virtuous, loyall, chaſte, Ile doe it preſently; or if (beyond beliefe) you'le have me ſay I know it to be ſo, Ile ſay, and ſweare that too; yet I have eyes and eares that gave me this intelligence, and yet I could never give them the leaſt credit. Sir, if ſhe be not true to you, Ile loſe my life; and if I have not ſeen all this, with theſe ſame eyes, I am not Maximanus.*

This ſpeech, mingled in the ſame headpiece, with ſo many *truths*, and *falſhoods*, *myſterious* expreſſions, and *downright* language, *Riddles* and *Poſitives*, ſo ſtupified thoſe two (of ſo neare relation as Huſband and Brother) that they ſtood like ſo many ſenſleſſe Statuaes, as if both their ſoules had ſuffered one ecclipſe. *Lorenzo* firſt recovering, as firſt outed of himſelfe, ask'd *Maximanus*, *If there were not ſome Witchcraft in't? or if ſome deluſion had not beguil'd their ſenſes?* *Maximanus* (as if he had been overjoy'd that the Prince had found it out) return'd this Anſwer, that *he rejoyced exceedingly, to ſee, how the Prince had hit the ſame nayle on the head, that he had been hammering at all this while; and if there were not Witchcraft in't, he durſt endure all the torments, that the ſhades of endleſſe reſt, with all their Hags and Furies thereunto belonging could inflict upon thoſe Mortals, who wilfully doe fight againſt the Gods.*

Bertaldo began to be wonderfully *pleas'd* with this diſcourſe, *Lorenzo* (not) to be fully ſatisfied with his relation, and if Similitude may obtaine Pardon for the Homelineſſe of the Compariſon, I may tell you, that theſe two Princes, retir'd themſelves, for Solitude, into ſeverall Corners, like thoſe inferiour creatures, who having got between their teeth ſome huge and mighty bone (though there be never ſo little meat upon't) yet run away with it into ſome corner or other, there privately to gnaw upon that, which ſhame would not permit them to manage (ſo) in Publique, and at laſt are faine to leave it,

finding their hunger, more exaſperated with toyle and labour, than their bellies ſatisfied with ſuſtenance; ſo fruitleſſe was their fumbling at this *Gordian* Knot, whilſt *Maximanus* laughes in his ſleeve to thinke into what Dumps his *omnipotent* braine had caſt theſe Sonnes of the *Almighty*.

At laſt (watching his opportunity) he findes *Lorenzo* all alone, and much perplex'd, whoſe troubled mind he appeaſes with a *remedy* worſe then the *diſeaſe*.

Sir (ſaid he) *what need you vex your ſoul with theſe anxieties? Know you not that there is a Man whom all* Affrica *admires for his rare Art, and Skill, in repreſenting to the inquiſitive view of any man* (*that hath a deſire to know*) *what things have paſt between mortall creatures relating to any concernment? Hath not your Victories ſpread your Glory over the place of his Nativity? And will you make ſo little uſe of your Conqueſt, as not to lay ſuch Commands upon him, as will quickly ſolve all doubts, and ſet us all to rights, who are thus bewildred in the maze and labyrinth of theſe turnings and windings of our reſtleſſe thoughts?* Honoria *deſerves that you ſhould uſe the meanes to quit your ſelfe of theſe vaine Jealouſies and feares. For on my ſoule ſhee is as Chaſt as ever the ſhee-turtle dove, can be unto her mate. Though I could not ſtop my Eares, nor ſhut mine Eyes, againſt thoſe things which I both ſaw, and heard: I ſhould be as glad to be ſatisfied my ſelfe, as you* ;. aliis rebus pietatem colas, *we muſt ſet ſorcery and witchcraft together by the eares, if the ſervants play the jack, we muſt complaine unto the Maſter Devill. I had rather be brought into Paradiſe againe, by his meanes, then to carry ſuch a Hell within my boſome for want of a little ſhaking hands with the Devill. Pardon me Sir, if I venture too boldly in my advice, ſeeing my love cannot endure to ſee you in ſuch a ſtorme, as is ready to make Shipwrack of all your happineſſe, and to overwhelme all your glory, in the depreſſion* of the greateſt *of your contentments.* Whereupon *Lorenzo* ſtops his further ſpeaking with Embracements; crying over and over againe, *Honeſt* Maximanus! *how much am I beholding unto thee? Who would have done this for me beſides thy ſelfe? thou haſt eas'd me already, let the event be what it will. I ſhall know the truth, that's ſomething; nay, that's all: For if ſhe be true, and faithfull to me, my heart's at reſt: If ſhe be falſe, yet I am ſatisfied in this, that I cannot wrong her whatſoere I doe. Wherefore I will not endure another dayes torment to gaine all* Affrica. *Prepare your ſelf to goe along with me, I will be ready this night by ten of the Clock at the Park-gate all alone, there meet me privately; none ſhall know where we have been, or what we have done.*

Then (ſaid *Maximanus*) *what great matter is't for us to ſteal our* Quietus eſt, *out of the Devils Office?*

Thou ſayeſt right Maximanus (ſaid the Prince) *honeſt, honeſt* Maximanus, *how much am I beholding unto thee!*

In comes *Bertaldo* whilſt they were in this diſcourſe, whom *Maximanus* eſpying, patches up his diſcourſe with a piece of a clean

contrary

contrary colour, saying: *Sir, I would not mistrust that woman to gaine the world; if you doe, you doe your selfe a great deal of wrong.* *Bertaldo* saluted *Maximanus* very kindly, seeing *Lorenzo* look so cheerfully, whom he hoped (by this time) to be dispossess'd of that peaking Devill, Jealousie, by some *Exorcisme* that *Maximanus* had then us'd, all was well, all were merry and jovially, a fine time, if it would hold: But alas, this was but that which we call *lightning* before *death*; *mirth*, before *sorrow*; and *laughter*, before *destruction*. The time appointed is already come, wherein *Lorenzo* and *Maximanus* were to meet, who both kept touch with one another (as such meetings seldome faile) they accosted (betimes in the morning at the Caves mouth) this *Mandragora* (the Devils Corn-cutter) who (when he has you by the foot, can easily tell you where the shooe wrings) invites them into his Den in this language: *Sons of Curiosity, why stand ye gazing in the open aire? descend, and satisfie your longings in those demands wherein you would be satisfied, and I shall represent the naked truth before your eyes, re-acted as at first it was.* Now this *Tredeskin* of all natures secrets (who *musters* up his rarities, and *draws* them up in a Parade, fitting them for service) was richly bribed by *Maximanus* to present *Honoria* unto his view, in such unseemly postures with *Hortensius*, as might well bereave him so of all his senses, that he might easily drive him into most horrid and cruell resolutions against *Honoria*.

Forthwith *Maximanus* leads the innocent *Lorenzo* by the hand down into the Cave (like the venemous Spider, who once having entangled the harmlesse silly Flie within his Web, he drags him into his hole to torment, and there devour him) who having thus *wilfully* forsaken the *light*, and condescended to those deeds of *darkness*. *Apollio*, the Devils Engineer, takes a Cushion in his hand stuffed with Mosse, that had been gathered off of dead mens Sculs, and claps it downe into a Chair, whose seat was softned with dead mens hair, legg'd and arm'd with dead mens Bones, and covered with their Skinnes: and bids *Lorenzo* to *sit downe*: Telling him, that *now he is come there, he must doe as the place requires.*

Then he falls to his conjuring termes, and circulations, which when he had throughly perform'd, he *squeezes* out of a bottle a glasse of water, or juice, that was extracted, and distill'd out of no other herb, or simple, but that which we (usually) call *Jewes-eares*; this he bids *Lorenzo* drink, still telling him, that *now he is come there, he must needs doe as the place requires.*

Lorenzo neither knowing what he *did*, nor yet what farther injunctions might be *required* at his hands, once wish'd he had not put himselfe under a power wherein he was so ignorant of the danger of the disobedience; the frighted judgment of his brain (that then was ray'd with his own hair, standing stiffe an end, like ported feathers of some Porcupine) told him, That *now he was gone so farre, it was no wisdome, and perhaps, no safety to retire.* Wherefore he drank it off,

then *Apollio* takes the milk of the *Hienna*, which he held out to him in a little cup, whose materiall was a *dry'd* and well *wrought* Toad-stool, which this *Apollio* called *Eye-bright Water*, willing him to wash his eyes therewith, not forgetting to tell him, That *now he was come there, he must needs doe as the place requir'd.* Which he obeys. These two Informers thus sufficiently corrupted, they could presently hear a fearfull noise, as that of Waters, falling downe their *Precipice*; then another like that of *Thunder*; afterwards a hollow sound, resembling that which men doe use to hear immediately after *Earthquakes:* And at last, a rusling noise like flames of Fire, after they have newly made their eruptions out of their mothers womb. *Apollio* cryes *silence* to the four Elements, and all obey: Forthwith they might hear the *language* of *Court-ships*, the *smacks* of *Kisses*, the *clapping* of *Cheeks*, and the *laughing* at *Jests:* And these so Acted to the life, that *Lorenzo* might easily suppose them to be *Honoria*'s words & laughter before he saw her. Then he might see *Honoria* with *Hortensius* his Armes about her *Neck*, and *hers* about his *Middle*, entring a loof, and after those lascivious postures that were between them, more uncivil then fitting to be expres'd: He beheld *Hortensius* throwing her downe against a Flowry bank, committing those *non dicenda's*, which my Pen cannot be guilty of the relation; insomuch that *Lorenzo's* fancy was so strong, that his imagination thought it so reall, as that he drew his Sword, and would have executed vengeance upon a delinquency that never had a being, but in the *Hiennas* milk that had wash'd his Eyes, had not *Apollio* with his black rod forbade the enterprise by a wafted prohibition over the Prince his Head. *Lorenzo* cryes aloud, *I have seene enough, and will be reveng'd for what I've seene. Apollio* Brandishes his Black Rod againe, and tells him, *He must see all with patience now he is there, and be as much displeas'd afterwards as the cause required.*

Lorenzo was now vexed that he must see more, and have (for the present) no other subject (but a Type) to wreak his fury on: In discontent he flings himselfe downe into the Chaire, in such disorderly method, that he brake the legs and armes thereof, recovering himselfe from the fall, with bruising his right hand, which was a good Omen, *viz.* that at last he should break the bones of that delusion wherein he had seated himself by such perswasion, and recover himself by the crush of *Maximanus*. Now the scene is altered, and there appeares a faire goodly Chamber, with a Rich Bed, which *Lorenzo* remembred (well enough) exactly to set forth his owne. *Apollio* with his Charming instrument drawes open the Curtaines; so that *Lorenzo* plainly saw *Hortensius* (between *Honoria* and *Amariſſa*) kissing *Honoria* and *Amariſſa* (with violent hands) snatching the kisses (head and all) from the embracing Armes of (the as much Beautifull, as abus'd) *Honoria*; together with some other *Non-credenda's* that were not to be believ'd by any, but by such as had learn'd their *Creed* out of the Devils *Chatechisme*. *Lorenzo* having

observ'd

obſerv'd *too much by all:* Leaves that *Helliſh darkneſſe* for the *Heavenly Light*; and ſwears by the true *ſubſtance* of that *ſhadow*, that he will be ſeverely reveng'd upon that *foul* Abuſe, and *fair* Adultreſſe: ſaying, That *this was* Amariſſa's *ſpightfulneſſe towards him, to Bawd out her revenge for his ſuppoſed forſaking of her, but he would be quit with her.* Preſently Signing to both their Deaths under his owne Hand, written againſt the Shoulder of *Maximanus*, that was broad enough to *bear* ſo great iuiuries to *others*, whilſt they were ſo *narrow* in his *owne* behalfe, that they were not able to *ſupport* the burthen of a Chaſt deniall.

Thus the laſt Act being ended, *Lorenzo* having ſpoke the Epilogue, *Maximanus* gives the *Plaudite* in theſe words:

Worthy Prince,

As long as there was any favourable poſsibility of beating back a belief, that forc'd it ſelf ſo violently upon me (you know) I did withſtand it, but now I muſt give way, and applaud your reſolution.

Maximanus (ſaid *Lorenzo*) *thou art too good, and I too happy in ſuch a Friend; crown all thy other ſervices with thy obedience to this one Command: look that they doe not live longer then the time that thou ſhalt be Riding Poſte to* Carthage, *ſhall defer the Execution, and that it may be the ſooner done, make haſte to Horſe. O Whores, and hatefull pieces of Woman-kind, I am ſorry you have but one life apiece to loſe. Make haſte* Maximanus, *I pray thee make haſte.*

Sir (ſaid *Maximanus*) *what will you doe with* Bertaldo? *if you doe not make ſure of him, you'l finde a Canker in your boſome.*

Maximanus (ſaid *Lorenzo*) *be ſure I'le pare his Nailes, and knock the teeth out of his Head when firſt I meet him.*

Maximanus, good Maximanus, (ſaid *Lorenzo*) *wilt thou make all the haſte thou canſt, and let me hear from thee as ſoone as ere thou canſt that they are dead.*

So they both parted, the *one* with a *laugh* in his *Sleeve*, the *other* with a *flea* in his *Ear*.

Lorenzo returning from his *Purgatory*, to his *Palace*, *Bertaldo* could not be long out of his ſight, but ſalutes him in this language: *How fares the Prince? we thought that we had loſt you, none could tell what was become of you.*

Lorenzo gives him this ſullen reply, *It may be ſo, what of that?*

Bertaldo asked him, *what was become of* Maximanus?

Lorenzo told him, that *Maximanus was, where* Maximanus *ſhould be, about his buſineſſe.*

Bertaldo (ſuppoſing that *Maximanus* (having engroſſed him to himſelf all that time of abſence) had put him into this bad humour) told him, That *he beleeved that* Maximanus *had done ill Offices betweene him and his Siſter; wiſhing him to beware how he ſuffered himſelfe to be abus'd by ſuch an inſtrument.*

As your Siſter (ſaid *Lorenzo*) *who could play the Hypocrite ſo finely when I was there, and the Whore ſo cunningly when I was gone. The*

truth whereof, ſince I ſaw you laſt, I have been fully ſatisfied. You have been fully injur'd (ſaid *Bertaldo*) *and not ſatisfied: by him you could not, who was unſatisfied himſelfe: 'tis he has play'd the Hypocrite, and is the bad Inſtrument that makes this diſcord in the Harmony that ſhould be between Man and Wife, Friend and Friend.* Lorenzo *remember how you had ance forgot your ſelfe before, and acknowledg'd your own Errour.*

It was an Errour that I acknowledg'd it to be ſo, (ſaid *Lorenzo*) *but now my judgement ſtands on better termes.*

No, on worſer Grounds, reply'd *Bertaldo.*

Bertaldo lyes, reply'd the Prince.

Whereat *Bertaldo* having loſt all patience, told him, That *neither the Guard of his Perſon, nor his Conquering Army, ſhould any longer confine his Soul from her Enlargement; but that he durſt tell him to his face, that he was unworthy of her, and his un-princely behaviour towards her undeſerving of the leaſt perfection in her.*

Whereat they both drew their Swords upon one another, and began to lay on blowes: *Coſdruball* and *Hanno* ſtanding by would not ſuffer it, but lay'd *hands* upon *Bertaldo*, *perſwaſions* upon *Lorenzo*, neither prevailing: The Prince his Guard was call'd, and ſeiz'd upon *Bertaldo*, who by Command was committed a cloſe Priſoner. *Lorenzo* ſtill raving againſt *Honoria* and *Amariſſa*, with no ſmall threatnings againſt *Bertaldo*. The night (comming on) that ſhould have given him reſt, adminiſters new matter of diſquietneſſe; for *Aminda*'s (now) *angry* Genius gives him this Curtain-lecture as a cooling Card to his over-boyling Rage.

Nor loſſe of Friends, *nor the ſped hate*
Of Enemies, *ſhall expiate*
This horrid Act that thou haſt done;
To ſlay Wife, Mother, *and a* Sonne
Thou knew'ſt not of. O vile iment
To Murder Three, *and all* Three *innocent!*
And Amariſſa, *thy true Friend, and hers:*
O Cruell, Bloudy, Murderers!
She ſuffers Martyrdome *for you,*
You perſecute your Martyr *too.*
Nouriſh *a Viper,* Lick *up Gaul;*
Through down *your Young one, Neſt and all.*
The Moores *ſhall puniſh this thy Sin,*
And ſad Repentance wound within.

Lorenzo ſtarts out of his Bed, and raves about the Roome, tearing his Hair, on whom *Aminda* beſtowes this ſad farewell:

Rave on, but er't be long, you'l runne
Madder, to think what you have done.

Lorenzo

Lorenzo cryes out, *Oh ye powers above, and ye below! why doe ye rack me thus? why doe you not agree upon your Principles, and draw me (ſo but one way) which you will? can no eaſe ſhelter a minde from being baited thus? or are both powers agreed to play at Foot-ball with a mortall Creature?* Then flings into his Bed, *kicks* away the Cloathes, *pulls* them on againe; falls from *reſtleſſe thoughts*, into *unquiet ſlumbers*: And from thence, into the *fearfulleſt Dreames*, out of which he was at laſt awakened with a *greater Terrour*. For *Beronius* brought Intelligence that the *Moores* had beaten up the Out-quarters of the Army, appearing like clouds that hung upon the Mountains, where we leave him for a while in his diſtracted thoughts of preparation againſt ſo great an Army, to haſten after *Maximanus*, that we may obſerve how he proſpers in his Affaires.

Chap. X.

Maximanus *is deny'd the Rendition of the two Priſoners*, Hortenſius *and* Philoret. *The Governour ſends them both to* Lorenzo. Maximanus *comming to* Carthage, *thinking to bring* Honoria *and* Amariſſa *to their Trials, is reſiſted by* Corderius. *He ſends them both to be murdered privately; and the event.*

Maximanus riding *poſt* to the Garriſon, where he had left *Hortenſius* and *Philoret*, in as great *haſte* demands the Priſoners of the Governour, who (as ſhort as he) tells him, that he is none of his Vaſſall, neither his Maſters Subject, and that he would ſend them to *Lorenzo*, according to their inſtructions, and their owne deſires. *Inſtructions*, ſaid *Maximanus*, I pray from whom? I am not bound to tell you (ſaid the Governour.) *Maximanus* began to ſmell a Rat, and thought it high time to looke about him, and to make haſte with his Execution, for fear of a Reprieve: nonſuited, he departs ſuddenly for *Carthage*, and the Governour ſends his Wards to *Mauritania*, and brings them partly on their way, where we leave them, and haſten after *Maximanus*, whom we have now overtaken, within the Walls of *Carthage*.

He was no ſooner there, but he haſtens on the *Triall*, but he is reſiſted by the major part of the Nobility, and eſpecially by *Corderius*, who told him plainly, that though he was the *Chiefe*, yet he was but *one*, and that there were ſtrange rumours in the Court, that forbade thoſe undertakings, till the Prince return'd, requiring the Priſoners more Enlargement and better Uſage. *Maximanus* remembring that his Commiſſion was to *kill* and *ſlay*, (rather than to bring to *triall*) he reſolves to put it in Execution any way, and not to inſiſt at all upon the forme; wherefore he prepares two bloody Villaines to carry

theſe two Innocents, privily, by night, into the Wood, and there to Murder them: they receive their Wages, and goe about their worke. *Honoria* and *Amariſſa* (not having ſeen one another many a day) now ſee themſelves both carried (like two ſheep) unto the ſlaughter; they wept on one another, but were ſoone parted, and dragg'd away by night into the Wood, (the Moone ſhining bright) wherein, they were no ſooner entred, but one of the Murderers told them that *they muſt die. With all my heart, when you pleaſe*, reply'd Honoria, *but did you know the wrong I ſuffer, I know you would not doe it for the world; but becauſe it is impoßible for me, to make you believe otherwiſe, I will urge you no further. Are you prepar'd?* ſaid one of the Villaines. *Alas!* ſaid Honoria, *my five months impriſonment, hath been nothing elſe but a preparation for this end. Why*, ſaid the other (beginning a little to relent) *are you innocent? will you take it upon your death? I doe, I will*, reply'd Honoria. *Harke ye*, ſaid Amariſſa, *ſo will I, and as ſure as ye are Men, ſo ſure are we both innocent, ſo ſure goe I a Virgin to my Grave, ſo ſure is Prince* Lorenzo's *Bed unſtain'd and undefiled by the chaſte* Honoria. Maximanus *doth all this, becauſe ſhe would not yeild to him, in that, for which, he now deſtroyes us both: you cannot be ignorant of the reports in every mouth, throughout the Court, of a ſleeping Drinke, that was given us, to keep us faſt enough from waking, whilſt the innocent* Hortenſius *drunke with the ſame brine, ſhould ſenſleſly be laid between us, nor of* Bonella *and the Secretary (both Agents in the ſame deſigne) both made away, for feare of telling tales: you cannot be ignorant of* Hortenſius *and* Bertaldo's *Page, both ſent unto* Lorenzo, *to acquaint him with the buſineſſe, who by this time are farre enough out of* Maximanus *his clutches; you cannot imagine but that* Lorenzo *will be ſhortly here, and ſoone enform'd of theſe particulars; but (then) too late, when we are murder'd by you.*

Good Fellowes, let me tell you what you ſhall doe, I know, that what you doe, you doe for money; follow but my advice, ye ſhall be rich enough, highly rewarded, and promoted for your ſervice, preſerve us but for a while, and ſay that you have murdered us; have you no friends with whom you may repoſe ſo great a confidence? and if (upon Lorenzo's *returne*) *you doe not finde us cleared and lamented beyond imagination, then come and doe your office; but if you finde it, as I'm ſure you ſhall, what thanks, what praiſes, what rewards will be thought too great for ſuch a preſervation?*

Navigius (one of the Villaines) a Sea-man by profeſſion, began to thinke it both piety and policy; the other Blood-hound cry'd, *Let's doe our worke, we came not here to hear them prate. But heark you*, (ſaid the other to his Fellow) *ſuppoſe that all this be true, I aſſure you there are a great many that doe believe it. Suppoſe you are Fool'd*, (ſaid the other) *with a Womans tears & language, muſt I be ſo too? True or falſe, Ile doe as I was commanded*: and forthwith drawes his Sword, and was falling to his worke. Which the other perceiving, drawes too, and bids him *hold a little*, the two Innocents get behind the Sea-man:

the

the other ſwearing, that *he would come at them, or he would make his way through* Navigius *his ſides*. The Sea-man (partly with *choller*, partly with *pitty*, and partly with a kinde of *ſence* of *honour*, how brave a thing it would be for him to be the Preſerver of thoſe two Ladyes, and have all the glory to himſelfe) undertakes their *quarrell*, they both fight, and *Amariſſa* perceiving that their Friend was likelieſt to be worſted, ſhe takes off her Scarfe and ruffles it up in a heap, & throws it in the others eyes, whilſt the Sea-man runs him through the body, that downe he fell, and dyed immediately. Whereupon the two Ladyes (like two Hens that cluck about their fighting Cock after that he hath got the victory) applaud his Valour, he *Amariſſa*'s Policy, and tells *Honoria*, how that *he was a Sea-man by his profeſſion, and that he was Partner of ſuch a Ship, that rode in ſuch a Bay, that was not very farre off, and how that the winde ſtood faire for the Iſland of* Majorca, *and that thither he would carry them, where they ſhou'd expect for better fortune. They* were raviſh'd with joy, for this good newes, calling upon him to *make haſte*, thinking themſelves beholding to the Moone who firſt gave them *light*, to be their *aſſiſtant*, and then went *downe*, as conniving at their *departure*.

They were both ſhipt, and underſayle, the ſayles carried them upon their wings, to their deſired Harbour in the greater Iſland of *Majorca*, but it is impoſſible for a *Darke grey* ever to make a *True blew*, ſo the Gallantry that was *worded* into this man, could not but a little ſavour of the *caske* wherein it was infus'd, for as he *ſtumbled* upon an act of honour, ſo he *tripp'd* in his *thorow pace* to true magnanimity & Gallantry, for he was no ſooner landed in the Iſland, but he offers up their beauties to ſale and proſtitution, for baſe lucre ſake: *Honoria* is ſoone bought by *Thoron*, great Commander of the Iſland; *Amariſſa* perceiving which way ſhe was going, betakes her to the wit that never fail'd her in her extremity, telling her Chapman that *if ſhe muſt be ſold ſhe muſt obey, and that there was a rich and wealthy man, who was an inhabitant in the Iſle* Minorca, *who was a great Suitor to her formerly for a piece of ſome Diſhoneſty, and that he offered her a thouſand Crownes for her Virginity; the latter I have ſtill,* (ſaid ſhe) *the former is at your commands, if you doe but bring me thither; if you cannot make more of me here, I hope you will thinke it wiſdome to carry me thither.* This Gentleman (whom ſhe meant, and whoſe name was *Caſtriot*) was her owne Unkle, thither ſhe deludes this *Aſinego* to the preſervation of her owne Honour, and *Honoria*'s; for he had no ſooner brought her thither, but ſhe tells her Unkle the whole ſtory, who did him no *hurt* for the *good*-ſake which he had done, and no great *good* for the *evil*-ſake which he intended. *Caſtriot* preſently writ to *Thoron* (his great acquaintance and ſpeciall friend) *what Civilities he ſhould uſe to a Perſon of ſo great quality as was Honoria*, who had not as yet diſcovered her Condition unto *Thoron* (being (craftily) told by *Navigius*, that *if ſhe did reveale her ſelf, ſhe ſhould certainly be betray'd into* Maximanus *his Cuſtody by* Thoron, *who two were all one*) and yet preſerv'd her

ſelf from his contagion by this ſtratagem. She pretends her ſelf to be *a Maid*, and begs hard, that *his pleaſure might be ſuſpended but for three dayes*; the third day being come, ſhe entreats (for modeſty ſake) that *he would meet her in the darke*; he grants her requeſt, and all, to *obtaine her good will*, as well as *her ſelfe*; he appointed her the place where ſhe ſhould goe, which was, to a ſpacious Roome, where was no light at all; he followes her, who had ſlipt off her ſhooes againſt his comming, who (entring the Roome) ask'd her *where ſhe was?* ſhe anſwered, *here my Lord:* he advancing towards the voice, ſhe traverſes her ground, and was not to be found; he ask'd her againe, *where art thou?* ſhe ſteps aſide againe, and ſaid, *I am here, why don't you come? why where*, ſaid Thoron: *Here I tell you*, ſaid *Honoria:* ſtill waving his approach till ſhe had kept him in that poſture two long houres, till at laſt he was glad that he had found the dore, and ſhutting her in, he fetches a candle, which he brings with him in his hand, and enters the Roome the ſecond time, asking her, *why ſhe us'd him in that manner? To let you ſee* (reply'd Honoria) *what a vanity it is that you hunt after; Beauty is but skin deep, and that skin you could not tell how to touch without being beholding to ſo poore an acceſſary as the light of a Candle: Cotton, and Tallow, are fine ingredients, to be of the Eſſence of your amorous Paßion; for, you ſee without them, you were as farre from laying hands, as eyes upon the object of your delight, which is not ſo much reall, as it is imaginary; nor is it ſo much as valuable by imagination neither, but by accident, like glaſſe or ice, that have no luſtre in themſelves, but by reflection of a ſecond cauſe: Alas! this thing which you call Beauty wherewith you men are ſo tranſported, is but differenc'd from Deformity, like the gliſtring rayes of Steele and Iron, that's ſtill the ſame in ſubſtance, worth, and quality, with that which is but ruſty: Alas! what is this inconſiderate thing called Beauty? a thing not qualified with ſo much virtue as are ſeverall ſtones, ſalt-water, or rotten wood: Nay, the beautifulleſt outſide of Woman-kind has not thoſe priviledges, that nature hath beſtowed upon the ſcales of fiſhes, or the eyes of catts, all theſe have their excellencies viſibility in the darke, but you could neither ſee, nor finde, nor touch, nor take your pleaſure, but by ſome other meanes, which was neither in your ſelfe, nor me; wherefore if you will be rightly in love, be not in love with Accidents, but with that ſubſtance, to which light it ſelfe is but a ſhadow. The ſoule that forſakes the Divine love, and gives it to the Creature, is like the ſilly Chicken, who having loſt his parent, followes after the next creature that it meets withall; your love is but miſplac'd; Oh! how admirably would you love the Gods? how well beſtow'd were that affection? yet I wil not deny but that there is a lawfull, and true love proper between Man and Woman; but withall, there is an idoneity in placing that affection, it muſt not be fixt upon an illicit object, ſuch a one, as I am to all mankinde, that are affected with the awefulneſſe of a deity, having vow'd my ſelfe, a Veſtall Virgin: Wherefore make your retreat as honorable as you can, and let your behaviour be ſuch, to your poore Servant, as becomming the honour of your Anceſtory, and a patterne of true piety, and virtue.*

Thoron

Thoron fell from being in love with her *perſon*, to be much affected with the rare perfection of her *minde*; And as well becomming the imitation of a true Convertite, he gives himſelfe to reſignation in thoſe things, which her divine Reaſons had fore-dictated unto him, bidding her henceforward *to feare no worſe events but what her owne Commands ſhould lay upon him, and the reſt that then were under his Authoritie*.

But there happened a very merry paſſage (occaſioned by *Thoron*'s familiarity and ſo much courting of *Honoria*) between the ſaid *Thoron* and his Wife *Armena*, who being a Woman of a high Spirit, and *one* that had formerly got the maſtery of *two* Husbands, and had oftentimes bid faire for this, but found that *the god Mercury was not to be made of every piece of wood*, and that *this* was of too *croſs-grain'd* a diſpoſition for all her art and tooles to engraven a *ſimilitude* of any of the former out of either of the *originalls*, for *this* was a notable *man* at curbing a *woman*, howſoever the often attemptings hereof had been the occaſion not onely of much difference, but oftentimes of ſome hard uſage towards *Armena*, which at this time (by reaſon of *Thoron*'s dayly addreſſes and ſuppoſed intimacy with *Honoria*, together with her diſdaine and jealouſie thereupon) was much aggravated, for ſhe drew upon her ſelf heapt meaſures of his rage and fury, for he was no leſſe liberall with his *tongue* in his unſeemly language againſt her, but his *hands* were alſo ſomewhat heavy upon her, which he had no ſooner perform'd, but ſhe vow'd ſhe would be reveng'd, calling him, *Coward* and *baſe Fellow to ſtrike a Woman*, telling him, that *it is pitty but that there ſhould be a Law to make it death to any one that ſhould ſtrike a Woman that had never ſtruck a Man* (which words *ſunk* the deeper into his cogitation, being ſo well faſtned to the *weight* of his owne guiltineſſe) bidding him *looke to it*, telling him, that *if ſhe could not get Men and Women enough to take her part, ſhe would ſet Dogs upon him but ſhe would be reveng'd, and never would put up ſo foule and unmanlike an affront upon a Woman of her quality*: and forthwith flung out of the roome.

Thoron knowing her high ſpirit, great friends, and remembring how (moſt commonly) ſhe us'd to be as good as her word, believ'd no leſſe, but fear'd as *much*; he could *wiſh* it undone, but could not *tell* how to help it: would fain have been friends with her, but knew not how: ſhe caſt about, in what manner ſhe might *load* her vengeance on his back, yet not *breake* it, 'cauſe ſome trembling in his joynts, but breake no bones; her fury rather inventing ſome witty ſtratagem of revenge, than *conſulting* with any malice that was implacable; ſhe (diving into her Husbands diſpoſition, and finding it but of ſomwhat an inferiour alay in point of magnanimity) reſolves upon an adventure, no leſſe anſwerable to the fulneſſe of her ſatisfaction, than innocent in the proſecution thereof, and thus ſhe layes her plot: ſhe ſends to *Fanor*, one in whom ſhe repoſed much confidence, and knew to be one whom *Thoron* had a good opinion of, him ſhe ac-

quaints with the falling out between her and her Husband, pretends a great desire to be reconcil'd: *Fanor* was very desirous to performe so good an office between them; she *prevents* his *seeking* braine, with what she had *prepared* out of her own *invention*, and thus far she acquaints him with her designe. *Fanor* (saith she) *I thinke I need not tell you of the difference that is between my Lord and I, he abus'd me, and gave him as good as he brought; yet howsoever it is not fit that Man and Wife should continue long at such a distance, I believe he would be willing enough to be reconcil'd, but his stomack will not come downe; and I could finde in my heart to kisse and be friends, but I cannot abide to seek to him, so that the strife between us two is onely this,*

I stout, and thou stout,
And who shall carry the dirt out?

Wherefore, honest Fanor, *I would have thee doe thus, Invite us both to Supper, and some others, whose company thou knowest will be most pleasing to him, (I will be at all the Charges) and let me have the best Musick that may be had for money.* Here *Fanor* began to interrupt *Armena*, saying, *Madame, by no meanes, you both have not been so sparing in your obligations, nor your benefits so slenderly perform'd in the behalf of your humble Servant, as that he should not be as willing as able to deposit such a pledge of gratitude without any such Indentures. No, no, good* Fanor, (said Armena) *it must not be so, I must have my will, the reasons you shall know hereafter, and the house and managery of the whole businesse you shall leave to me: doe you goe and invite him, and tell him, that your intention is to doe the like to me, and then let me heare what he sayes, and you shall know more of my minde hereafter.*

Away goes *Fanor* to *Thoron*, and acquaints him with his desires. *Thoron*, glad of this opportunity, tells *Fanor*, that *He could not have done him a greater pleasure, for at this time* (said Thoron) *there is a little falling out between me and my Wife, and a third place and strange company will be the onely meanes to take away that strangenesse that is between us, where both of us shall be apt to fall into our former familiarity through shame that any notice should be taken of its being otherwise, lest it be a shame unto us both; and where merriment may haply put her into a good humour: but dost thou think thou canst prevaile with her?*

Leave that to me, (said Fanor) *on my life she shall goe with you. I pray thee doe,* said *Thoron.*

Away went *Fanor* to *Armena*, and acquainted her with all that had pass'd between her Lord and him.

Armena insinuates her designe to *Fanor*'s approbation, which thus she put in execution: The time being *come* when it was time to *goe*, and *Thoron* already mounted in his Caroach, word was brought the Lady *Armena* that *my Lord staid for her*; she begins her *small* revenge with letting him wait a *little*: yet *ever and anon* sending him word that *she was comming*, making her *tiring* of his patience to *act* the first

part

part of her *Comedy*; at laſt ſhe comes handed by *Fanor*, and as ſhe drew neare the Caroach, *Thoron* would faine have ſpoken to her, if he knew how; and angrily, if he durſt: *Come, come*, was all he ſaid: thoſe two words (he thought) bated not one inch of his ſpirit, and yet he inſulted not a little (inwardly) that they were *ſuch* words, and *ſo* ſpoken, as might very well imply an *indignation*: but *Armena* being ready to ſtep into the Caroach, beheld him with ſuch a *ſprightly* countenance, and *piercing* eye, that his *dull* ones (as if two *bullets* had been fixt in *clay*) inform'd his timorous ſoule, that they beheld armed *men* in *womans* eyes: whereupon, he bethought himſelfe of an honourable retreat (if he ſhould be charged with any *haſtineſſe* of ſpeech, or *roughneſſe* of language) and how he might ſafely bring thoſe two words *off* againe (if occaſion ſerv'd) with the *ſafe* conducts, of *excuſe*, and *kindneſſe*. But, *Armena* fearing to ſpoile the game ſhe was now playing with *too* much forwardneſſe, reſolv'd, to uſe no other caſtigation for the preſent, but her looks: wherefore, without ſpeaking a word unto him, ſhe aſcends the Caroach. *Thoron*, that he might, and might *not* ſeem to help her up, reaches out his hand, but never ſo much as touch'd her; he thought he could doe no *leſſe* than what ſhe found to be *nothing* at all. The time which the Caroacheer allow'd himſelfe for ſetting forward ſeem'd tedious to them *both*, whilſt *neither* of them knew how to behave themſelves to *one another*, otherwiſe then in ſetling themſelves; which they were both longer about, then either of them needed, protracting the time with ſuch antick behaviours, untill the language of the whip, cauſed the wel-manag'd horſes, to make ſtones, and wheels, ſupply the place of oratory, until ſuch time as they came to the place where they were to light; and then they were to ſeek againe. *Thoron* firſt deſcends the Caroach, after him, *Fanor*: whom, when *Thoron* had eſpied almoſt ingag'd in the ſervice of leading his Lady by the arme, he made a kinde of offer as if he would (if *Fanor* had not) have been ſo kind. *Armena* ſeeing the reſpect ſhe lookt for, approaching a farre off, waves the former; and expects the advance of her Husbands courteſie: he ſo far on in his way, knew not how to recall himſelfe, but goes thorow with it, and leads her by the arme, through a Court which (on both ſides in the pav'd walks) was fill'd with ſome of *his* acquaintance, but all *her* friends: who ſaluted them both at a diſtance, and no more, (as ſhe had laid the plot) up ſtaires he leades her, *Fanor* leaves them both, into a ſpacious goodly Roome ſhe brought him, no body there, the laying of the cloath, the many trenchers, and napkins, ſpake many Gueſts; but his expectation wondred at the ſolitude, and her ſilence, (together with the feare of what he ſaw without) had put him into ſuch a perplexity that it made ſuch a throng of confuſed thoughts within his breaſt, that when he ſtrove to give them ayre, they wedg'd themſelves ſo in the dore of utterance, that a word could not come forth.

Now you muſt underſtand that *Armena* had ſo laid the plot that

the Muſitians (out of a Muſick Roome over head inviſible) had Command given them, that as ſoone as ever the Lady *Armena* ſhould ſpeak the word DRAW, that then they were to ſtrike up: and (for the greater Terrour ſake) the Leſſon, which was call'd the BATTAIL; and thereupon a mighty *noiſe* and *buſtling* was heard at the back Door and Entry that led into the Dining Room; with ſome other preparations and performances requiſite to the deſigne ſhe had in hand. All things thus in a readineſſe, and his body ſufficiently prepar'd for the operation of ſuch Phyſick, ſhe thus begins to act her part:

My Lord,

You know who I am; neither am I ignorant of the uttermoſt of your Worth and Merit: you know upon what termes you took me, and what you promis'd, and how you have abus'd me, contrary to all Faith and Honeſty, contrary to all Civility and Man-hood: think you that my Fathers Daughter can put up ſuch injuries as theſe at Thorons *hands?*

No Sir, you ſhall now know, that you are in my power, and find that I can uſe you according to your demerits. Draw (ſaid *Armena*) forthwith the Muſick ſtruck up, immediately whereupon there was heard ſuch a noiſe of *clattering* of Armour together, *claſhing* of Swords one againſt another; ſuch *duplications*, and *re-duplications* of Blowes: And to compleat all Terrour, a moſt fearfull noiſe of many verberations, and re-verberations of ſo many ſtripes (as it were) of Cudgels over the ſhoulders of unarmed Men. *Armena* in the next roome having placed ten luſty Fellowes (at the ſame time) to be there beating the duſt out of a piece of Hangings; And to make the *Fury* the more *formidable*, ſhe had ordained certaine men to daſh huge and mighty Earthen Pitchers againſt the wall, as if mens Braines were beating out, and the pieces of their Sculs flying about the roome. In which interim (in ſeverall places) *high* words were at *Variance*; *Vehement* language in *hot Skirmiſh*; *Down with him* ſayes one; *Enter, enter*, ſaith another; *Hold, hold*, ſaith a third; *We will have him* ſaith a fourth. All this while *Thoron* ſtood in a maze, *Armena* with her Armes a *kimbo*, laughing in his face all the while; but at laſt, when the Terrour had made its approach up to the very Doore, and they all cryed, *Fall on, fall on, fall on*, (as if the Aſſaſinats had got the victory) away runs *Thoron* down the ſtaires, (the only way from whence appear'd (as yet) no horrour) *Armena* after him, when behold! he was not half way down the ſtaires, but he beheld men all in Armour, with ported Halberts at his breaſt: *Thoron* makes a ſtand, and by this time the Furious Buſtle was got into the Dining Roome, as if it threatned an execution into attomes. *Armena* finding her Husband by this time in a ſufficient extaſie, cryed to him, *My Lord, my Lord, you have no way in the world to ſave your Life, but to throw your ſelfe upon my mercy, and aske me forgiveneſſe.*

That *joyfull* word, and *comfortable* ſaying, open'd his Mouth; who, upon his knees, cryes unto her with elevated and wrung hands

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together, *Dearest Love, good Wife, sweet* Armena, *save my life but this time, and I will never offend thee more! O speak to them* Armena! *speak to them good* Armena! *Let them not come up, keep them from comming downe; I will deserve your mercy, and you shall have your will for evermore.*

Armena having brought her Designe to full perfection, call'd him to her, saying, *Come hither, come hither my Lord, quickly, quickly, quickly.* *Thoron* rises up, and askes her *where? Where for the love of God? Here* (said *Armena*) *Lie downe here* (placing him in a corner of the Staires, close behind her) whilst she beckons with her Hand, (which was the Signe that they should be gone) who being vanished by degrees, she bids him get up, and follow her, and fear nothing (being very desirous to make as short work with him as she could, he smelt so strongly of the running disease) he followes her with his Eyes wandring about, lest any part of the Enamy should lie in Ambush, and surprize him, before he could call for succour to *Armena*; and never thought himself safe untill she had brought him under Lock and Key, where she read him this Lecture:

My Lord,

You see how that you are more afraid then hurt, and that there was more Sport then Harme in my Revenge: You see I can play with you and yet not hurt you; and, if it be not your own fault, you shall find, that I can Jest with you, and Shame you not. For I protest unto you, there is none of all those Swash-bucklers, or Halbertiers, that knew the least particular of my intention; neither have any taken notice of your fear, nor is it possible they should know that it was any trick of mine, neither was there any intention to doe you the least hurt. And upon my Honour, Fanor *(himselfe) was no more privy to this plot then the Sucking Child: For it was I (that had a mind to be friends with you) who caused him to invite us both unto a Supper, I am at the Charges of the Feast, I ordered the Businesse; this was to be but the beginning of a Maskque, whereby (as it were) the scene of blustring Mars was open'd, next whereunto Peace is to appear with all her plenty in her Armes, placing her severall Dishes upon the Table.* Fanor *I sent away on purpose (upon an Errant) that he should not take notice of my designe; now, if you can keep your own councell, and use me well; that is to say, let me have my will, for I will have it, you shall never be disgrac'd for all this: otherwise I will shew you twenty such tricks as these.*

Thoron (about to *commend* her wisdome, *assure* her of performance of her desires, and to *Embrace* her in his Armes) brought such a scent along with him, that she could not but take notice of it, and offer him her assistance, (as farre as it was fitting) wherefore she told him, (merrily, and smiling upon him) *My Lord, I know you have betray'd your self most abominably, and there is a necessity in it, that I must stand your friend, or else all the wit in both our pericraniums will not be able to keep this a secret. Therefore I will tell* Fanor *that you and I intend to lie in his House all night, and I'le send home my Woman for clean Linnen,*

and ſo you may ſhift your ſelfe; and if you can make your ſelf clean, I can keep your councell. Thoron confeſs'd *all*, and pray'd her *to be as good as her word, but eſpecially in keeping his Councell in every particular, aſſuring* Armena *that ſhe ſhould finde him a very good Husband from that time forward:* things being performed on her part ſhe ordering the buſineſſe as ſhe promis'd, brought him (though ſomewhat late) ſweet and clean, hand in hand, lovingly together, into the Dining Roome amongſt all the Company, whoſe no notice taking of any ſuch matter; nor laughing or jeering at any ſuch thing, (as indeed they had no cauſe, ſuch was their ignorance) very much confirm'd and conſolated the poor man, who was fully ſatisfied with this belief, that all had been true that had been aſſur'd unto him by his Wife: But *Armena* upon this hold, *Raigned* as *Lady Governeſſe* ever after.

Chap. XI.

A diſcourſe between Fanor *and* Armena, *concerning* Man *and* Wife, *how* either *may obtaine the ſoveraignty of each* other.

Fanor (perceiving the ſuddaine alteration and ſubmiſſe behaviour of *Thoron* towards his Wife *Armena*, together with ſome other circumſtances) collected a great many particulars conducing to a perfect knowledge of the meanes, whereby *Armena* had obtain'd that *Soveraignty* over her Husband, which as good as *known*, ſhe as good as acknowledged, which was the occaſion of ſome diſcourſe betweene them two, concerning atchievements of that nature. For *Armena* was of opinion, That *there was never a Woman in the world, but might have her will of her Husband, and doe what ſhe would with him, except ſhe were a fool (let him be of what diſpoſition he could be of.)*

How is that (ſaid *Fanor?*) *That were a Doctrine that would finde many Diſciples if you could teach it them.*

Truly (ſaid *Armena*) *I can teach it you.*

With all my heart (ſaid *Fanor*) *I would willingly learn it, that I might teach it to my Miſtriſſe, whereby ſhe might become an excellent Wife.*

O (ſaid *Armena*) *ſhe will never learn it of you, it muſt be taught her by one of her own ſex, that ſhe may learn it from her.*

How is it I beſeech you Madam?

A wiſe Wife (ſaid *Armena*) *muſt prie into the inclination and diſpoſition of her Husband, obſerve his humours, informe her ſelfe of what temper he is made, otherwiſe ſhe gives battaile before ſhe knowes how the enemy lyes: many a fooliſh Woman hath loſt the day for want of this forecaſt: if ſhe perceives him to be of a Noble conſtitution of mind, and magnanimous ſpirit, then (whatſoever hers is) let her ſubmit to him:* and then (as a *flint* is ſooner *malleable* that *receives* its ſtroakes upon the *yeilding*

ding cuſhion than upon *reſiſting iron*, ſo the ſtouteſt heart, *mollifies* and *relents*, upon the *ſoftneſſe* of a diſpoſition, that *hardens*, where it meets with *oppoſition*.

Or like a fiddle-ſtick Madame, (ſaid Fanor) *which though you ſit upon it with all your weight, upon a hard bench, yet it will not break; but if you lay it on a feather-bed, and ſo repoſe your weight upon it, it will break immediately.*

Come, come, you are a wagge (ſaid Armena) *I ſpeak nothing but reaſon*, Mars *his Men, have* minds, *like* Mars *his Livery; and are of the ſame nature of the Buffe they weare: through which a Straw may inſinuate it ſelfe, when the ſharpeſt edge or point can neither cut nor enter; through which the mildneſſe of a breath can puffe the fierce flame of an incenſed Taper out, which full-chopt* Boreas *(with his keeneſt breath) can never pierce. A noble mind will foſter up thoſe pleaſing ſubmiſſions of a Wife, with ſuch condeſcentions, as ſhall be incouragements to a good ſubject: whereas contention between ſuch high Spirits, is like Brimſtone, mingled with Coal and Peter, whereof ſuch a compoſure is ſoone made, as with the additament of the leaſt heat, the whole frames, piles, and building, which have been erected upon no leſſe firme foundation then ſacred vows, and conjugall affections have been oftentimes blown up, and have return'd no greater benefit to their Parents, then Noiſe and Terrour.*

But if ſhe finds her Husband to be a poor ſpirited man, then let her put hard (a Gods Name) for no ſmall ſhare in the Government. Then let her make her ſelf (if ſhe can) a Free ſtate, *her husband, but her* Duke of Venice. *She doth but like thoſe Indian Women, who carry their* Heads *in their Boſoms: ſuch a Man wil be glad to do any thing for quietnes ſake (like dying man, whoſe ſpirits being ſpent, and weak, ſayes* I *to every thing, to avoid troubleſomneſſe) whereas the want of theſe inſpections and proſecutions, is the occaſion of all the combuſtions that are twixt Man and Wife.*

There is no way to make an abject minde become a monſter, but by humouring of it; and if you ſacrifice complacencies to ſuch a poverty, you make him a Tyrant.

Madame, (ſaid Fanor) *your Ladyſhip ſpeaks in extreames, but what would you doe if you had an indifferent Man to your Husband?*

Truely Fanor, (ſaid Armena) *I have often pray'd againſt ſuch a one, and have often requeſted of the God of Marriage, that he would give me either a wiſe Man, or a Foole to my Husband; for, I ever thought, that if I had a wiſe Husband, he knew how to govern me; or, if a Foole, I knew how to order him: but I ſpeake not* (Fanor) *of greater or leſſer capacities of wit and underſtanding, which allow a meane; but of high or vulgar ſpirits which admit no* medium; *for, the enquiries (I meane) which we make into the diſpoſition of a Man, is to know of what mettle he is made, whether of baſe, or noble? not of what ingenuity he is of, or how many degrees he hath taken in that excellence; for Nobleneſſe is either higher or lower, according to the ſeverall occaſions it hath to worke upon; but ſtill wee are not to conſider them as diſtinct* Species *by their ſeverall occurrences, but as one and the ſame*

kinde, and altogether one noble nature; and the latter (being a contrary quality and baſe temper of the blood) we never examine of how inferiour an allay it is, which alſo ſeems to us more or leſſe, according to the ſeverall accidents it meets withall, yet ſtill we muſt totall *the particulars under the notion of* Ignobleneſſe; *ſo that in this conſideration, there is no place left for Indifference to act her part, and theſe two leafes of the ſame dore have never a wicket to let a* ſneaking *diſpoſition creep between them; either he muſt be a brave Gallant Man, or elſe ſome faint-hearted cowardly Companion; and if he be but either of theſe, I can play my game to my owne advantage.*

But all this while Madame, (ſaid Fanor) *you ſuppoſe the wiſdome altogether in the Wife, what if the Husband were a wiſe Man? may not* he *tame, rule, or have his Wife at his beck of whatſoever ſpirit* ſhe *were of?*

I have granted you that already ſaid *Armena*) *my Argument holds good from the leſſer to the greater; but Mans wiſdome muſt not be there exercis'd in the obſervation of humours, or diſcerning of ſpirits, but in the well management of the power of his dominion: for both Civill and Divine Lawes have given ſuch a ſoveraignty to men over their Wifes, that they oftentimes loſe their Prerogatives by ſeeking to gaine that by Reaſon which is theirs by Authority. He that gives a Woman leave to argue the caſe with him, doth but like a fooliſh Gameſter, that lends a needy fellow mony to play againſt himſelfe. For though the matter be never ſo juſt on her ſide concerning which they may conteſt, yet the cauſe cannot be but unjuſt on her part, in regard it is* Conteſtation, *which ought not to be. I would have a wiſe man to admit his wife his* Councellour, *but not his* Opponent: *to help him to finde out the* truth *of things, but not to ſtrive for* victory *in the Argument, or carry more* ſaile *then* ballaſt *in her words. That man who ſeeks to over top his wifes* high *Spirit with a* higher, *is but like a King who condeſcends to receive ſatisfaction from a Subject, by fighting a ſingle duell when he may have his will by his Prerogative. He that anſwers the nimbleneſſe of his wifes tongue with the volubility of his owne, doth but juſtifie the warre by giving quarter: nothing makes this ſubject ſooner rebell, then when ſhe ſees her Emperour knowes not how to Command. I tell thee* Fanor, *there is not a diſeaſe in Wedlock, but the Husband is a* fool, *if he be not a* Phyſitian *able enough to cure it.*

Fanor, *it may be you think I ſpeak againſt my ſelfe, and the privilege of my Sex, I proteſt I doe not: I had* two *Husbands before I had* this, *and I never received ſuch contentment in* wholly *having my will of the* one, *as I was pleaſed in being altogether at the* others *Command: The* gracefulneſſe *of whoſe rule and government, made my obedience (alwayes* Honourable, *whilſt the* neceſſitated *(yet pleaſing)* encroachments *over the others right, made me (oftentimes) aſhamed of the* uſurpation. *Wherefore I alwayes pray'd, that if ever I married againe, I might have a Husband that was either a* Fool, *or a* Wiſe man, *that having a* Fool, *I might know how to* order him; *and if a* Wiſe man, *he may know how to* governe me. *But by my troth* Fanor, *I have (now,*

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met with a Man that is neither one or other; wherefore I knew not how to deal with his folly, *but by playing the* Fool; *nor how to anſwer his ſhare of* wiſdom *but by a piece of* policy. Hereupon Company came in, and ended the Diſpute.

Thus we leave *Honoria* a *Conqueror* by the *force* of *Eloquence*, *Amariſſa* prevalent, by the *power* of her owne *wit*, both *happy* by the hand of *Providence*, and a third climing the degrees of excellence, up the ſteps aſcendent to the throne of ingenuity, and returne back againe to *Maximanus*; who hearing no newes of his *two Women-ſlayers*, nor that any other *fleſh* was to be found in the intended *Shambles* of the Forreſt, but the *ſlaughtered* Carcaſſe of one of his owne *Butchers*, he began to miſtruſt that all was not *well*, which he endeavoured to repaire with the greateſt of all *Evils*, *viz*. *Open Rebellion*, in order whereunto, he ſeizes upon all *Forts* and *Magazines*, and converts them to his proper uſe; The affrighted *Royaliſts* gather themſelves into a neceſſitated Body, where we leave them both like a paire of *Cocks* pecking at one another, till a *third* comes in, and ſo makes *two* to *one*, till one makes none of *two*, and *three* brings *all* to *nothing*.

Chap. XII.

Lorenzo *is beaten by the* Moores. Hortenſius *and* Philoret *meet* Lorenzo *after the diſcomfiture, and deliver their Meſſage.* Lorenzo *and* Bertaldo *made friends. The Battaile between* Maximanus *and* Corderius. Lorenzo *and* Maximanus. Maximanus *ſlaine in Battaile.*

Lorenzo fighting without his right hand, *Bertaldo*, (whom he ſcorn'd to make uſe of) was ſorely Diſcomfited by the *Moores*; in which Battaile he loſt *Coſdruball* and *Hanno*, with many others of his prime Commanders, (with 7000. of the *Carthaginians*) *Berontus* (of all his *Heroes*) *he* came off, making good the Rear, until the Defeated Army had recovered a *Paſſe* upon the River *Undi*, whoſe Bridge *Berontus* caus'd to be broken downe. For *Berontus* (as the reſt) flying with his *Keepers* (about him) *danger* and *neceſsity* made him *theirs*, and his *confiners* ſole preſerver: For he made good the Bridge with his owne naked body, (like a black Rock ſtanding in defyance againſt an Ocean) untill the Pioniers thinking by degrees to *fall* the Bridge, behind him, ore-threw the *Arch*; ſo that all fell downe at *once*, whoſe *propitious* ſtones, favoured *Berontus*, doing execution upon his enemies, but *none* upon himſelf; from whom he ſwam ſafely to his owne bank ſide, where he found no leſſe a *Friend* to help him up then *Lorenzo*, who had been more his *owne* then *his Enemy*.

Thus the fates ordained, that valour and diſaſter ſhould agree together, to *neceſsitate* a friendſhip between theſe *two*, when other meanes could not prevail, to cauſe them to ſhake hands with *one another*. So he ſecured the Prince from *further* proſecution, and *Lorenzo* him, from *future* miſ-conception, where *Hortenſius* and *Philoret* met the Prince: at whoſe firſt ſight *Lorenzo* was much divided between the two paſſions, of *Love* and *Hatred*, having ſeen ſo much *Gallantry* in the *one*, and *heard* of ſo much *Baſeneſſe* in the *other*, whom he thought (notwithſtanding) ſo much the better of (as to forbear all expreſſions of diſlike for the preſent) becauſe he ſaw him coupled with ſo known a Worthy.

But when hee had once heard them fully declare themſelves (with all the Circumſtances atteſted under the hands of ſo many of his truſty Friends and Counſellours, but *eſpecially* when he *ſaw* and *read* the *Handkerchief*) oh how he was *nettled* and *ſtung* to the quick! oh how he was *mad* with himſelf for what he had done! and knew not which was better for him to *beleeve*, or *not* give credit to what they ſaid: *Philoret* he *could* not miſ-believe; *Hortenſius* he *durſt* not,

not, whoſe *ſufferings*, and whoſe *merits*, pleaded a better reception; *Shame* would have forc'd an *incredulity* upon him, but *Honour* and *Juſtice* made him *doubtfull* which of either he ſhould entertaine with higheſt Curteſie; but nothing troubled him ſo much as what was become of *Honoria* and *Amariſſa*, and how he ſhould look *Bertaldo* in the face, for the wrong wherewith he had *proſecuted* ſuch a *noble* Friend, and *fear'd* he had *caus'd* already to be *executed* upon his Siſter: This made him *quite* beſides himſelfe. He ſends for *Bertaldo*, who entring the preſence he thus be-ſpeakes his patience:

Bertaldo,

I feare me I have undone my ſelfe, I pray thee doe not make any Reply, leſt thou prick'ſt a heart that bleeds too faſt already: I have a great many things to tell thee, but I cannot ſpeak: And thereupon he *lean'd* upon *Bertaldo*'s *neck*, and *wept* upon his *boſome*, ſaying, *Pity me, and be not angry, I will deſerve thou ſhouldſt doe both.*

Bertaldo (whoſe eyes were ſtil upon *Philoret*, deſerv'd by her wiſhly looks on him) makes him this ſhort anſwer (longing to parle with his lovely Page) *Sir, whatſoever your perplexities may be, I adviſe you to make haſte to* Carthage, *that you may prevent the miſchief, and (if poſsibly) ſuperſede your Errour.*

Oh Bertaldo (ſaid *Lorenzo*) *thou poureſt Oyle into my wounds, and tak'ſt away the ſmart with that ſame word. Let there be orders given to march this night, I'le goe my ſelfe.*

Bertaldo lets him goe, that he might ſtay and commune with his (*unknown*) Idolatreſſe; who upon his approach, was ſo full of joy, that he knew not how to behave himſelf; whereof *Bertaldo* took ſuch notice, that he anſwered his *Follity* with asking him *twenty* Queſtions one after another; he, his *frolick*, with anſwering, he knew not *what*. At laſt withdrawing themſelves towards a more ſerious diſcourſe, after that *Bertaldo* had heard *Philoret* (deliberately) relate unto him *all* that had happened, he clapt his hand upon his breaſt, and abruptly parted from him. Poor *Philoret* began to be a little dejected at the manner of it, but *Bertaldo* (recollecting himſelf) made him amends by giving him a double portion of reſpect, ſo that *pleas'd* he was: *Hortenſius* glad that he had ſtruck in with ſuch a Favourite, all the Courtiers giving them Cap and Knee, (as they went along) as Courtiers uſe to doe to thoſe whom they ſee *gratiouſly* received.

No other *noiſe* at Court but of *removall*, no other *newes* in the Camp but of a preſent *March*; ſix dayes brought them within the *ſight* of *Carthage*: and the two Armies *facing* one another, *viz.* *Maximanus* and *Corderius*.

Maximanus his Men (like good ſtomacks, (having but a proportionable allowance) have not (as yet) their Appetites whetted with feare of having too many Feeders upon ſo ſmall a Pittance: But upon the approach of *Lorenzo*'s Forces, they fall too, putting all their hands together in the Diſh (liſing it away) for fear of the new commers Mouthes. So was *Corderius* Army ſoone devour'd by

Maximanus, making such haste to give him Battell before *Lorenzo* should come to his Assistance. *Corderius* fled with his scattered Troopes to meet *Lorenzo*, whom *Maximanus* durst not pursue too farre (for fear of being met with (by *Lorenzo*) out of order) *Lorenzo* wondred *first* to see two Armies *Face*, then *Fight*, and at *last Pursue* each other. At length satisfied his *seeking* braine by a *full* relation of all that had hapned, by *Corderius*; whose presence, and Commands, soone rallyed the *breathlesse* Souldiers, whose *panting* Royall Hearts left their trepidations like the *Needle*, whose *point*, when it once findes the northerne Pole, moves no more, then doth the *Center*: so were these Souldiers *calm'd*.

Corderius presently applies him selfe to the Prince, and desires that *his men might be commanded by* Bertaldo's *better conduct*.

No (*said* Lorenzo) *they shall be commanded by no other then my selfe, and* Bertaldo *shall command the Army*. Which *Bertaldo* modestly refused; but *Lorenzo* told him, that as *nothing would encourage those new-raisd men, and re-inliven them, more then his owne presence; so nothing would be more acceptable to the souldiery then his Conduct*. Berontus *he* commanded the *Forlorne* Hope.

Maximanus by this time (observing the orderly advance of *Lorenzo*'s over-numerous hoast) begins to think his Army *all forlorne*, but howsoever he was ambitious, (though the fates had given him a *villanous* part to act) to act it *well*; that he might have a glorious *Exit*. His followers for the most part (all *desperate* and) *involv'd* in the same guilt, were resolved to doe so too; so that there was a fierce battaile fought, between *courage* and *desparation*.

Berontus beats their Forlorne, up to their main Body: whereupon he receives orders from *Bertaldo*, to draw off, and joyne with the Prince, fearing that the Prince (if hard beset) might not be so well defended by his new-rais'd men. *Lorenzo* because he would not discountenance his Confidents, bids him *stand as a reserve to his maine Body*, which was done accordingly. *Maximanus* falls on so furiously, that he followes his *throws* darts so close, that he comes to *handy* strokes, fighting under their flying shadowes, but finding that he had mistaken his aime, and that *Lorenzo* commanded not the party, he gives orders for fresh forces to come up, and bids them undertake those *striplings*, telling them, he was deceived, and must goe and seeke *Lorenzo* out, and fight with men of valour.

Opinion (which the world is guided by) made them but striplings in their hands, indeed, for a long time, untill *Bertaldo*'s prowesse taught them how much they were deceived, whilst *Maximanus* with his men fall upon *Lorenzo*'s, with *reduplicated* strengths of *madd men*, bearing downe *all* before them, till *Berontus* checkt their fury, with his well-brought-up reserve, and sav'd *Lorenzo* with the same hand that fell'd the desperate *Maximanus* to the ground, thereby, so disheartning all the rest, that they soon betook themselves to flight, *Bertaldo* having done the like unto his Enemies.

Thus

Thus whil'ſt there *appeared* great *ſerenity* in every *face*, all might *behold* a *Cloud* in *Lorenzo's countenance*; and *perceive* a *war* within his *breaſt*; occaſioned by the laſt gaſping words, which *Lorenzo* heard *Maximanus* utter, with his Breath: for *Maximanus* (lying bleeding upon the ground) deſired that he might ſpeake unto *Lorenzo* before he ſhould expire. Whoſe words were theſe.

Unfortunate Lorenzo! *Maſter to a more faithleſſe ſervant! had not thy favours been ſo great, I had not been ſo wicked.* Honoria *was innocent of all ſhe was accuſed, I playd the Knave, and you the Foole:* ſo ſtretch'd his limbs and dyed.

Lorenzo at firſt, would have had him (if poſſibly) preſerv'd; but ſeeing his hatefull ſoule had made an eſcape, he revenged himſelfe upon his ſenceleſſe body, vexing himſelfe, that it had not life, to anſwer his *indignation* with *ſenſibility*; never was there ſuch a dying blow given to a Victor: the word *Foole*, troubled him not ſo much, as the word *Innocent*; nor *Innocent*, ſo much as the word *was*, which put him in deſpaire of her being alive. Never was there ſuch a ſad Conqueror as this *Lorenzo*, whom the *Sun* beheld, bringing with him *night* in his Countenance to *Carthage*, after that he had won the *day*.

The men were all disbanded, whil'ſt an *Army* of *unruly* thoughts, and cares, muſtered within his boſome. *Bertaldo* (who himſelfe almoſt over-ſet with ſorrow, yet ſeeing *his* ſo great) beares him up with Comfort, telling him that *none can ſay (for certaine) what is become either of* Honoria *or* Amariſſa, *none ſaw them dye: but many eyes have ſeene one of the intended Executioners, dead in the place of Execution: why might not the Gods protect their Innocence, by unexpected meanes? why ſhould we not hope they did, ſeeing they were Innocent; and we heare nothing to the contrary? why may not one of theſe Villaines appointed for the ſlaughter (mollifyed into gentleneſſe, by* Honoria's *ſweet behaviour, and overcome by* Amariſſa's *ſprightly Carriage*) *ſlay that Brother in evill, and preſerve them both himſelf? It is but early day, I warrant you, you ſhall hear more hereafter; come, plack up a good Courage.*

Oh, ſaid Lorenzo) *I thinke* (Bertaldo) *thou wilt raiſe me to life, when I am dead; if this ſhould bee, I will ſerve the Gods (for ever) with reduplicated adorations; and I will recompence their ſufferings with a thouſand new-found ways to expiations, whereto, repentance her ſelf yet never found the way; and ſhould but one of thoſe men, doe as thou Imagin'ſt, I would fill him as full of happineſſe, as his Capacity could hold; I would 'twere true* Bertaldo, *on that Condition that I gave thee Carthage for thy prophecies reward.*

Come Sir, reply'd Bertaldo, *'tis neither ſorrow, nor Language, nor wiſhes, nor moulds, that muſt help us: ſend out ſeverall waies to hearken after them, I'le ſeek up towards the Mountaines, let* Berontus *beat about, towards the Sea-coaſt, if Sea, or Land, can give us any intelligence, wee'le not be ignorant, what is become of them.* They both took their ſeverall wayes for ſearch.

Chap. XIII.

The fantaſticall Wooing, *Humourſome* Wedding, *and Platonick love that was between* Corderius *and* Fortunata. Prickette *his miſchance by the way.*

WHilſt theſe things were in agitation, I ſhall acquaint you with a pretty paſſage which hapned between *Corderius* and *Fortunata*, Neece, and Woman to a Lady that was call'd *Beſanca*, in his Travailes with *Bertaldo*, in ſearch of the Ladyes.

You muſt underſtand *Corderius* to have been a *Rich* Merchant, and an *old* Batchelour, about the age of Fifty: And one, who for his *Wiſdome*, and *Loyalty*, was worthily received into Prince *Lorenzo* his Counſell of State: him, Fortune did begin to frown upon, having loſt certaine Ships at Sea of ineſtimable value, inſomuch that he was unwilling to venture any more *ſubſtance* upon that *hazard*: and therefore reſolved (to withdraw his hand from ſo cheating a Lottery, as *Fame* (the falſe Trumpeter of the world) who *encouraged* ſo *many* Adventurers to returne home by *Weeping* croſſe (hearkning to her enticement) and yet could never boaſt *ſucceſſefulneſſe* but over a few) and to lead a private life, and to enjoy the remainder of his dayes with ſuch contentment, and true felicity, as the reſt of his great Fortunes (that were not loſeable by being at ſtake) would give him leave. The delight was departed from him, wherein he (formerly) repos'd felicity, in making Hundreds, Thouſands: and Fifties, Hundreds: by multiplications of ſmaller ſummes. He changed his *itching* deſire, that was in the *act* of getting, for the true contentment that was to be found in making uſe of what he had *got*: And thus he *found* himſelf at *laſt* by *beginning* to be a *loſer*.

But all the delights of *Eden* could not make a Paradiſe (he thought) without a *Companion* that ſhould be *meet* for him. But then he began to think with himſelfe, that he had ſo *over-ſlipt* his time, and that he was now grown *ſo Old*, that he was ſcarce *meet* for a *Companion*; that his *Gray* haires were no *good* repoſure upon a *Green* Bed. And that *Nature* had made him none of her *Favourites*, and *Age* had put him *further* out of *Countenance*.

Yet he comforted himſelf a little (allowing his reſolution this Cordiall) that he was not *ſo wondrous Old, as that he needed to deſpaire of poſſeſſing a Miſtreſſe, with a conceit of ſufficient happineſſe, in being ſuch an Old mans darling*: And that *her Poverty (by the meanes of his Riches) would procure in her breaſt a diſpenſation for his Silver haires*. And that, *if he thus took a poor Gentle-woman upon Almes, (though ſhe could not, as yet,* love *him, yet) ſhe might be glad to* have *him, and think her*

her ſelf happy (bringing nothing with her but Love) to meet with ſuch a one, though he have nothing elſe but means to maintain it.

As *Corderius* did (heretofore) beat about the Country to find out a Virgin that ſhould be thus qualified (being in all his other actions a notable Humoriſt) *viz. Very well borne, Excellently bred, Indifferent Handſome,* and *Miſerably poor,* but never could find a *ſimilitude* to his Fancy that ran upon all (theſe) *Four,* before ſuch time as (attending upon *Bertaldo* in this itinerary progreſſion) he met with ſuch a *Counter-part* to his own *indenture,* that *fitted* him, as if *occaſion* had taken *meaſure* of his minde. For *Corderius* and his Horſe differing in termes of ability to Advance; the Rider, (through his Mans default) feeding his *dumb* Porter with a Spur, inſtead of Provinder, (what with faintneſſe, and the loſſe of one of his Shooes) the poor Hackny made a *Hault* all upon a ſudden, without ſtaying for the word from his *Commander*; inſomuch that *Corderius* was by *degrees* ſo left behind, that he grew from being out of *ſight,* to be out of *hope* of overtaking his Companions. Whereupon he ſet up his reſt in a ſmall Village, at the feet of one of the *Feſtan* Mountaines.

This Cavalliers Caball was unwilling to clime, when he could not goe, with a bare Foot, and an empty Belly. Inſomuch that poor *Corderius* muſt be left behind in a poor Inne. High-way accidents muſt be borne withall, his *bad* fortune was *better'd* with this one comfort: his Landlord was a Good fellow, and cheer'd him up, (who finding his Hoſt a fit receptacle for diſcourſe that went no higher then a Merry Tale, or ſo forth) ſo he drove away the time with making his Hoſt believe, That *his Travell was to no other end,* or purpoſe, *but what he had a long time ſought* in vain, *viz. ſuch a Miſtreſſe* as is before expreſs'd.

The Good man of the Houſe preſently anſwered his intended *Mirth* with a profferr'd *reality* of accompliſhing his deſires. *For* (ſaid he) *here within our Neighbour-hood there is one who is thus and thus Vertuous, ſo and ſo Poor, thus highly Borne, ſo excellently Bred, known by the well-boding name of* Fortunata; *and if it pleaſe you, you ſhall have a ſight of her, and if you can win her, wear her. Corderius* began to think, that *this ſavoury diſh was not ſo ready cook'd to his owne pallat without ſome ſpice of Divine Providence:* Wherefore he reſolves to make an aſſay, and though he be croſs'd in finding *another mans Wife and Miſtreſſe, yet he hoped he might be bleſt by a chance medly, whereby for himſelf (in the ſame perſon) he may meet with both. Corderius* (waving the proffer'd ſervice of his Intelligencer) takes notice of the *Name,* and *Place,* with directions of the *Way*; and *pins* his inſtructions upon his *Sleeve:* And having written a *Love-letter,* (to the *Idea* of his *minde*) he makes himſelfe the *Bearer*; who (having as ſufficiently inform'd his *Eyes* of an apparent *truth,* as formerly he fill'd his *Eares* with a *true* relation) delivers unto *Fortunata* the moſt *acceptable* preſent of an *unfeigned* Lover, *viz.* his owne heart, with his owne hands.

Fortunata (perusing the *letter*, and observing the *contents*; and finding no *name* to it) lookt over her shoulder, to see if there were any that tooke *notice* of the *non-plus* she was in, by reason of such an *exaticke* and *enonymous* way of writing (as he had framed) and there presented to her owne hands: then she lookes him *full* in the face, as upon some abusive *foot-post* that was hired to play the *foole* with her, and thus she rates him for it.

Fellow, what hast thou brought me here? a paper full of Noune Adjectives *without a* Substantive? *and a* letter *without a* name? *what doth he thinke that sent thee, that I am good at explaining* Riddles? Madam *said* Corderius, *if you vouchsafe me but the honor to take a turn in the Garden, my businesse is not to* Usher *you into any of it's* Closer *walkes: but to such as are within sight, of all the* glasse eyes *that are in the* face *of the* whole *house: and* there if *you are good at* Questions, *and* Commands, *you shall finde me ready with* Answers, *and* Obedience.

Fortunata (perceiving his Language to bespeake a mistake in her) condescended to his request, and walkt with him into the Garden, where, as soone as she had brought him, she demanded of him *the reason why the letter had no name?*

Corderius replyed that *it needed not; when his owne hand was to the letter whilst he gave it her. I cannot read your* hand *said* Fortunata. *Be pleased to read my* heart (*said* Corderius) *in the two* folios *of my unfeigned* lips, *which assures you, that I love you, and have loved you long; have travailed a great many Miles, and I have been a suiter to you many Yeares: and though it seems never so* strange *to you, yet let my words finde* credit (*for truths sake*) *and be the happiest Woman in the world.*

These words (spoken with such a *grace*, attended with so much *gravity*, and proceeding from such a *presence*) fraught *Fortunata* not only with *wonder*, but *Confidence*; not so much out of the *manner*, as *matter* of his discourse; that there was something in it, *extraordinary*, that promised a *reality*, and *good meaning* in the man: wherefore she desired *to know his name.*

Corderius told her, that *she that must be his Wife, must never know that, untill she be so.*

Fortunata desired to know what *Countryman* he was?

Corderius told her, that *that was another secret which must not be knowne, and to cut you off from all those ordinary demands of Women in your Condition* (said Corderius) *Lady you must know, that* that *Woman which carryes my Wives eye in her head, must looke no further then my self: for if I should tell you my name, what Countryman I am, who sent me hither, what meanes I have to Maintaine you,* &c. *It may be you would, or would not have me, for this, or that respect: wherefore Madam I shall never aske you but these two questions, First, Can you Love? Secondly, Can that Love have any Influence upon my person? I neither thinke my selfe so* amiable, *or my Condition so* inviting, *as to deserve the*

complement

complement *of an* intire *affection: but if you can finde in your heart to Marry me, I aske no more, I'le finde cause enough (for ever) to banish all repentance from your heart: so that reason shall finde no fault in your election. Weigh my words as seriously as you can, I have no ends upon you but what are Honourable, and Just: Portion, I aske none; Proportion, and Comelinesse, I see; your Parentage, and Piety, I hear of: And of this you may assure your selfe, had you a Fortune of your owne, able (but) to have bought the Cloathes upon your Back, you could not be my Wife. And one thing more I must tell you, I must have your speedy Answer.*

Fortunata thought it not *convenient*, that her consent should be obtained upon the first *blush*, yet her *Colour* (as if it went on *Errants* to her intellectualls, to know the meaning, of so strange (yet effectuall) manner of Wooing, and returning againe into her Cheekes with so fresh a dye, as if it had made haste in it's returne) gave him some private intelligence, that her *faint* heart, was ready to yeeld up her Mayden garrison, upon the *first* summons; but that her modesty *mutinyed* against its *higher* officer: and would not suffer so *regular* fortifications to be so soon *sleighted* by such a *loving Enemy*: wherefore, she desired *longer time to consider of what he had said, and she would returne him an answer worthy of his respect.*

Corderius told her bluntly, *it must not be*; and that *he would neither be beholding for a Wife to time, persons, or second thoughts: and that she was at her owne disposall to chuse a Husband, whose* condition *was but servitude: And that the ignorance of all worldly respects (that must give him a Wife in Marriage) needed not* consideration; *and the* Poverty *that should bring him a Bed-fellow did not deserve the advice of* Friends. This was his humour, and that *if she would take him upon those termes, Happinesse should be her joynture; Contentment the life she should lead; and Sufficiency, her constant maintenance. More then that, she that is to be his Wife, should never know before she were his; and if she were ordain'd his Spouse, she would be satisfied with that assurance.*

Fortunata took occasion by the *Fore-top*, fearing it would be bald *behind*; and thought it better wisedome to lay hold of an opportunity that might advance her, though to an *unknown* Estate, then to be *constantly* wedded to *even* reckonings at the years end: Wherefore she thus *resolv'd* upon the *question.*

Sir, whose Name *I know* not, *whose* Country *I must not* know, *whose* Estate, *is, I know not* what, *who means to* carry *me I know not* where, *I am* yours *I know not* how. And with that word, *Corderius* opening his *Armes* to receive her into his *Bosome*, *Fortunata* falls upon his *Breast*; and (*weeping*) clings so close unto him, as if a *bleeding* Vine had been *tackt* unto some *stately* Frontispice, whose *teares Corderius* soone *wip'd off*, (drying her *Bedewed* cheeks) with this *breath* of comfort: *Lady, if you knew your owne happinesse, you should finde you have no cause for what you doe, except you wept for joy.*

Fortunata (having fully conſented that *Corderius* ſhould break a Bridall Cake over her head) haſtens to her Lady-Aunt, and Miſtreſſe; and with a *clear'd-up* countenance, tels her, That *ſhe is come to take her leave of her.*

Why, whither art thou going? (ſaid her Miſtreſſe.)

I am going to me be Married (ſaid *Fortunata.*)

To be Married! (ſaid her Aunt) *I prethee to whom?*

Truly Madam I cannot tell you (ſaid her Neice.)

What is his name? (ſaid the Lady.)

I doe not know (ſaid *Fortunata.*)

How comes that about? (ſaid the Miſtreſſe.)

He would not tell me (ſaid the Maid.)

Whither doth he mean to carry thee? (ſaid *Beſanca.*)

He will not tell me (ſaid *Fortunata.*)

Art thou in earneſt? (ſaid the Lady.)

Yes forſooth (ſaid the Waiting Gentle-woman.)

Art thou not out of thy wits Girl? (ſaid *Beſanca.*)

Madam, I hope not (ſaid *Fortunata*) *I'le have him, and if it pleaſe the fates, if there were no more men in the world.*

The Girle is bewitcht upon my life (ſaid *Beſanca*) *what hath he done to her? where is this fellow? let me ſpeak with him.* Away ſhe flies upon *Corderius*, and in furious manner begins to expoſtulate the caſe with him, whoſe *pretty* kind of anſwers no leſſe ſatisfied the Lady, then (with much *probability*) that her Neece was likely *to clime up to ſome preferment, through ſome fantaſticall Stair-caſe.* Wherefore after many doubts reſolved, ſhe gives conſent (with this proviſo) that *Favorinus*, her own Brother, ſhould go along with her, (together with a ſervant of the Ladies, call'd *Prickette*, who ſhould ſee them marryed, (for he was *reſolv'd* to carry her *away* with him *preſently*, *ſhe*, as *reſolute* to be *gon*) up he takes her behind him on Horſe-back, without any more circumſtance. He is a *Prince*, and his *Humour* muſt be *obey'd. Farewell Aunt: God b'y Coſen. Look to your Siſter* (ſaid *Beſanca.*) *I warrant you* (ſaid *Corderius*) *all ſhall be well enough, take you no care.* They ſhake hands at one another, and cry *Da, Da*; and this was all the ſolemnity of their departure.

They had not advanced ſeven miles onward in their *journey*, but they loſt their *way*: and the night overtaking them, they were bewildred in a Forreſt; at laſt they met with a Forreſteer, who brought them to a poore Inne, where they were glad to ſet up their reſt for that night, where there were but two ſpare Beds for *three* perſons: who all three willingly would have layne by themſelves, but *Corderius*, and *Favorinus* were contented for one night, to make a hard ſhift together; but *Prickette* was to ſhift for himſelf.

When *Fortunata* (with as much civility as the place would (then) give leave) was attended to her Chamber, (rites being done that were required by the Lawes of Curteſie) *Corderius* and *Favorinus*, refreſhed themſelves (after Supper) with better entertainment, then they imagined

imagined the houſe had afforded, *viz.* a Cup of old Briske *Coriſca* Wine: which had been tranſported out of *Italy*: *Prickette* having lickt his lips ſufficiently of ſome of the Wine, (whilſt he attended upon his Maſters) when *they* were gone to Bed, at once he inflames both the reckoning, and himſelfe, with too many haires of the old dog; the good woman of the houſe (to egge him on to further expences) made him beleeve, that *he ſhould have a Bed, (or elſe it ſhould go hard with her) and rather then he ſhould be deſtitute of a lodging, that ſhe and her Husband would ſit up all night.*

Prickette grew from being overcome with *kindneſſe*, to be ſo much overcome with *drink*, that he could neither *goe*, nor *ſtand*, nor *ſee*, nor *ſpeak*: wherefore mine Hoſt, and his Wife (perceiving him to be but a *Dumpling*, a thick ſhort chub, or lump of Fleſh, not above three Horſe-loaves high; and conſidering the condition he was in) chang'd their reſolution (having found out a new invention for him) up they carryed him to the top of the houſe by maine ſtrength, where in the Cock-loft there was a Childs Cradle made of boards; and having made him a *Bed* therein of a *Bolſter*, and laid on *two* ſhort *Towels*, inſtead of a *paire* of *Sheetes*; and their Daughters Bone-lace *Cuſhion* inſtead of a *Pillow*, with two old *Petticoates* for a *Rug* and *Blanket*; they ſtript off his cloathes, and laid him in this bed, with a childs Rattle ſtuck in at one of the ſides to keep up the cloathes, which the Hoſt, (as merrily diſpos'd as his Wife) obſerv'd, and ſaid unto her, *Nay Wife, if thou ſtick'ſt up a Rattle on one ſide, I'le hang up the Bladder with the three blew Beanes on the other*, (ſetting a Chamber-pot very orderly by his Bed ſide that was half full already) and there they left him.

Prickette (lying with his Legs *crumpling* up (for want of roome) not being uſed to be *abridg'd* of his *full* length) chanc'd (in his ſleep) to be ſo *ſenſible* of his *diſeaſe*, that he thruſt out his Legs halfe way over the edge of the foot boord, and ſo he lay for the moſt part of the night, untill ſuch time, as (being awaked with the *paine*, which had got into the *ſmall* of his *legs*, and the *cold* that had ſtruck into the *ſoales* of his *feet*) he pull'd in his ſtumps) like a pair of touch'd Snails horns) ſo that he lay at pretty eaſe for a while, untill ſuch time as his over-ſtrech'd, and ful-fill'd Bladder call'd upon him for a remedy by evacuation: *Prickette* reaches one of his armes over the ſuppoſed bed ſide to ſearch for a Chamber-pot, whilſt the Cradle rowles (which, together with the turning of his unſetled Brain, cauſed his *fancy* to imagine) as if he had been falling down the precipice of ſome huge Mountaine; and the motion of the ſmall Pebles within the Rattle, and the Beanes within the Bladder, cauſed his imagination to conceive ſo many looſe ſtones falling out of their places; and his fingers (by reaſon of the ſwag of the Cradle) daſhing upon the ſurface of the lake that was in the unemptied veſſell, the poor innocent verily believ'd, that he had popt his hand into ſome bottomleſſe River. *Prickette* endeavouring to recover himſelfe up againe, gives

ſuch a ſpring, that it was twenty to one, but on the contrary ſide, the cradle had come over, and over: but there happened a greater miſchance then all this, and a more cauſe of terror: for the Cat, lying aſleep upon the ground, on the other ſide of the cradle, one of the *theorbo*'s underneath it, preſſed ſo hard upon the Cats tayle, that (*Prickette* having no other meanes to ſave himſelf from that overthrow but the uſe of his other arme) the aſperous vermine, ſets all the venemous nailes that were upon all four, (together with both rowes of the pointed needles within her jawes) into his trembling fleſh: making ſuch a hideous out-cry, that all the hags and furies, (nimphs to the Stygean lakes) could never have given ſo fierce an alarum to the poore mans quarters, as that had done.

Prickette all amazed lyes for a long time rocked by *Counter-poiſes*; untill experience (at laſt) having taught him the art of ordering his maine body in full quietneſſe; ſelfe-ſecurity, had made him ſo cautious, that he began to be very wary, of what ſide of his *mouth* he carryed his *tongue*, for a long time he lay ſtill, (wondering *where* he was, *what* he was in, & *how* he came there) at laſt an Aſſe, a creature (whoſe voice (of all others) he never had been accuſtomed unto) brayed, juſt under his window: which hideous noiſe, he tooke to be no other, then the Divels language: whereat (forgetting all his former terrors) he gave ſuch a ſpring (out of the Cradle) as if he had a minde to have leaped out of his *Skinne*, rather then out of *Bed*, and came to ground ſooner, by forty fathomes falling, then he did expect. Up he gets upon his feet, thinking himſelfe well enough yet, but knew not how long it would continue; he orders his ſteps, with *expectations* of ſuch *ruggedneſſe*, and *fear* of *precipices*, that the *evenneſſe* of the floore, oft-times became his ſtumbling block; at length he became Maſter of his *ſenſes*, though he knew not how to imploy his *Servants*: for he had no light, and could hear no noiſe, only he groaped for underſtanding, and found ſufficient in the darke, to informe his recollected Spirits, that he was in ſome lodging within the Inne; but he verily believed it was an *Inchanted* Chamber: wherefore he made all the haſt out of it, that he could, and ſpred his fingers upon the Wall ſides, as if he had been playing upon the Virginalls; at laſt he found the door: which being but latch'd, he eaſily opened, and deſcends the ſtayres: but whither they led, he knew not: neither did he care, ſo that they gave way for his removall from the place wherein he was.

At laſt he ſtumbled againſt *Fortunata* her door; bounce goes his head and ſhoulders againſt the Wainſcot: *Fortunata* (*awaked* with the noiſe) *wakens* all the houſe, with Crying *Theeves*, *Theeves*: Brother *riſe*: call *up* the Gentleman: where are you? *Knocks* with her Bed-ſtaffe upon the boords, and throws it againſt the wall.

Corderius ſtarts out of his Bed, and *calls* for Candles: *Favorinus* flyes from his neſt, and *drawes* his ſword: up comes the good man and Wife, with lights in their hands, all were *ſore amaz'd*, and

Prickette

Prickette moſt of all: whom they all found *ſneaking* by the Gentlewomans door. *What doſt thou here?* (ſaid *Corderius*) *Sirrah, whats the matter?* (ſaid *Favorinus*) *what wouldſt thou have? I would have nothing* (ſaid *Prickette*) *but quietneſſe: quietneſſe with a pox to you,* (ſaid *Corderius*) *what doſt thou doe up at this time of night? Indeed if you would know the truth ont* (ſaid *Prickette*) *the Bed was too ſhort for me, I could not ſleep.* Whereupon they all fell into ſuch a laughter, (in fancying what kind of bed that muſt needs be, that ſhould be too *ſhort* for him) as put the good Gentlewoman, out of the fright ſhe was in: but nothing could moderate the fit of laughter, that the good man and woman of the houſe had ſet up (knowing how they had *ſerved* him) back they returned to their Chamber, and put on their cloathes: by which time the day did break upon them: And as ſoon as *Fortunata* was up and ready, in they come, and bring *Prickette* to anſwer for himſelfe, telling her the manner, and forme, how they found him at her Chamber door; ſhe them, that *ſhe knew not what to make of it, but that* Prickette *intended a forcible entry.*

Prickette declared to the world, that *he intended no hurt, neither that he knew whither he was going, onely he had a mind to riſe, and come downe the ſtaires, becauſe he could not ſleep in his bed, it was ſo ſhort for him.*

And what meant you (ſaid *Fortunata*) *by buſtling at my door? Did you think my bed would be longer for you?*

No Madam (ſaid *Prickette*) *I ſtumbled againſt the threſhold, and hit my head againſt the door, that was it that made ſuch a noiſe.*

For Heavens ſake (ſaid *Fortunata*) *let us goe ſee this bed that is ſo ſhort for him.* The people of the houſe were ſent for up to ſhew them this ſight, (for *Prickette* could not tell where it was) when the Landlord, and the Landlady were ſent for, and underſtood their pleaſure, they ſo fell into their old fits of laughter, that for a long time they could not ſpeak a word, but hold their ſides; and as their breath would give them leave, out comes a *Cradle*, by and by the *Rattle*, then the *Bladder*; neither were they more fill'd with Laughter, then *Prickette* was with *Wrath* all the while: who having loſt all patience, curſes them to the pit of Hell, ſwearing, That *he lay in no Cradle; neither did he know what they meant by* Rattles, *or* Bladders: *a couple of baſe unmannerly people they were, and ſo they ſhew'd themſelves.* The Gentles were prickt forwards (by the two ſpurs of ſuch extreams) Mirth, and Madneſſe, to informe themſelves of the true cauſe of both. Up they all went to the Cock-loft, where they found the *Cradle*, the *Rattle*, the *Bladder*, the *Bed* and *Bolſter*, the *ſheets*, the *Coverlet* and *Blanket*; the humour was ſo good that they all fell into ſuch an *univerſall* fit of laughing, that *Prickette* (himſelfe) was not an exception in that *generall* rule, who by that time (being as merrily diſpos'd as the reſt) made up the Story with telling them the conceit of *his falling down into a River, the removall of the looſe Stones, the diſaſter he received by the Cat* (ſhewing them the ſcratchings, and

bitings, upon his hand) the *fright* that the *Braying* of the *Asse* had put him into, in manner and forme as is before expreſs'd, which was Mirth enough for all that day, and the next following; wherewith, (together with diverſe other Sports, and Paſtimes, that *Prickette* made on the way) they thus merrily arriv'd at *Carthage*.

Whoſe walls they had no ſooner entred, but *Corderius* ſeekes an obſcure lodging where he might be leaſt known; and delivers into *Fortunata*'s hands a purſe of Gold, intreating her Brother *Favorinus*, *to accompany his Siſter to the Burſe, where ſhe might furniſh her ſelfe with ſuch neceſſaries (of all ſorts) as were expedient for her uſe, and ſuitable to the occaſion, whilſt he went and bought materialls for her Wedding Garments; and provided her ſuch a neceſſary inſtrument (to her minde) as ſhould take meaſure of her body, and fit each ſeverall dimenſion.* Both parties ingage according to their deſignes, and *Corderius* comes back *fraught* with cloth of Gold and Silver, as the returne of his *Adventure*. But *Fortunata* was ſo *ſparing* in exhauſting the Well (the liberality of whoſe ſpring ſhe was ſo ignorant) that (her modeſty was ſuch) ſhe would not purchaſe thoſe additaments to grace an Ornament, at a higher rate, then the *darkneſſe* of her condition, and the *obſcurity* of her lodging would ſpeak as commendable: which, when *Corderius* did behold, he wrapt them up in a bundle, and beſtow'd them upon *Ribana* (her new recommended Chamber-maide) ſaying, *He would rigge up his* ſmalleſt Pinace *with farre better tackling; but his* Vice-Admirall, *Fortunata, her top, deſerv'd more Gallantry*. And forthwith led her to the place where ſhe might exchange her Money for the Choiceſt neceſſaries: And there left her to be attended to her Lodging by *Favorinus*, and her two ſervants, *Prickette*, and *Rivana*, whilſt he takes the neareſt way that brought him to the Court, where he preſents his ſervice to the Prince, and acquaints his highneſſe with the manner how he loſt his Company: *But loſing them, he partly found what he look'd for, thereby he lighted upon certaine intelligence, that gave him a relation how that* Honoria *and* Amariſſa *were alive; and that by all Circumſtances it could be no other but them two, whom report gave out to have taken Shipping at the Bay of* Duno; *departing there with ſo favourable a wind, as they had been driven a Ship-board, by the ſtormes of perſecutions*: And that *he would pawne his life that he ſhould ſuddenly hear good tydings of them.*

Lorenzo was ſo tranſported with joy, and his minde elevated by hope, ſeeing ſo much *Confidence* proceeded from ſo *ſerious* a man, that he vow'd *one minute ſhould not paſſe, longer then the time required, for drawing up his patent, but that he would ſigne him one of his Nobles*: which was done accordingly. So that back comes *Corderius* to his Miſtreſſe, with a *Lordſhip* on his back, before he had lay'd out any riches upon his clothes: but ſhe muſt not know any thing yet. But now the time is come that high *fancy* muſt delight it ſelfe in the triumph of *humility*, and that a conjuncture betweene *faith* and *hope* muſt

muſt be made with *charity*. *Corderius* (as glorious as the Sunne) hands *Fortunata* (eclipſing *Cinthia* in her greateſts majeſty) to the place of Union.

But *Fortunata* could not but wonder that no friend of his appeared to *ſolemnize* their wedding, and not ſo much as a dinner provided, and that no other (or more) witneſſes, were prepared, for the ceremony, then the good man of the houſe, and his wife, with their children at their heels, and a few meane and homely ſervants; ſhe could not but admire that his compleatneſſe in all other reſpects, ſhould want the correſpondent of a Chariot; but that her wedding-garment ſhould be a golden beſome, to ſweep the duſt in the ſtreets, untill it aroſe in their faces, as if it had a minde to *tell* them, what they were; but ſhe that had conſented to marry him in a *humour*, was contented with the humour of his Marriage: and comming within the conſecrated walls, ſtanding upon holy ground, thy plighted their trothes to one an other, by the miniſtration of the ſacred hands of him, whom holy Order had ſet apart (as cleane) to the performance of thoſe Rites and Ceremonies: Thus (tyed in a true loves knot) hand in hand they tooke their leaves of the holy man, and the place of holineſſe: and were no ſooner entred the Porch, but they might behold the moſt magnificent Charriot that could be carried upon wheels, and the braveſt horſes, that ere were faſtned to a pole; with a Charioteer, and footmen, belonging thereunto, all in the ſame livery, which promiſed Majeſtie, rather then *nobility* to be in the owner, *Corderius* took occaſioned to *ſtand* and *gaze* a while upon ſo faire an object: at laſt, he asked his bride *how ſhe liked that Chariot?* who having run diviſion upon the ſeverall *Sumptuoſities* belonging thereunto, and *praiſed* the *goodlineſſe* that ſhe had (worthily) ſpied in the horſes, and commended the *Colour*, and *trimming* of the livery: ſhe *warranted that they belonged to ſome great man*, and *wondred whoſe they were*. *Corderius* told her that *ſhe ſhould know that preſently*, and asking the Charioteer (who had his leſſon given him) *whoſe Chariot that was?* he made anſwer (with much reverence) that *it was the Lady* Fortunata *her Chariot, Wife to the Lord* Corderius. Madam (ſaid *Corderius*) *I cry you mercy, it is your Charriot, I pray will you aſcend it, and take me with you.* *Fortunata* hung back and bluſhed, like the redneſſe of the morn, that betokened a more proſperous winde, then what ſhould need, to fill her ſayles: but all this would not help her no otherwiſe then ſooner up, where ſhe might take poſſeſſion of her owne; where ſhe ſits not ſo much elated in her owne minde, as depreſſed under the burthen of her oppreſſion of the great danger that is in over-merit.

The well-manag'd horſes *pride* it along the ſtreets, with the new-made-happy payre, untill they reſted at the doore of *Corderius* his *proud* building: whereat were ſtanding all his friends and kindred, to welcome the bride to the well-furniſhed habitation which ſhe was bid to call her owne; and all within it, hers: feaſting and muſicke,

muſick, and dancing, had no ſooner begun to outweare the day, but *Corderius* commanded *foure* other Horſes that wore the ſame naturall coloured livery on their backs, to be added to the former paire; and invited his *Fortunata to take the ayre, and notice of a Country-houſe, that had a Bed to bid her welcome to, and a Tenant to be her Bedfellow.*

Fortunata ſigh'd, and ſaid unto *Corderius*, *Sir, you know in what a poore condition you found me, and I ſee, into what an ocean of felicity you have lanch'd ſo meane, and weake a veſſell, as my ſelfe: ſpare your proſecution of me with further favours, till I have digeſted theſe; for, one may be as well overwhelm'd with too much joy, as blinded with too much light.*

But *Corderius* (like thoſe Women who will never be married to any Man till they have ſeen him once in Drinke) was reſolved, never to let her reſt from receiving expreſſions upon expreſſions of Affection, till he ſaw her thoroughly intoxicated with kindneſſe, that he might ſee what humour ſhe was in; wherefore a whole row of Coaches attended the *Bride* and *Bridegroome* to *Mount-pleaſant*, which was the name of his Country-houſe: where he had no ſooner lighted, and entred the Houſe, but he cauſed the *Lawyers* to produce the Writings, where (in the preſence of *Faverinus* and many other ſubſtantial Witneſſes) he made that Houſe (with ten thouſand Crownes *per annum* thereunto belonging, by *ſealing* and *ſubſcribing* thereunto) her *Joynture*, and delivered the *Deed* unto *Faverinus*, her Brother, to be kept to her uſe.

Fortunata was aſtoniſhed with admiration, and ſo overcome with kindneſſe, that ſhe could not ſpeake one word. This dumb oratory pleas'd his fanſie beyond the expreſſion of any eloquence; and which of the two were raviſh'd with greater delight (he to ſee his deſigne take ſo well; or ſhe, to finde her hopes ſo farre out-gone by realities) is hard to imagine.

At length he invites them all into his Garden (the delightful'ſt of any that ever ſhe had ſeen) and askt her, *how ſhe lik'd it?*

Who anſwered him, *how could a poore Woman be otherwiſe than pleas'd, to be taken out of an Almes-houſe, and made the Miſtreſſe of a Palace, and Lady of ſuch a Manour?* And with thoſe words, ſhe began to *water* the Garden, with her *teares*: and drew him aſide into the next Arbour, where her (minde by the benefit of that little vent) powred forth a reſentment of her ſad condition through want of *merit*, anſwerable to his *benignity*.

Which being perform'd with ſo much ſweetneſſe, and ingenuity, he removes the weight that lay ſo heavy on her heart, with this aſſurance, that *there was that thing, within her power, to grant, that if he could be but ſo happy as to obtaine it at her hands (and it was but what was juſt and honourable) it would (in equall ballance) outweigh all his benefits.*

Then Sir (ſaid Fortunata) *be ſure it ſhall be granted; and you happy: what is it, good my Lord?*

You

You ſhall know (ſaid *Corderius*) *in due time, in the interim I make it part of my requeſt unto you, that you will reſt ſatisfied till you hear further.*

In fine, time hath out-gone the day, and the well-ſpent-time of night calls upon the new-married Couple to haſte to Bed: in Bed they are, the Bride-chamber clear'd; which was no ſooner perform'd, but *Corderius* conjures her by all the Love ſhe thought was due to him, to tell him, whether or no ſhe thought her ſelf *happy at that inſtant?*

Fortunata, (after ſome pauſe) told him, That *ſhe thought her ſelf the happieſt woman in the world, if ſhe had where withall* (*in her ſelf*) *to anſwer that felicity.* For ſhe thought *there could be no true happineſſe where permutation of deſert was wanting.*

Why then (ſaid *Corderius*) Fortunata, *know, that thou art miſerable, but thou mayſt be happy; and both theſe contrary qualities lie within thy power to ſowre or ſweeten thy whole life withall.*

Let me know it quickly then (ſaid *Fortunata*) *and I ſhall not be long a chuſing.*

Then thus it is (reply'd *Corderius.*)

When I was a young man, and firſt went out to Sea, as an Adventurer, we ſuffered Ship wrack: all but my ſelfe were drown'd, and I preſerv'd by a miraculous accident; all but the very top of the main Maſt were ſwallowed up in the Quick-ſands, and devouring Seas; up to which top I got, and ſeeing no hopes of life, but a terrour ſpread before mine eyes, as broad as the Horiſon, I vow'd unto the Gods, that if they would manifeſt their power in my preſervation, I would anſwer the mercy of their deliverance, with the moſt Holineſſe of life, and Integrity of living, that lay in the utmoſt endeavours of a Mortall creature: In order whereunto, I vow'd Virginity for ever. I ſcarce had ended my Prayers and Vowes to the Almighty, but through the ſalt water of mine eyes, I could behold (*riding upon the Maine*) *a faire and ſtately Ship making towards me, which* (*approaching nearer and nearer to me*) *at laſt tooke me up: And I have kept my promiſe hitherto, and muſt keep it to my grave: I have done all the good that lay in my power; I have been a Father to the Fatherleſſe, a Husband to many a Widow: I have helped many to their Right, that ſuffered Wrong; the Divine providence hath made me an Inſtrument in doing many good Offices; but eſpecially, I glory in being a meanes whereby the chaſte* Honoria, *and deſerving* Amariſſa, *were not by the Tyrant brought to Triall; and by which meanes* (*I hope*) *ſhe is preſerved; yet I ſaw no reaſon why I might not Marry, if I could meet with one that would be partner with me in my Vow: I ſaw no reaſon why two might not enjoy the freedomes and familiarities that are between Man and Wife, onely as they are divine and rationall Creatures: that is, to contemplate the Deity, and goodneſſe of the Gods; to joy in one anothers company, to diſcourſe together, to embrace, to ſeal to ſuch payres of indentures, as the Cockles ſhall not be more juſt in their rejoyndure, to make ſuch impreſſions on thoſe depreſſed ſupplements, which the Bee's-wax for ſoft, or ſweetneſſe, or the red for colour, is not compa-*

rable; to fall asleep by such a vestall fire, that nere goes out, and never burnes; to recover our selves (so often) from being so many times the images of Death, and finde so many lives renu'd, by loves assurance of its immortality; leaving that other consideration to those Sensitives that have not understanding: thy consent to this, O Fortunata, *would cause me no lesse to adore thee as* divine, *than keep me (still) in favour with the* Gods: *all those steps of honour to which I have advanc'd thee so many degrees above thy selfe, were but engagements to thy complacence herein. Now am I to expect my doome, or such a returne of my adventures, that uncovered rocks of Diamonds, or the messeraick and big swolne veines of the earths golden oare, wide opened, could not afford me more contentment or requitall for all my obligations.*

Fortunata (having heard him all the while with an attentive eare) whose consentig heart (as if its pantings had kept time to the musick that he made) answered:

My ever honoured Lord, more to be esteem'd for this, than all the merit that lies within the power of Man to prosecute an ingagement: Now (and never till this time, doe I find my self in a (possibility of being happy or) way of answering, all those accumulations of benignities, with a power of recompence: you have my full consent herein, and could you read my heart, you'ld finde it all compos'd with nothing else but so many Amens *to every word you have said: why did you make so great a doubt of my Consentment? what can more resemble the cœlestiall fires than when flames doe meet, without the smutty contagion of bituminous materialls? that love, that's set on fire, by combustibilities, which fowle the hands of their owne Makers, have no other flames but* burning *smoake, which vanisheth with the death of its owne parents; whilst the love that* Corderius *talks of, and is here confirm'd, by me by an act of participation to thy vowes for ever (so pleasing to the gods) seems to be so immortall, as if (Promethean like) we had stolne fire from heaven to burne an everlasting sacrifice; No,* Corderius *rest satisfied (if this be all) that the worlds variety could never have fitted your humour so well as* Fortunata *shall.*

Then (said Corderius) *I am happy indeed.*

So am I, said Fortunata.

Both cry'd, *Both of us are blest in one another.* Both slept in one anothers armes, whilst *Aminda*'s Genius (for *Honoria* her sake) bestowes this SONG upon them:

The

THus the flower of love 'twixt Man
And Woman's ſifted from the bran:
Thus fine garden-beds are made;
When aſide, the rubiſh's laid:

Thus ſweet herbes, and fragrant flowers,
Unpluckt, looke freſher; and are ours,
And as much at our command,
As if they wither'd in our hand:

Where love in chaſte-preſerves is met,
Flowers, in water-pots are ſet:
And live, and have as ſweet a breath,
As if, they rooted, in the earth:

Thus (as in Limbecks) ſp'rits of love
Aſcend, to deſcend, from above:
And fill two continents from thence,
With a moſt pleaſing quinteſſence:

And where the bodies of ſuch ſoules doe meet,
They well may ſweeten, but ne'r foule the ſheet.

Chap. XIV.

Prickette *falls in love with* Rivana. *They agree upon the time of their Marriage; but have not the patience to stay till the time appointed. They are prevented in their designe; and the manner how.*

Prickette having been an earneſt Suiter to *Rivana* for her good-will: at laſt he obtain'd his deſires, to Marry her; but, *before* the time appointed, they had *agreed* to be *anticipatious* in the buſineſſe, and too too *forward* in giving one another *benevolences*, before they were *due*: for the effecting whereof, *time* and *place* were appointed: *Rivana* was the firſt *Champion* that appeared in the *field*. *Prickette* met with ſome good Fellowes by the way, that foreſlow'd his march, and retarded his appearance to the Court of *Venus*.

Rivana and her Hoſteſſe (having given him over for a loſt man) were once reſolv'd to wait his leiſure no longer; but *Rivana* (ſomething more confident of his performance than the other) was willing to ſpinne out a little more time, and buſies her ſelf in making a Sack-poſſet againſt his comming: the Poſſet was made, but no *Prickette*; *patience* was quite worne out, and *expectation* began to be out of ſeaſon: wherefore *Rivana* takes the Sack-poſſet, and ſets it upon the cubberds head, and covers it with a trencher and napkin, and ſets the candle by it, takes her leave of her Hoſteſſe, and prepares her ſelfe for bed, putting the dore onely too, for feare her *Sweet-heart* ſhould finde any difficulty in his approach, if he ſhould happen to come late, or ſhe, diſturb'd to let him in, if it ſhould be lockt, or bolted: *late* brought all to bed, that were in the Houſe.

Now you muſt underſtand, that in the evening, before this hapned, that a Bearward had brought three luſty Beares to towne, and had taken up quarters for them in the ſame Lane, lodging them in a little Stable that happened to be juſt underneath the Chamber where *Prickette* and *Rivana* had intended to be very ſuperlative in the degrees of happineſſe.

But it hapned that *Rivana* was no ſooner got into her bed, but one of the great Beares, ſenting the ſteame of the Poſſet, broke looſe, and hapned to pull downe a whole pane in the wall, that opened at the foot of the ſtair-caſe, that led up to *Rivana's* lodgings: up ſtaires climbs the Beare; *Rivana*, hearing ſomebody comming up, was in good hope it had been her *Sweet-heart*, though ſhe thought the party came up ſomewhat *heavily*, and trode (though not more gently, yet) more ſoftly then *Prickette* was wont to doe; which ſhe conjectured to be, becauſe (it may be) he was in the darke, and had no body to light him up the ſtayres: and it would be otherwiſe as ſoone as he ſhould

ſhould come into the light. [ENTER BEARE.]
Rivana (perceiving ſo *ugly* a creature comming in upon *all* four, *winding* with his *Noſe*, and *twinckling* with his *Eyes*) ſhe ſinkes down into her Bed, and falls a *praying*, but durſt not *cry* out, for fear ſhe ſhould give the *Devouring* creature notice of her being there: But *Teares*, which had ſo little way to *fall*, and *fell* ſo *ſoftly*, and *trembling*, that could make no *noiſe* upon a *bed* of Down, ſhe makes uſe of ſufficiently, to expreſſe the *mofulneſſe* of her *condition*, and the *greatneſſe* of her *feare*; which was preſently augmented and *multiplied* upon her, like *numbers* in Arithmetick: for the Bear, (ſenting the poſſet) riſes up an-end, and with his fore *pawes*, reſts upon the *Cubberd*, and *nuzzles* the trencher that covered the Poſſet off of the *Goblet*; and thruſting his ſnout into the hot-kept-liquour, he ſo burnt his noſe, that he made a moſt fearfull noiſe; and endeavouring to leap downe, his Nailes *ſo* ſtuck in the Cubberd-cloath, that down comes the *Sack Poſſet* about his *Ears*, the *Candle* into his *Eyes*; which the *melted* tallow, (together with the *hot* Liquor) had *ſo* got into, and made them *ſo* ſmart, that it caus'd him to Roar, as if all the Devills in Hell had been in the roome: All this while the Bears *Clawes* were not diſ-ingaged from the *Cubberd-cloath*, nor the *Cloath* from what it *covered*; ſo that at laſt (with the Beares ſtriving) downes comes the great Canopied-cubberd, and all upon the Bear, ſo that the Bear began to be worſe afraid, and more hurt, then the terrified *Rivana*, who labouring to diſ-ingage himſelfe from the weight that was upon him, (the Candle all this while lying upon the ground, ſtill blazing) the *Bear* (at laſt) intch'd and intch'd ſo near unto the flame, that it ſet all the haire upon the Beares back on Fire; whereat the *Beare* ſet out a wider throat then all the Baitings that ever he had, could force him to: *Rivana* (hearing a great deal of *noiſe* beſides what the Bear made, and received no *hurt* as yet) thought that ſome body had come in unto her reſcue, as was ordering the Bear, and that the Bear Roar'd ſo by reaſon of ſome correction; wherefore ſhe took the boldneſſe to *peep* out of the Bed, to *ſee* whether it was ſo, or not: but when ſhe perceived a thing *all* on Fire, and another *thing* over it, *ſtirring* up and downe the roome, ſhe began to be afraid of the *Devill* worſe than of the *Bear*: wherefore ſhe flings the Cloathes over her head again, and falls to making *Vowes*, That *if ever ſhe were delivered from that juſt Judgement, that was upon her for that unlawfull Aſſembly, ſhe would never violate the old Lawes and Cuſtomes of her devout Anceſtors by ſuch deeds of Anticipation.* Whereupon the *Beare* (diſ-ingag'd of his *Toyle*) left *Roaring*; the *Candle* and the *Hair* went out, all was quiet: the Bear fell to licking up his Poſſet all about the roome; but there hapned to be ſo much Sack in the Poſſet, (to which the Bear had not been accuſtomed) that his *Braines* were *intoxicated*; who (wanting a place to repoſe his giddy brain) *skip-frogs* up upon the *Bed*, and layes himſelfe downe halfe *on*, and halfe *off* the miſerable *Rivana*. The Bearward (hearing the noiſe) was riſing

out of his bed, to know the cauſe of their unrulineſſe; but perceiving them to be quiet, went to bed againe.

By this time *Prickette* knocks at the dore; the old Woman aketh, *Who's there? Prickette* cryes, *'tis I. Who are you?* (ſaid the Hoſteſſe) *'tis I*, Prickette, *don't you know my voice? you know my buſineſſe well enough. 'Tis you?* (ſaid the Hoſteſſe) *is this a time a night? well, I come:* ſhe ſlips an old Petticoate over her ſhoulders, and comes to the dore, and lets him in, telling him, that *he was a fine man (indeed) to have a Sweet-heart! if ſhe were as ſhe, ſhe would make him ſtay the good houre, and if there were a yeare to the end ont.*

Well, well, (ſaid Prickette) *get you to bed, trouble not your ſelfe: where is ſhe? is ſhe in the Chamber I beſpoke? I, I, ſhe's there* (ſaid the Hoſteſſe) *can you find the way in the darke? there is a light in the Chamber, and a Sack-poſſet provided for you: O! you are a ſweet Youth y-faith, y-faith, ſhe is but* too *good for you.*

Good night, good night old Woman, (ſaid Prickette) *you prate you know not what; too good for me! who is too good for me?*

Up the ſtaires comes *Prickette*, and finds the dore open; but ſeeing no light in the Chamber, he askes her; *What are you in darkneſſe?* he had not advanced three ſteps into the roome, but what with the *ſlipperineſſe* of the boords, by reaſon of the *Sack-poſſet*, and the *licking* of the *Beares* tongue, downe comes *Prickette* all along; up againe he gets upon his leggs, but had not made one ſtep nearer the *bed*, but over the *cubberd* comes poore *Prickette*, hurts his *hands*, and breaks his *elbowes*; lyes ſtill awhile, and askes, *Where am I? what have we here? what's here to doe?*

Rivana heard a *Man's* voice, but was afraid there had been another *Beare:* at laſt he gets up, and was reſolv'd to order his ſteps more warily; at length he layes hold upon one of the Bed-poſts, then he thought himſelfe ſafe enough, and that he had her ſure; when *behold! opening* his *armes* to *imbrace* his beloved, and his *mouth*, to beſtow this pleaſing language upon her, *viz: Ah my Sweet-heart! I hope thou wilt not be angry with me for ſtaying ſo long; in troth I could not help it:* and therewith *falling* downe upon the Bed, to take his *Miſtreſſe* in his *armes*, he *imbraced* the *Beare*; who being *awaked* with his *kindneſſe*, roar'd him forth ſuch a *Curtaine*-lecture, as I thinke never any ſuch *Delinquent* was ſo miſerably ſerv'd before. *Prickette recoiles*, forſaking his ſtation with ſuch violence as the *rocks* and *ſtones* doe uſe to make when they are moved out of their places, when *hell* finds out a *new* mouth, by ſome *eruption*, out of the earth: ſo that (forgetting his ſtumbling block, that lay in his way) he breaks his *ſhins* againſt the *cubberd*, and *over* and *over* he tumbles, being moſt *miſerably* tormented; in which agony (knowing not what he did) miſtaking his way in the darke at the bottome of the ſtaires, in ſtead of going out at the *dore*, he runs into the *broken place* in the wall that the *Beare* had made, and ſo ſtumbles upon the other *two:* [Ba-a] cryes *one* of the Beares: [Ba-a, Ba-a] cryes the other *two*. *Prickette* (imagining no

leſſe

leſſe but that flying from *one*, he had falne into hell, amongſt *all* the Devils, ſcrambles (he knew not how) from between them, and ſo got looſe from both, and recovers his feet, but durſt not make any other uſe of them than ſtanding upon them: ſo *unfortunate* had his *motion* been unto him of late, that ſtill he ran into further miſchief, till at laſt the Beares unrulineſſe made him venture farther off the danger; ſo that he got cloſe to the manger, then he knew where he was; up he gets into it, and (for his greater ſecurity ſake) climbs up into the rack. The Bearward (hearing a *ſecond* alarum, riſeth) out of his bed, and came to ſee what was the matter, where he ſoone eſpied one of his *Beares* miſſing, and the *wall* broke downe, where ſhe had got out, preſently he raiſes the houſe, ſaying, *He was undone, one of his Beares was broken looſe, and was got away.* Up they all riſe, unchaine the *Doggs*, ſearch for the *Beare*, enter the *Stable*, ſee where the Beare broke out; which whilſt they were viewing they could heare a voice from the rack-ſide, ſaying, *Doe you heare, doe you heare, I know where your Beare is with a pox to you:* They look'd up, and ſpied *Prickette* amongſt the rack ſtaves: They askt him, *Where? where I pray now? Where* (ſaies Prickette) *I know where well enough, but looke that your Beares be ſafe and I'le come downe and ſhew you.* They ſecuring him from all danger, he deſcends from his *palliſadoes*, and directs them up into his *Miſtreſſe's* Chamber, giving the *Bearward*, and the *Dogs* leave to goe before him; who find the Beare faſt aſleep in *Prickette* his place; ſo that with much convenience, they got the ſtring into the ring, and pull'd the Beare from off the Bed. *Prickette* turning down the bed to ſee what was become of his Sweetheart, there aſcended ſuch a wreake of bak'd, and boyl'd, and ſtew'd, and roaſt-meat, that his ſtomach was quite turn'd; ſo that he had no *appetite* to his former *dainties*. She cryes out to him, *Prickette, begone; get thee hence, thou comeſt not neer me: I will have nothing to doe with thee, e'ne ſtay the time.* So they both concluded to wait the leiſure when *unlawfulneſſe* ſhould be leſſe attended with ſo *heavy* judgments, and *Prickette* departed with the Beare, Dogs, and Bearward out of the roome to ſeeke another lodging.

Chap. XV.

Lorenzo *his ſad condition at Court.* Berontus *meets with* Navigius; *by whom he informes himſelfe of all the buſineſſe concerning* Honoria. *He carryes the glad tidings to* Lorenzo. Bertaldo *and* Berontus *ſent to the Ladyes. A Storme at Sea.*

NOw we muſt returne to *Lorenzo*, who all this while remain'd (you will ſay) in a very ſad condition, when a Prince in his owne Court ſhall hunt for favourable looks from his owne Subjects, and finde ne'r a one; for, all the Courtiers beheld him, with ſuch *ſullen* aſpects, as if *Saturne* at that time, had animated the Court, with one ſurly Genius; ſo great power had the force of juſtice over the inſtruments of iniquity, whom we muſt alſo leave (as ſoone as we have lookt upon) in his melancholly dumps to bring back the fortunate *Berontus* in his happy adventures; for, he had ſcarce reacht within three leagues of the Sea-ſhore, but he met with *Navigius* the Sea-man, who had been the Preſerver of both the Ladyes, who (having not wit enough to believe that the *ſurpluſage* of his merit, exceeded the *offenſiveneſſe* of his default) upon the approach of ſo Courtly Gallants (hearing the Rumours that had ſpread about the Countrey concerning *Lorenzo's* Conqueſt, and *Maximanus's* Death) was afraid of every Butterflies being a Courtier, making inquiſition for *Honoria* and *Amariſſa*, or after any one that had but a hand in that Delinquency; for which reaſons he thought himſelfe no ſmall Foole, and that (he thought) he knew not how to anſwer the *ſale* of ſuch *Commodities*; ſo that he *lookt* ſo *gaſtly*, *ſhooke* ſo *fearfully*, and *ſtood* ſo *amaz'd* in every reſpect, that *Berontus* could not but take ſpeciall notice of him: Wherefore he askt him, *What ayl'ſt thou Fellow?* and finding him *ſpeechleſſe*, he thought ſome extraordinary matter, to be the occaſion, of that *extaſie*; and conſidering the buſineſſe he went about, he thought it worthy of his farther inquiry: wherefore, he cauſed one of his Attendants, to take him up behind him, and bring him along with him to the next reſting place: The Fellow, (thinking, that he had been carried all this while to hanging, (ſtill *meaſuring* the depth of their *ſcience* by the *guilt* of his owne *conſcience*) as ſoone as ever he was brought to Examination, he cry'd out, *Oh Maſter! ſave but my life, and I will tell you all.*

Berontus reply'd, *anſwer me but to one Queſtion and thou ſhalt not die, Is* Honoria *living? or canſt thou tell what is become of her?*

Navigius anſwered, *ſhe is alive, and well.*

And Amariſſa too? reply'd *Berontus.*

She's well, and luſty, (ſaid *Navigius.*)

What

What is become of them? (ſaid *Berontus*.)

Navigius told him all the Paſſages of the whole ſtory as was before related.

Whereat *Berontus* was ſo overjoy'd that he *hugg'd* him in his armes, bidding him *not to be afraid of any thing, ſince they were living*; telling him, *that his merit, in their preſervation, was ſo* great, *that* ſmall *faults would not be lookt upon:* Both (overjoy'd) made haſte to *Carthage*, where the night before theſe glad tidings were brought to Court: *Lorenzo* (not thinking himſelfe worthy of the Attendance that pull'd off his Shooes as he went to bed) was no ſooner in bed, but he was ſaluted with *Amynda*'s Genius with theſe glad tidings:

Now thou'ſt ſuffer'd for thy folly,
Ceaſe further *to be Melancholly:*
Thy repentance *is accepted,*
And thy pray'rs *no more rejected:*
Honoria *ſhe is ſafe, and ſound,*
Better ſo, than under ground:
Amariſſa *as well as ſhe,*
Ev'n as well, as well may be:
To morrow when you find it thus,
Forget Amynda, hey for us!
But if you doe, then find you ſhall,
A worſer evill will befall.

Lorenzo ſtarts upright in his bed, and cryes out, *Oh Amynda! ſtay awhile; ſtay I pray thee good Amynda, be not inexorable: what wouldſt thou have me to ſpeake? and I vow Obedience to thy Commands; I will not ſwerve a tittle from thy precepts, give me* Honoria *and command my life.*

Amynda being overcome with his remorſe, and full intentions of amendment, anſwers his deſires.

Then all that I would have you doe,
Love Honoria; *and be true:*
(And Amariſſa, *for her ſake)*
Love you'd better give then take:
Now lye downe and ben't perplext,
Obſerve what I ſhall tell you next.

Lorenzo falls into a ſweet ſleep, untill the morning-watch awak'd him with their anſwerings to *Berontus* his importunities of opening the Gates; who was ſo tranſported with his fraught, that he thought it much, that wood, and iron, ſhould make his lading dance attendance.

Lorenzo thus awakt, and remembring the good tidings overnight, he thought they were ſo good, that he began to be afraid they were

too good to be true. Thus the Devill, after we have overcome all his temptations, throwes his laſt Dart, and ſeekes to poyſon us with infidelity, like the Ship that hath eſcaped ſo great Enemies, and ſo many Shipwracks, at laſt periſhes in the Harbour.

But whilſt he was in this great danger, by reaſon of ſo many Rocks and Shelves: *Berontus* (like a good Pilot, comes to guide him ſafely into the Harbour) at whoſe firſt ſight, *Lorenzo* reades comfort in his lookes; and askes him if he has heard of his *Honoria*, (anticipating his relation with his confidence) in theſe words:

I know, that if thou hadſt not brought good Newes, thou woulſt not have return'd ſo ſoone.

Berontus taking *Nagivius* by the hand, from point to point, tells him the full relation of the whole, as hath been before expreſs'd: Which, when *Lorenzo* had heard throughout, he knew not whether he ſhould acknowledg himſelf more beholding to the *Hand*, or to the *Inſtrument*, that made ſuch muſick to his *Eares*: he ſhowr'd down obligations upon *Berontus*, as upon a Favourite that was capable of receiving thoſe acts of Grace: But when he came to expreſſe his affection to *Navigius*, he found him ſo unſuſceptable, that he could not love him otherwiſe, then with the Love wherewith fond Ladies uſe to be in love with their Lap-dogs, whoſe over-gladneſſe at ſmall favours, make their Miſtreſſes ſorry that they are not rationall creatures, whereby they may be more capable of further benefits. *Both* in *their* kind were fully ſatisfied, the *one* with princely language; the *other* with ſpitting a few acknowledgments in his mouth, which the *one* received with *due* reverence, and *good* behaviour; the other with ſo many *ſcrapes* of his feet, and *wagging* of his tail.

All the Palace did *ring* of this good newes; nothing but *acclamations* of joy and gladneſſe was heard amongſt the People, every body ran to ſee *Navigius*: *Berontus* was no body amongſt the Vulgar, like to like enjoy'd their liking; the poor man was well help'd up, from a peck of troubles, to ſuch a meaſure of admiration, and benignity. *Bertaldo* was ſent for in Poſt-haſte, (who returning as ſuddenly.) The next thoughts that were in election, was how theſe two Ladyes were to be ſent for, and who ſhould be employ'd in that Affair. It was determined, that *Bertaldo* and *Berontus* ſhould be diſpatch'd upon this *Embaſſie*; *Berontus* to the *Iſland of Majorca*, to attend upon *Honoria*; and *Bertaldo* to *Minorca*, to waite upon *Amariſſa*. And this for two Reaſons, to which I might adde a third.

The firſt was, becauſe *Berontus* had been ſo *Fortunate* to bring the Good-newes, it was thought fitting that he ſhould have the *Honour* of the Employment.

The ſecond was, That *Bertaldo* thought it more convenient ſervice to wait upon his *Miſtreſſe*, than his *Siſter*.

And the third was, That *Lorenzo* knew *Honoria* would be ſatisfied ſufficiently to hear of her Brothers welfare at any hand, but he could not reward *Berontus*'s ſervices with leſſe reſpect. Two Ships were

were ſpeedily prepar'd, the one for *Bertaldo*, the other for *Berontus*: But all had been like to be ſpoil'd, for the Prince taking great affection to *Philoret*, had gain'd *Bertaldo* his conſent, that *Philoret* ſhould ſtay behind to keep him Company; but there ſate ſuch a cloud on *Philoret* his Countenance, as made them all fear they ſhould have no Faire weather after them, if he were left behind; wherefore the Prince willingly releas'd him of his grant.

They were all fairly Shipp'd; but behold, they were ſcarce out of ſight of the Maine-land, but their *ſtately* Ships were forc'd to *ſtrike* Saile to angry *Neptune*: who, with his *awfull* Trident, *muſter'd* his Turbulent waves, whilſt the innumerous Tacklings ſerv'd for ſo many *Whiſtles* to the winde, to call on danger to her Execution, whilſt the *Boyling* Ocean lifted up her Waves ſo high, that the *Maſts* of both the Ships *charg'd* their *tops* through the proud *Heads* of the inſulting Billowes; till others (as if they had been their Friends) lifted the *Victors* upon their *ſhoulders* to ſuch a height, as their main *Maſts* were in danger to have fallen *foul* with the *Celeſtiall Sphears*; raking from their *reſtleſſe* bottomes, ſo much *Sand*, as not onely *diſcoloured* the green Ocean, but alſo threatned a diſſolution of the whole *Earth* into ſo many *Attomes* in the *Sea*: So that no *marvaile*, that they had *quite* loſt *one another*, whilſt they were *both* thus *likely* to be *loſt*. So that it hapned (by reaſon of this Storme) that *Bertaldo*, who was bound for *Minorca*, was (by the fortune of the Windes) blown upon the Iſland of *Majorca*; and *Berontus* (who was bound for *Majorca*) was thrown upon the leſſer Iſland: The miſtake was not ſo great, whilſt their Commiſſions were both the ſame.

Berontus was no ſooner arrived there, but the newes was brought to *Caſtriots* houſe, That *there was come from the Maine, the Gallanteſt Gentleman that ever eyes beheld; and his buſineſſe was, to enquire after a certaine Carthaginian Lady that was forc'd away from her owne Country, and brought hither by Violent hands.*

Amariſſa, at the firſt hear-ſay, conjectur'd it to be him who was intended, *Bertaldo*, though it fell out to be him, that ſhould be there, *Berontus*, though not by order of Humane, but Divine Affaires. *Amariſſa* ſaves *Berontus* the labour of Enquiry, and ſends him her Name, with directions where to come, if that he knew it, or had any thing to ſay to her: He haſtens to the place of her abode with ſuch a longing deſire, as good Newes carryes alwayes with it, when it knowes it ſhall affect the hearer with delight. When *Amariſſa* heard that the ſame Cavalier was arriv'd at the Gate, ſhe prepares her ſelfe for ſuch information, as her owne eyes ſhould give her, through the Glaſſe, whether it were the ſame of whom her hopes had given her ſome aſſurance: But as ſoone as *Berontus* began to enter the Court, her hopes began to retire; but ſeeing him ſuch another goodly Perſonage, and having ſuch a Manly gate, ſhe thought the Glaſſe might be no true Mediator: Wherefore, deſiring to be better inform'd, ſhe onely opens the Caſement, ſo farre as might ſerve her

Eye-ſight to ſally out; which was ſo met withall by his, that it was beaten in againe without receiving the leaſt intelligence, ſhutting that Sally-port with ſuch diligence, as if an Enemy were ready to make his Entry in at the window, whilſt the door was open to let in the beſt of Friends.

In comes *Berontus*, who having ſaluted her, makes her amends for the miſtake of the Perſon, by bringing her *Bertaldo* in his Mouth, whoſe ſervice (as knowing it to be moſt acceptable) he preſented in the firſt place, acquainting the Lady by what accident it hapned, that he was not there himſelfe, being deſigned purpoſely to waite on her, as his was to have attended upon the Princeſſe, *Honoria*: *Amariſſa* was well enough pleas'd to hear of his Welfare, and could have found in her heart to have expreſſed her feares of his being caſt away at Sea; but ſhe ſmothered her affections for the preſent, and fell to asking how *Lorenzo* did? Scarce had they made an end of all that he had, and ſhe to ſay, which took up no ſmall proportion of time and diſcourſe, but that a Meſſenger came to *Amariſſa* from *Honoria* and *Bertaldo*, to acquaint her, that *Bertaldo* was there, how they miſs'd *Berontus*, who was deſign'd for the place where he now was, acquainting her with the happy newes of all the late Occurrences. *Berontus* and *Amariſſa* being both more at hearts-eaſe then when they met firſt. *Amariſſa*, who delighted in nothing more then in hearing relations of deeds of Chivalry: and lov'd men for nothing more then their Proweſſe; and no Gallantry like that which was ſhewed againſt her deadly Enemy *Maximanus*: And perceiving how *ſparingly Berontus* had *touch'd* upon that *ſtring*, and how his modeſty had more *commended himſelfe*, then *delighted her*. She deſires him to tell her the manner *how*, the place *where*, the time *when*, with all other particulars concerning the killing of that *Wild-Boar*, wherein ſhe profeſſeth *ſhe could never be ſufficiently ſatisfied*. Whereupon *Berontus* related unto her the whole ſubſtance of the Story, with all the circumſtances belonging thereunto, in ſuch orderly manner, and obſervance to her commands, that all the Predicaments in Logick were but *ſervants* to his *Method*, and *ſubjects* to her *Reaſon*: She was ſo much taken with his Gallantry, giving him many thankes for his Relation; but withall told him, That *ſhe was moſt of all beholding to her ſelf*: For the beſt part of his deſcription had been left out (if ſhe had not wreſted it frō him by degrees) through his modeſty, that was ſo wary in letting any thing ſlip from him to his own advantage that concern'd himſelf. Then ſhe fell to the buſineſſe in *Mauritania*: and when *Berontus* had but *touch'd* upon that particular of preſerving *Lorenzo* by his moſt happy conduct, ſhe did ſo conjure him not to mince the matter, but to tell her punctually how it was (ſuppoſing himſelf a third perſon) upon whoſe entreaty he declared more at large. But when he came to ſpeak of that particular ſervice at the Bridge, and how fortunate a *man* had been to the whole Army; and asking him *who it was*, and could have no other anſwer from him but *bluſhes*

and

and *tranciſions* into other matters, Oh how *Amariſſa* was taken with him! ſhe could have leapt into his mouth, and ſhot the Gulph to come at that faire Harbour where there rid ſo brave a Man of War. But then ſhe recalls her ſelfe, and faces about, to the remembrance of the brave *Bertaldo*, and checks her forward paſſion for loving a man ſo much, ſo ſoon, whilſt all the *Berontus'es* in *Affrica* could not exceed *Bertaldo*, for what ſhe had both heard, and ſeen: But falling into diſcourſe concerning his partaking with *Bertaldo*, in the differences which were between him and the Prince, ſhe falls to loving him againe; and hearing *Berontus* relate how ſtoutly *Bertaldo* behaved himſelfe, in *Honoria*'s and *her* behalfe, her love runs back againe, and catches at *Bertaldo*: nor is ſhe wavering all this while, but conſtant to the true cauſe of love, worth, and true Nobility: ſhe is not ſo much in love with either of their Perſons, as both their valours; *Berontus* had ſlaine the Gyant, preſerv'd *Lorenzo*, and *Bertaldo* both; *Bertaldo* had done as brave things as theſe, had poſſeſſion of her heart before; at laſt ſhe diſtinguiſhes betwixt loving her houſe, and riding on the top of it, ſhe reſolves to love him as a wel-deſerving Friend, but *Bertaldo* as a deare Husband; yet notwithſtanding her carriage was ſo full of freedome and reſpect, that *Berontus* conceived that in his mind that his honour would not nouriſh, ſo they parted for that night.

The next day the wind ſerv'd faire for *Majorca*, and they were reſolv'd to neglect no opportunity to be together, where they might re-imbark themſelves for *Carthage*, and with a faire wind they joyfully landed, and were as Sumptuouſly entertained by *Thoron* and *Armena*, as they were gladly received by *Bertaldo* & *Honoria*; unexpreſſible was the joy that was between *Honoria* and *Amariſſa*, the love that was between *Amariſſa* and *Bertaldo*, *Bertaldo* and *Honoria*; both joyne hands in ſetting forth the praiſes and high Gallantry of *Berontus*. *Berontus* joynes iſſue with *Bertaldo*, and *Honoria*, in giving the due Encomiums that were belonging to *Philoret*; who preſently becomes *Amariſſa*'s chief Favourite, as the Preſerver of *her* life, the life of her *beloved*, the Honour of *Lorenzo*, the Glory of the *Carthaginians*. *Amariſſa* would have been in love with *Philoret*, but what love invited, faith forbade; *Berontus* would have been in love with *Amariſſa*, but that *honour* ſtood between: *Honoria* would have been in love with *Lorenzo*, but knew not how to come at him: *Bertaldo* had been in love with *Philoret*, had he knowne but what he had beene: and *Philoret* might have been beloved by *Bertaldo*, had he but had the confidence: if ever there was love in a maze, here it danc'd the round: you might heare of a True-lovers-knot, but never knew of ſuch a knot (as here was) of True Lovers. In this loving humour they all tooke ſhipping, and were underſaile for *Carthage*.

Chap. XVI.

Lorenzo *found the Letter by* Pippea's *meanes. He heares of their Arrivall: goes to meet them. The Marriage between* Bertaldo *and* Amariſſa *is urg'd amaine:* Philoret *falls into a Trance upon it:* Berontus *is love-ſick with* Amariſſa. Amariſſa *and* Bertaldo *are found to be Brother and Siſter.* Philoret *is found to be the Duke of* Medina-Cœli *his Daughter.* Bertaldo *and* Berontus *are ſent into* Spaine *and* Italy, *to finde out the truth thereof, as the price of both their Loves.*

Pippea by this time is become a pretty Maide, having the confidence to ſpeake unto the Prince; ſhe tells his Highneſſe what ſhe did, and that *Honoria* writ a Letter, and how ſhe conveig'd it, and where ſhe layd it.

Lorenzo preſently goes and ſearches the Cabinet, finds it there, and reading it fell into a *trembling*, with thinking what a *wound* it would have been unto his injur'd ſoule, if *Honoria* had miſcarried, and afterwards he had found that Letter; all this *Pippea* did by the perſwaſion of *Hortenſius*. The Prince marvelouſly commended *Pippea* for her *piety* to *Honoria*, promiſing her the chief place of Honour about her.

The newes was brought to Court, of the landing of *Honoria*, and the reſt.

The Prince was aſhamed to looke his owne happineſſe in the face, and to ſee, that, which he moſt defired, yet he truſted to *two* friends to beare him out, *Honoria's goodneſſe*, and his *owne acknowledgment*: he goes out to meet her, and finds her in a moſt *convenient* place for *gratulation*; where, deſcending *his* Charriot as ſhe *hers*, he ſayes thus unto her; *Honoria, if I ſhould queſtion thy pardon, I ſhould tax thy goodneſſe; Mercy is Lady and Empreſſe of all the beſt of Attributes, I have a great deale to ſay, more to confeſſe, moſt of all to acknowledge; if thou wilt give me time, I will take no leſſe then all my life, to beſtow in repentance and ſatisfaction.*——

And as he was ſpeaking further, ſhe cuts him off with this prevention, *My Lord, I pray ſay no more; he's dead that was the cauſe of this, and in his grave, let the memoriall of all theſe things be buried, I am afraid you have been too ſevere a Puniſher of your ſelf already, I am glad I was preſerv'd for no other cauſe.*——

And as *Honoria* was going on in her *diſcourſe*, *Bertaldo* ſtops the current of her *ſpeech* (till the ſtreame ſwell'd ſo high, that her heart floated in compaſſion of *Lorenzo's* ſorrow for her ſufferings) ſaying, *You two ſhall take another time, and place, when you are by your ſelves, then and there you can beſt charme one another into beliefs, which none*

can

can queſtion whilſt you are one anothers Judges, and by none attonements ſooner wrought then when you are each others Advocates: Lorenzo, *be but you her Votary, and I'le undertake ſhe ſhall be your Confeſſour, ſmall pittance ſhall ſerve for abſolution.* As *Honoria* would not heare *Lorenzo*; nor *Bertaldo*, *Honoria*; ſo all the Company cry'd downe *Bertaldo*, perceiving that no better accommodation might be made, then what ſhould proceed from the goodneſſe of their owne diſpoſitions, when tongues ſhould be as farre from interpoſing as eares from giving audience; all was huſh'd, *Lorenzo* takes *Honoria* into his Charriot; *Bertaldo*, *Amariſſa*, into his; both *Berontus*: all three (the generally ſo much beloved) *Philoret*, *Lorenzo* & *Honoria* had little diſcourſe, much handing, more kiſſes, many ſighes; *Bertaldo*, and *Amariſſa*, *Berontus*, and *Philoret*, were all *Chatt*; thus they made the way ſhort to *Carthage*, where the People fill'd the Streets with Voices, and the Ayre with Acclamations of Joy, and Gladneſſe, for that happy *meeting*; in a word, the whole buſineſſe was ſo ſweetly compoſ'd between *Lorenzo* and *Honoria*, as if his heart had been a *Jubile*, and hers a *plenary indulgence*.

Thus ſtated, as at firſt, they began to entertaine thoughts, how they might drive a *trade of happineſſe* between *Bertaldo* and *Amariſſa*, whilſt *Berontus* was love-ſick for *Amariſſa*, and *Philoret* deadly in love with *Bertaldo*, yet neither of them durſt expreſſe the *cauſes* of their diſcontents; the one through a ſuppoſed *unworthineſſe* in himſelf, the other leſt he ſhould ſhew any *defect* in worth towards ſo brave a *friend*.

Bertaldo and *Amariſſa* both hearken to the muſick that *Lorenzo* and *Honoria* caus'd for to ſound in both their eares; at which, *Berontus* made as *ſoure* a face, as *Philoret* lent them a *deafe* eare; at laſt *Philoret* ſingling out his Maſter, ſpake unto him in this manner:

Sir, You know with what a paſſionate affection I ever lov'd you, you know what preferments I ever waved to enjoy this relation; I perceive there is an overture of Marriage between you and Amariſſa; *you have oftentimes bid me aske what I would: I never askt you any thing, but now I ſhall.*

My deare heart (ſaid Bertaldo) *aske what thou wilt, and I will grant it thee.*

Then (ſaid Philoret) *I onely aske, that you would not Marry; I doe not aske, you would not Marry her: for, of all Women living, ſhe's worthieſt to be had.*

Thy reaſon, good Philoret? (reply'd Bertaldo.)

Becauſe I love you, (ſaid Philoret.)

Why ſhould thy love (ſaid Bertaldo) *prompt thee to ſuch a prohibition?*

Becauſe (ſaid Philoret) *it is not good to part with that deare priviledge of being wholly a mans ſelfe, to be the halfe of another; beſides, all the pleaſure I have in this world is in your love; all my ambition is to deſerve it, and all my ſtudy is how I may improve that happineſſe. Now when you have a Wife, your love will be ſet on her, and I ſhall but gleane*

in the ſame field where I formerly reapt a full Crop of Bliſſe: and therewith fell into a moſt ſudden paſſion and extreame weeping.

Whereat *Bertaldo* taking him in his armes, intended him this ſatisfaction, *My deare* Philoret, *I will Marry her, but on this condition, that ſhe ſhall double, not mitigate the love I beare to thee: Sweet Boy, had I as many Wives as* Carthage *Women, they all ſhould not be able to eclipſe the leaſt ſparke of the true affection which I beare to thee, and to thy merit.* Juſt as he had ſpoken that word, there came a Servant from the Prince, *deſiring his company*; he clapping *Philoret* on both his *cheeks*, with both his *hands*, bid him *be confident that all the Wives in the world, ſhould not draw away his affection from him*, and ſo left him weeping.

In which poſture *Berontus* found him, and enquiring into the cauſe, and by *Philoret*'s anſwer, finding it to be grounded upon his diſlike of the Marriage, he imbraces both him and his diſcontent, foſtering it up to a full growth, as agreeable to his humour; but all in vaine: for, the Match was made, the Parties agreed, the Time ſet; onely *Bertaldo* told his Miſtreſſe, with what reluctancy *Philoret* reſented it, and upon what grounds, deſiring her *to uſe her utmoſt indeavour to diſpoſſeſſe him of that conceit.*

Amariſſa undertakes it, and ſends for *Philoret:* who being come, *Amariſſa* takes him aſide, and thus intreats him: *Sweet-heart, I underſtand thy love to be ſuch to thy Maſter, that thou think'ſt it will be leſſe, when he has me; I have ſent for thee to aſſure thee, that it will be double; when we two are one, you muſt diſtinguiſh between love, and love; it is one thing to love a Wife, and another thing to love a Friend, or Favourite; the love of the one, no way leſſens the obligations and ties of friendſhips that are between the other, but rather incloſes them in bounds and fences, whereby they are not violable. Truely,* Philoret, *I know thy love to be ſuch to thy Maſter, and thy merits to be ſo great in every eye, that were I not engag'd unto* Bertaldo *by promiſe, and oblig'd by honour, of all the Men that carry heads upon their ſhoulders, I ſhould love* Philoret, *and therefore never feare that his love ſhould be leſſe to thee.* *Amariſſa* (perceiving *Philoret* his colour to be quite gone, and a Civill warre begun already upon his cheekes, between the white Roſe and the Red) leaves off ſpeaking, (as men leave wounding when they think the party almoſt dead) when poor *Philoret* had fallen to ground, had not *Amariſſa* catcht him falling, who (like ſome young Phyſitian) ſeeing his Potion begin to work by contraries, feares he had miſtaken the right Glaſſe, and preſcrib'd his Patient Poyſons inſtead of Cordialls: ſo affrighted was *Amariſſa* in applying remedies where ſhe was ſo ignorant of the diſeaſe. *Philoret* comes to himſelf, whom *Amariſſa* leaves, as *Doctors* doe their *Patients*, when they begin to be dangerous, carrying that ſad newes of irrecovery to *Bertaldo*, who flies to his beloved *Page*, catching him up in his Armes, asking him *what he ayl'd?* And *what he would have?* Bidding him *declare his mind fully, what he would, before he Marryed: or whether* Honour, Preferment,

Preferment, Land, Riches, Money *moſt affected him, it ſhould be granted; and if he doubted his Marriage would be an Obſtacle to any of theſe, he would never Marry untill he had ſatisfied him in any of the particulars.*

Philoret anſwered him, *I ask nothing, but that you would not Marry; all theſe things I have forſaken already for your ſake, and if you Marry I muſt forſake* you, *and* die.

Bertaldo told him, *that it was but the* Exuberance *of his affection, which in time may eaſily be remedied:* telling him, *That* fondneſſe *muſt give way to Princes Edicts.*

It was decreed by *Lorenzo*'s Command, that to morrow muſt be the day that *Amariſſa* and he muſt ſhake hands in Holy Wedlocke.

Then (ſaid *Philoret*) *I may lie at your feet this night.*

Philoret (ſaid *Bertaldo*) *thou ſhalt lie for ever at my heart, as my beſt friend for ever. Come, I'le call thee Page no more, thou ſhalt be my ſelfe; and afterwards I ſhall let thee know, that thy fears are needleſſe, and that thy diſcontents ſtand upon no ground.*

Thus paſt the night away, when in the morning there was nothing to be ſeene, but preparations for the Wedding; time drawing on, the accuſtomed preparations for the Solemnity, newes was brought, that *Berontus* was very ſick, and could not attend the Ceremony; *Philoret* had fallen into ſeverall diſtempers, and fits of ſoundings, (ſtrange Preludiums to ſuch Solemnities) *Berontus* his condition was not much weigh'd, becauſe not any knew the cauſe of his diſtemper; but *Philoret*, his caſe was much reſented by thoſe who were not ignorant either of the Malady, or the Remedy. Amongſt whom *Bertaldo* was the forwardeſt (as the moſt expert) Phyſitian in feeling of his Pulſe: Who comming to *Philoret*, ſaid, *Thou* (young man) *that aſtoniſheſt all men with thy Miracles, and me with thy Love, why doſt thou expire ſo often? There muſt be ſomething to hinder every man from the perfection of a Deity. Why wilt thou ſullie all thy former actions with ſuch fondneſs? more befitting ſome female weakneſs, than relating to ſuch Proweſſe as is alwaies reſident in thy manly breaſt; why art thou ſuch a jarre to all our muſick, rain'ſt thy teares upon our joyfull harveſt? Come, I ne'r Chid thee before in all my life, nor ever thought I ſhould; and why ſhould I Chide thee, ſince it is rather the errour of love, than love of errour? thou committ'ſt the fault, and I'le give ſatisfaction; aske and have what thou wilt of me; for, by all that's good, wert thou capable of a nearer relation than that of Friendſhip, even of that I'm going about and ſhould'ſt aske me,* Amariſſa *ſhould not ſtand between thee and thy Contentment.* Heavens! what *confuſion* that word caſt into his *thoughts*! what *changeableneſſe* into his *countenance*! what *rain bows* were tied in *True-lovers-knots* upon his *cheeks*! he gave his *eyes* free leave to *ſpeake* his minde, whil'ſt he deny'd his *heart* the *benefit* of it's own *Advocate*; he lets *ſilly* and *unexperienc'd* wiſhes, ſallie out of that ſtrong-hold, whilſt effective words & language were kept in like con-

querable Lyons within their Grates; at laſt, (conſidering the *confuſion* that would follow his diſcovery, but moſt of all *fearing* the deniall that his ſuppos'd diſparity would ſoone give check to ſuch a Mate) his *mind* gave him rather to break his *Heart*, than break his *Mind*; and choſe rather to die a *ſacrifice* to humility, than to *embroile* ſuch Lovers in diſcontents, to ſatisfie his own deſires, by ſuch preſumption; giving *Bertaldo* this anſwer, ſent up by the ſwellings of his Heart, no riſing of any Lungs.

Bertaldo, I am contented that you ſhall Marry Amariſſa, *and enjoy her, upon one condition, that you will onely give me leave to mourn this day, and I ſhall never trouble you with any more Petitions.*

Bertaldo admiring at his ſuite, yet being us'd to ſuch exotick fondneſſe, cuſtome took away the ſtrangeneſſe of it; whereupon he gave him leave (not thinking that he had meant any other kind of mourning, then not rejoycing with the reſt) whereat *Philoret* ſeem'd to be much pleas'd, and *Bertaldo*, glad that he had any way contented him) repaires to *Amariſſa*, whom he confounds with the relation, in thinking with what ſtrange predominance his love bare ſway; however ſhe reſolves to humour him likewiſe for the future, and by her loving carriage towards him to let him ſee his Errour. But when the time drew near, that *hand* in *hand* ſhould joyne *two* hearts in *one*; Behold *Lorenzo, he* falls ſuddenly *ſick*, whoſe indiſpoſedneſſe to attend the Ceremony, bequeathes the gift of *Amariſſa* into Holy Hands, to be delivered to *Bertaldo*, to the performance of the brave *Berontus*: who being *ſick* with Love, was *deadly* afraid he ſhould thereby be acceſſary to his owne deſtruction; how averſe ſoever his minde was to the Princes deputation, yet neceſſity laid ſuch ſtrong hold upon him, together with *Bertaldo* his Entreaties, and *Amariſſa*'s Courtſhip, that it ſeem'd no otherwiſe to him, then as if he had been compell'd to act that part with ſuch an impulſion, as wherewith the evill deſtinies drive men to be their own Executioners.

Thus all was out of order, whilſt ignorance is about to joyne hands with Devotion, to act unlawfull things under the pretenſion of Holy Rites: on they ruſh, as well as they may, they think no hurt, they doe no good: *Monſtrum horrendum informe ingens cui lumen ademptum.* They enter the Holy Place, the Prieſt is preſent, the Parties ready, the People by, the Ceremonies begun, *Berontus* is call'd upon to doe his Office; he goes about what he had rather let alone, *unwillingly* willing he takes *Amariſſa* by the hand; and when he ſhould deliver her to the Prieſt, he holds her faſt, and would not let her goe; and when he ſhould ſpeak certaine words, he declares by an uncertaine kind of ſpeech, which had no other articulates but the weight of language, I mean his tears; that what he did, came not from his heart, whereby ſeeming to ſerve for no other uſe, then as a dumb and ſenſleſſe Statue; her hand was taken out of his, and given to another, who gave it to the Prieſt to be delivered to *Bertaldo*, who were then, and there, publiquely Married in the ſight of all the world.

world. Never till this time, when it ſeem'd too late, did *Amariſſa* perceive that *Berontus* was in love with her, whoſe pitty of his condition made her ſorry that ſhe had not known it ſooner; and *that* ſorrow cauſed *Bertaldo* to perceive a kind of reluctancy in *Amariſſa*'s countenance, as if ſhe had not been well pleas'd with what ſhe had done, which made him not ſo well pleas'd with his Bargaine as otherwiſe he would have been: But behold a ſad ſight adminiſtred a greater occaſion of diſlike, than was the former; for *Philoret*, overſet with *Melancholly* of the *Blackeſt* hue, ſtudies a way how to improve it to the higheſt. Wherefore when he perceiv'd them all gone to the Wedding, he puts on a Mourning Habit, and all alone goes into the roome prepar'd for the Dinner, where ſolemnity had plac'd two Chaires of State for the *Bride*, and *Bridegroome*, to enthrone themſelves in Majeſty; Thus accoutr'd, *Philoret* ſeates himſelfe in the Brides Chair; and throwing his upper Garment over his ſhoulder, he ſettles his minde to as deep a Melancholly, as either his outward Habit, or his Poſture, hung out ſignes: Thus under the ſhadow of deſpaire ſits *Philoret*, like a condemned *Victim preſſed* to death, whoſe inability to indure the *preſent* paine, makes him cry *more* weight; untill *oppreſsion* made him *ſenſleſſe*, falling into a charitable ſlumber, that put him into ſuch a pleaſing dreame, as in a manner was able to quit coſt to all his anxieties: He dream't, how, that after death, he was found to be a *Virgin*; and that *Bertaldo* lov'd him *better* dead, than when he was *alive*, and that he wept over him; and that his *Teares* were ſuch an Embalmement, that he ſhould never Rot, nor Stink; he dream't the looſe Earth over his Grave to be tranſparent; ſo that he could ſee *Bertaldo*, and *Amariſſa*, ſtrewing Herbes and Flowers over his Grave, and from their ſwolne eyes, to pour ſuch virtuall ſhowers upon that Covering, that the Flowers *rooted*, and were everlaſting: whilſt the *bordering* Willowes round his Semitary, with lifting up their *armes* by a juſt *wind*, refus'd their Boughes to hands, that were too forward for to pluck Materialls where withall to make him Garlands. In which interim, in comes *Bertaldo*, with *Amariſſa* in his hand, with all their Concommitants to that half ſolemnity, where finding *Philoret* aſleep in *ſuch* a Poſture, *ſuch* a Seat, *ſuch* Habit, and at *ſuch* a time, it ſtruck them into *ſuch* a dumpe, that Raine in Harveſt was never ſo unwelcome to the greedy Husband-man, as this ſight was cauſe of diſcontent to the two Triumphants; they all ſtood about him, and pitied both his *ſleep* and *waking*; all fell a wondring why *aſleep*, why in *Mourning*, why in *her* Chaire, why at *that* time juſt, when others were in *Celebration* of ſo great Solemnity!

Lorenzo ſick, Berontus he not *well, Philoret* ſo *ſignificant* in his perplexity, never was there a *Wedding* ſo like a *Funerall*, whil'ſt the two *ſubjects* of that mirth and jollity that was expected, were the *chiefe* Mourners to ſo many unexpected cauſes of adverſity: *thus* he remain'd, and *thus* the ſad Spectators *all* continued, untill ſuch time as

the Prince his Sewer uſher'd in the Diſhes to the Bridall boord; when the ſmell of ſo many ſeverall meats (like an enemy to his repoſe) gave an *alarum* to his five ſenſes to repaire to their ſeverall *poſts*.

Philoret (as yet a *ſtranger* to himſelfe) could not behold ſo great a *luſtre*, as the glory of that day preſented to his eyes; ſo that he was forc'd to call in his Scouts before they had enabled him with the leaſt intelligence.

Amariſſa preſſing forwards to receive an account of his *well* or *evill* fare, (*Bertaldo* ſtanding behind her) *Philoret* thought himſelfe in an eclipſe (perceiving the Moone to be between him and his Sunne) yet in that darkneſſe, he findes the way to ſo much ſweetneſſe, and civility, as that he tooke *Amariſſa* by the *hand*, and ſeated her in her *Throne*; which having done, he ſinks *downe dead* at her very feet.

Bertaldo catches him up againe, uſes all the meanes to recall him to himſelfe, but all in vaine: he remaines *breathleſſe*, no pulſes *beat*, nor ſigne of *life* at all: All give him for *dead*; he makes haſte by degrees, till he becomes as *cold* as earth; he is delivered into proper hands for laying of him forth: *Bertaldo* weeps, whil'ſt all were ſo full of ſorrow, that there were no Comforters, none ſate downe to eate, whil'ſt the meat, as *ſympathizing* with the accident, cool'd as if it dyed, loſing *their artificiall*, as *he his naturall* heat; who can imagine the ſorow that in generall fill'd every particular breaſt? but to conceive the vaſt load that lay upon *Bertaldo*, who acknowledged himſelfe *guilty of the murder, by giving ſo* deafe *an eare to* Philoret's *often inculcations, that he ſhould not Marry, and that if he did he ſhould ſurely dye: which had he but believ'd, all the world ſhould not have perſwaded him to have ſhaken hands with any Creature living.*

Amariſſa began to conſider with *her* ſelfe, how happy it had been if *Bertaldo* had obſerv'd the Injunctions of *his* Darling; and *ſhe* had knowne that *Berontus* had been ſo in love with *her*, whom *ſhe* alwaies *lik'd* and *honour'd*; but *durſt* not *ſhew* it by reaſon of *her Ingagement*, nor *he* declare *his* mind inſiſting upon tearmes of Honour, whom miſſing, all upon a ſudden (as fearing that that *two* Tragedies might be acted in *one* day) ſhe cries, *What is become of Berontus?* when behold, in comes the Meſſengers of the moſt diſtracting newes that ever reached eares; for, the Women who came from laying forth the body of poore *Philoret*, ſpake *amazement* by their *lookes*, before they us'd a *tongue*, whoſe eye-auditors (as if they had receiv'd ſome ſtrange intelligence) ask'd, *What's the matter? and how?* to they knew not *what*.

Whil'ſt *Bertaldo* impatient to be *tormented* long with *ſilent* Monſters, bid them *ſpeake their minds, and tell him what it was that made them looke ſo gaſtly?*

Oh! Sir, (ſaid one of them) *if you would needs know*, Philoret *was a pure Virgin, and no Man.*

At which word, *Bertaldo* tore his *hayre*, rent his *wedding garments*, *rav'd* & *roar'd* about the roome, not caring what was *miſ becomming* either

either a *ſtout* heart or a *manly* courage, and gives himſelfe *wholly* over to be *ſway'd* by Paſſion.

Amariſſa ſhe runs forth to view the *Corps*, brings word to *Bertaldo*, that *it was ſo indeed.*

Whereupon, *Bertaldo* could not endure the ſight of *Amariſſa*, that was the cauſe of this; nor *himſelf*, that had ſo much doted upon *her*: blames the *dead*, then takes all the blame upon *himſelfe*, that he was ſuch a *Block-head as not to conceive ſo much before, perceiving ſo many Symptomes of love that could not be but Fœminine by its violence*, proteſting before all the Gods, that *had ſhe but opened her mouth in the leaſt intimation concerning any ſuch matter, he would have had her whatſoever ſhe were, before any Woman living*: then troubles himſelfe with *imaginations, who it ſhould be, what might be her name*, perſwading himſelfe *it muſt be one of more than ordinary ranke and quality*: Then *mads* himſelfe that *he had not knowne it*, excuſing her with *attributes of modeſty*, and *humility*; with theſe diſtractions, frenzies, and generall condolements, they paſs'd the day, whil'ſt the night invited, not their *maladies*, to ſeeke *remedies* by repoſe; thoughts of *Coffins, dead Bodies*, and *Graves*, interdicted the Ceremony of the Bed; *all* was neglected, and what was ſtrangeſt *of* all, the married Couple was not onely careleſſe of *themſelves*, but of *one another*: and how could *Bertaldo* delight in *her*, when he delighted in nothing elſe, but thinking *how he might have been anothers?* and how could *Amariſſa* joy in *him*, when *ſhe* thought of nothing more, but how ſhe might have been any way happier, than in the *condition* ſhe was in; whil'ſt ſorrow for what they had done made them *acceptable*, repentance makes way for *Amynda* her *redemption*; for, the time of her promiſed comforts, and aſſiſtant graces was at hand, wherein ſhe viſiteth the ſick *Lorenzo*, and brings him tidings of the *recovery* both of his *health* and *underſtanding*.

Ariſe Lorenzo, *ſinne no more*;
Thou'rt perfect, as thou wert before;
Bertaldo *and* Amariſſa, *ſhu'd*
They marry, blood would touch with blood;
One man begot, the ſame Wombe bare
Them both; *ſo near akin they are*:
Whom Philoret *you deeme to be*,
She's Periiſſa, *even ſhe*,
Whom you ſhall ſee alive hereafter,
The Duke Medina Cœlies *Daughter*;
Touch and Wipe the eyes that weep,
She is not dead, *but falne* aſleep;
Let her *have her* ſoules *delight*:
Diſſolve the Married Couple quite:
Let Berontus *freely have*,
His Amariſſa: grief, *a* grave.

Lorenzo, like a refresh'd Gyant, rouzes up himself, and musters his Disconsolates, acquainting them with the strange newes that was reveal'd unto him, whose misbelief he soone rectified by telling them, that *they should all know this to be true by* Periissa *her being not dead, but in a trance*, inviting them all as Witnesses to her resurrection, whom they all follow through so many degrees of love: Confidence fill'd the Roome, whilst Hope attended the touch, that rais'd her up to life. *Periissa* comes to her selfe, both in *name* and *nature*, and *admires* to heare *Lorenzo* call her *Periissa*; *wonders* to heare *Bertaldo* say, *Ah my* Periissa! *why would'st thou conceale this from thy beloved, whose soule and thine were ever Man and Wife?* wonders to heare *Amariſſa* say, *dearest* Periissa, *you shall freely enjoy what you desire, I must not stand between you and that Happinesse.* Wonders to heare *Bertaldo* say, that *Amariſſa was his owne Sister*, and that *the Wedding-knot must be dissolv'd, and fastned betweene them two*, (meaning *Bertaldo* and her selfe) but chiefly wonders at *Honoria* her calling upon *Lorenzo, to give her an account how that she was sole Daughter and Heire to the Duke of Medina Cœli.*

Like a Man that has layen long in some darke Dungeon, and is suddenly brought into such a light, whose rayes (from that resplendent sunne) make such a glory round about him, that his weake eyes are not able to comprehend so great a lustre: In such a pleasing Confusion was *Periissa*, so stifled was her sorrow in the throng of so many pressing happinesses.

Like a knot of True-lovers of one another, yet all in misery, and in want, and ready to be hunger-starv'd, espying the relief of some large and bountifull portion of meat to be brought to some one of them, all rejoyce alike, knowing they shall all participate of that bounty: so did this joyfull newes which was brought unto *Periissa*, *fill* with *joy*, and *ravish* with *delight*, all these Companions in misery; knowing, that this viand, would be food to all their appetites; *for*, (saith *Berontus*) *if this be so, then* Bertaldo *shall have* Periissa, *and* Amariſſa *she's free for me:* then thought Amariſſa, *if this Knot be dissolv'd, I am not so ty'd, but that I may enquire into the causes of* Berontus *his distemper, and if occasion serve, apply fit remedies.*

Each severall application of these joyfull tidings to their owne *particulars* (for the present) hindred that *universall* Conflux which (otherwise) would have been amongst them, till at last the severall *species* contributed all their interest to make up one generall gladnesse and *Jubile* of delight, like a maine River that being divided into severall petty Channels, runnes not with such a large streame as when it was united, but meeting all into one Current again, the severall disimboguements reduce it to its former greatnesse.

Thus re-instated, the *severall* instruments and voices make *one* harmony, whil'st the diversities of Wel-wishers lent their eares according to their severall engagements; *some* wish'd well unto *Berontus*, *others* were glad of *Periissa* her good fortune, not a few were over-

joy'd

joy'd at *Amariſſa*'s freedome, *all* were tranſported with a raviſhing delight to ſee Fortunes-wheele turne ſo merrily: the Parties themſelves thought their conditions ſo good, that upon the ſudden they were unwilling to owne them; one was *modeſt*, and *could* not; another was *baſhfull*, and *durſt* not; a third thought her ſelfe *bound*, and *might* not; a fourth thought himſelfe *freed*, and *would*: This begot a liberty in the Correllative, which example begot no leſſe *confidence* in the *baſhfull*, then *encouragement* in the moſt *modeſt* ſoule; all act their parts accordingly: *Bertaldo ſlights* his *Amariſſa*, and Courts the new-raiſ'd *Periiſſa*, to life, hope, name, and fortune: *Amariſſa* takes it not amiſſe, and entertains the free embraces of *Berontus*: *Lorenzo* and *Honoria* rejoyce to ſee theſe promis'd miracles take effect, and their wonders come to ſuch maturity. *Bertaldo* preſſes aſſurances upon *Periiſſa*; ſhe holds off, looks ſtrangely upon him, in her mayden-habit, and protraction drawes a heavie load of inſupportable impatience after it: ſhe lookes no *babies* in his eyes, ſhe *ſues* not to be turn'd away, ſhe *ſupplicates* for no *proſtration* at his feet, ſhe carries all things high, (ſtil giving him a reſpect that in ſtate becomes a Princeſſe, of her degree, unto a Perſon of ſuch Ranke and quality) he gives her all the obſervance that her Majeſty requir'd, *kneel'd* and *kiſs'd* her hand, made ſpeeches upon his *knee*, prayes her *to be merciſull, and forgive his ignorance.*

She takes all to her ſelf, and after many ſupplications and prayers, ſhe ſayes unto him, *Tell me truely*, Bertaldo, *doſt thou believe that I am the Duke of* Medina Cœli's *Daughter?*

To whom *Bertaldo* reply'd, *I am confident you are, & believe it verily.*

From whence ariſes ſo ſtrong faith? (ſaid *Periiſſa.*)

Bertaldo reply'd, *Shall I not believe* Amynda's *Ghoſt? ſhall I not give credit to* Lorenzo's *relation? beſides, none could doe the things which thou haſt done, but* Cœli's off-ſpring, *wherfore I cannot ſtagger.*

This is not enough Bertaldo (ſaid Periiſſa) *you muſt* doe *ſomething more for me, I enjoyne you to repaire forthwith unto my owne Countrey, and my Fathers houſe, and* there *inquire if they miſſe not a Daughter, that hath theſe ſignes upon her arme, the Sunne and Moone* (ſhewing them unto *Bertaldo* in the ſight of all the Standers by) and ſaying, *if thou canſt by thy endeavours finde out ſuch a one, there's ſuch a one for thee.*

Bertaldo kiſs'd her *hand*, preſently tooke his *leave*, ſaying, *he would not neglect a minutes time, and hoped to returne ſhortly, and give her ſatisfaction to her demands:* ſo departed.

Berontus finding all the clouds diſpell'd that were between him and his heaven, lifts up his eyes to *Amariſſa*; *ſhe* taking *Periiſſa* for her *leading* Starre, takes the ſame courſe ſhe did, and propoſes to *Berontus* her *injunction*, as a patterne for her *imitation*, ſaying unto him, *Goe to* Rome *and learne how it was that I am* Honoria's *Siſter, and I am your Wife:* So they were both diſpatch'd upon their Knight's Etrantries, whil'ſt the two task-Miſtreſſes, like innocent Children, who ſpend

their time in the delightfull recreation of *making Babies*, *acting Weddings*, and *Lyings in*; ſo did theſe two pretty pieces of innocence, delight themſelves with making a Mock-wedding between *Pippea* and *Hortenſius*, delighting themſelves with a happineſſe, which they were contented ſhould be really their owne, ſo that it might be but repreſentatively theirs. And thus it was occaſioned.

Chap. XVII.

Pippea *is in love with* Hortenſius. *She expreſſes it to his Picture.* Honoria *and* Amariſſa *obſerve it.* Hortenſius *takes her in the manner.* Honoria, *and* Amariſſa, *acquaint* Lorenzo *with it*; *who perſwades them to incourage the two Lovers in their affections.*

Pippea being ſo highly preferr'd as to be *Honoria* her Chiefeſt *Maide of Honour*, and *Hortenſius* likewiſe a Man in no ſmall requeſt with Prince *Lorenzo*; *Pippea* being firſt in Honour, *Hortenſius* durſt not break his mind unto her, before ſuch time as he lighted upon this encouragement; *Lorenzo* to gratifie *Hortenſius* his merits, and ſufferings, (which acts of contrition and ſignes of repentance, he dayly exerciſ'd in expiation of his crime, and *complacence* with his *Honoria*) cauſed his Statua to be ſet over the Garden-dore, with this inſcription underneath in Capitall & Golden Letters, *viz.*:

THIS IS THE PORTRAICTURE OF *HORTENSIVS* THE PRINCE'S GARDENER, A FAITHFUL SERVANT AND CONSTANT SVFFERER IN *HONORIA* AND *AMARISSA'S* CAVSE, VVHOM NO TORMENTS COVLD FORCE TO BE OTHERVVISE, NO THREATS COVLD PREVAILE VPON, AND NO ENTICEMENTS COVLD SHAKE HIS RESOLVTION.

It hapned (at ſundry times) when *Honoria* and *Amariſſa* went to recreate themſelves in the Garden, (with their uſuall Attendants) that they evermore obſerv'd *Pippea* to ſtay behind at the door gazing upon *Hortenſius* his Picture, which *Amariſſa* one time amongſt the reſt taking ſpeciall notice of, ſhe thus ſpake unto *Honoria*:

Madam,

Upon my life your Maid Pippea *is in Love with* Hortenſius, *for I have obſerv'd her alwayes when ſhe comes by that Picture, ſhe cannot enter the Garden without a great deal of contemplation upon it.*

Honoria, loving her the *better* for being ſo much an *admirer* of her *Martyr*, reply'd, *I pray lets goe and obſerve her a little.*

All agreed, and found out a moſt convenient place for obſervation, where they ſaw *Pippea laying* her *hand* upon her *Heart*, and at laſt *wiping* her *Eyes*; and having cleared that skie from thoſe bottl'd clouds, ſhe look'd ſo wiſhly upon that Type, untill the thing typified came behind her, catcht her in his Armes, and ask'd her *what ſhe was looking upon? Pippea* (finding her ſelf *ſurpris'd*) was aſhamed to look him in the Face; who would have been much more out of Countenance, had ſhe but known who were Spectatours of thoſe amorous paſſions of hers upon a ſimilitude. This was not all the Sport that the Ladyes had, for they might hear *Hortenſius* asking her the queſtion *why ſhe look'd ſo much upon the Figure, and ſo little upon the Subſtance?*

And *Pippea* anſwering him, *I muſt goe to my Miſtreſſe. Hortenſius* praying her *not to be ſo hard hearted, as altogether to turne her face to a Stone, and not at all to rejoyce the Man it repreſented, with one copy of her Countenance.* And ſhe anſwering him againe, *I muſt be gone, the Princeſſe will wonder what is become of me, pray let me goe. Hortenſius* ſaying, *I will not let you goe before I have a Kiſſe of you. Pippea* anſwering, *I pray don't you ſtay me. Hortenſius* urging, *don't you ſtay your ſelfe, leſt you ſhould be miſs'd. Pippea* replying, *why doe not you let me goe then? Hortenſius* telling her, *becauſe you will not give me my due. Your due* (ſaid *Pippea*) *what's that? A kiſſe* (ſaid *Hortenſius.*) *How comes that to be your due?* (ſaid *Pippea.*) *Kiſſes are Loves tribute* (ſaid *Hortenſius*) *and if you can find in your heart to ſay you doe not love me, I will have none. Why* (ſaid *Pippea*) *doe Maides uſe to Kiſſe, or to be Kiſs'd? Hortenſius* rectified his errour with kiſſing her over and over againe, and ſo let her goe. When ſhe was got out of his reach, ſhe turn'd about againe, and told him, That *if it had not beene for the haſtes ſake ſhe made to come to her Miſtreſſe, he ſhould not have had it*; and with that runs into the Garden. *Hortenſius* ſtayed behind, leſt their familiarity ſhould be taken notice of, whilſt the eyes that *applauded* his *affection* were in *love* with his *Policy*, and reſolv'd to advance his *humility* a degree *higher.*

Pippea made ſuch haſte, for fear of offending, that they were all very well pleaſed, that ſhe had not diſcovered them to be ſuch *Eaves-Droppers*, as they had made themſelves. *Pippea* running towards the

upper end of the Garden, they advance from their Station. *Pippea* not finding them in any of the upper ends of the Garden, upon her return (at the firſt) was glad to ſee them between her and the door, as baniſhing that fear which ſhe had conceived of her loytering behind; but when ſhe perceived them all to fall a Laughing, which could not be interdicted, (though the Princeſſe had given ſpeciall Command that not any ſhould take the leaſt notice of what they had ſeene) ſhe was amaz'd; and her Bluſhes came ſo thick into her Face, that the Bloud began to grow dark in her Cheeks; which *Honoria* perceiving, (and willing to deliver her from that fear) told her, *Pippea, we laugh to ſee that thou couldſt not finde us: but indeed, we play'd the wags with thee, and hid our ſelves from place to place.*

Pippea glad it was no otherwiſe, diſmiſs'd the Bloudy enſignes out of ſo fair a Field, and rufled up the Colours in her Cheeks: ſo there was no more of that for that time.

But it hapned not long after, *Honoria* and *Amariſſa* to have ſome private diſcourſe, both perceiving *Hortenſius* and *Pippea* to be deeply in love with one another, (themſelves being ſenſible of the ſmart of Love) and that neither of them durſt ſhew, or effect the thing they moſt deſired: Theſe two mercifull Ladyes were reſolv'd to be charitable, and went, and made the Prince acquainted therewith, who was not onely glad of opportunities, whereby he might gratifie his *Honoria*, but was exceedingly glad to act any thing that might be pleaſing to ſo great inſtruments of ſuch univerſall happineſſe: Preſently bids them *forward what they had taken ſuch notice of to be begun, and encourage the parties to proceed in their Commencement, to give their hopes ſome aire, and to help their love to wings; and that they ſhould be both Honourably provided for.*

Honoria having received theſe inſtructions, ſends for *Pippea*, and queſtions her in private concerning the Love that was between her, and *Hortenſius*; but perceiving her Maid begin to *Bluſh*, ſhe anticipates her Crime, by her preventing Grace, and Favours towards her, with telling her how *ſhe knew it*, and what ſhe had obſerv'd with her owne Eyes, beſides what ſhe heard: This ſaved her from the ſinne of telling an untruth (which was upon the termes of breaking its priſon) and gave her leave to turne a flat deniall into a laudable excuſe, ſaying:

Truly Madam, I confeſſe I love him, ſo muſt all that love you, amongſt whom I have a little more reaſon then the reſt, becauſe we were fellow-Agents in the work of your Deliverance. Truly Madam, I could not chuſe but behold his Picture; and when I look upon it, I can but envy his happineſſe.

Why didſt thou ſmite thy breaſt, and weep when thou look'ſt upon it? (ſaid *Honoria.*)

Madam,

I wept (ſaid *Pippea*) *to think upon the miſery you were in; and I ſtruck my breaſt for ſorrow, that I was not abler to have done you more ſervice*

then

then I did, that I might have ſuch another ſet up for me, to which I think no Glory or Honour comparable.

Honoria *forthwith proteſted, that ſhe had deſerv'd no leſſe than he; and that ſhe did more for her Capacity, than he for his; and that ſhe would erect the like Memoriall for her, and place it at the very entrance into her Chamber, as* Lorenzo *had done for his* Hortenſius *at the entrance into his Garden: and perform'd the thing ſhe promiſed.* Which was no ſooner done, but *Hortenſius* could never be from *Honoria*'s Chamber Door, nor *Pippea* from the Garden *Frontiſpice*, where they dayly ſacrifice *Hecatombes* of the beſt *wiſhes* to one anothers *Shrines.*

Chap. XVIII.

Corderius *wiſheth* Favorinus *to a rich Widow. She ſcornes all younger Brothers. How* Favorinus *got her good will at laſt.*

Corderius and *Fortunata*, (whoſe *Dayes* were *Holy*, and whoſe *Nights* were *Sanctuaries*, whoſe mindes gave them to reduce their *Piety*, to *Practice*) contented not themſelves with a *bare* notion of *Speculative* Divinity, *Orall* Piety, or *Auricular* Devotion; but they muſt be *doing* Good, and *acting* deeds of Charity: for indeed, *Religion* is Gods *Plough*, whereby he *Tills* the Field of his Church, whereby that *Field* is made a fit *receptacle* to receive the *Seed* of the Word. This *Plough* goes not forward (onely) by *looking* before us, but by putting *hands* unto it alſo; and bending the ſeverall parts of the body in a *Devout* poſture to *fungifie* their ſeverall *Offices*, leaving the two maine *Props*, and *Supporters* of the *whole*, not to goe *before* the hands, but to thruſt them *forwards*. *Thus* Religiouſly-minded were thoſe *Purer* ones; not to wear the *palmes* without the *Crown* of vertue; *Charity*: and not to ſuffer *Charity* to begin in a *wrong* place, but where it *ſhould* begin, *at home*: Wherefore (being themſelves advanced to Wealth and Honour) they entertained thoughts how they might preferre their poore Brother *Favorinus* to ſome good Fortune.

Corderius caſting about which way he might effect his longing deſires; at laſt, he bethought himſelfe of a young rich Widow, who had a *bountifull* Eſtate; and to boot, too good an opinion of her ſelf, who was a *Beautifull*, but withall, a *Scornfull* Lady, who conſtantly wore upon her ſleeve a *Nettle*: And if you ask'd her the reaſon *why* ſhe grac'd that *regardleſſe* Weed ſo much? ſhe would anſwer you, That *ſhe wore it not for a* grace, *but to* diſgrace *and* ſting *away Younger brothers.* This Lady, what for her *Riches* ſake, and what for her *Beauties* fame, was Courted by moſt men of Fortune, Come-

lineſſe, great Parts and Excellence in all thoſe parts, but *no man was good enough for her*, (ſo well ſhe thought of her ſelfe.)

Here was little hopes (you will ſay) for *Favorinus*, who was not onely a *Younger* brother, but one, whoſe *Prodigall* Father, had made a *Younger* brother, of his *Eldeſt Child*: But *Corderius* from time to time obſerving a *vivacity* and *ſprightlineſſe* to be (*prodigiouſly*) predominant in the *well-temper'd* nature and diſpoſition of *Favorinus* his Brother-In-law, (whom he lov'd ſo dearly, both for his *owne*, and *Siſters* ſake) that he thought him a fit inſtrument, either to make this Widow *his own*, or elſe to let her know *her ſelfe*: he acquaints *Favorinus* with the *buſineſſe*, and *diſpoſition* of the Lady; giving him theſe encouragements withall, That *if he would but put the beſt* Leg *forward, it ſhould not want* Shooes *nor* Stockings *anſwerable to the occaſion, nor Friends to back him; and if need required, what further might be requiſite.*

Favorinus reply'd, *He that cannot* ſwim *to a Widowes Bed ſide thus held up by the* Chin, *it is pity but that he ſhould ſink for ever, and never be ſeene 'mongſt men any more.*

Favorinus forthwith accoutres himſelf with all the *neceſſaries* requiſite for a *Compleat* Suitor; and ſends the Widow word, that at *ſuch* a time he intended to wait upon her about *ſuch* a buſineſſe, deſiring her not to be abroad.

Biſalta, for ſo was the Widow nam'd, (having *Non-ſuited* many a *brave* Gallant in her time, (who thought themſelves no ſmall fools) and wondring to receive ſuch a *confident* Meſſage from a *Man*, over whoſe *Name* Fame had never blown her Trumpet in her eares) diſdain'd the Propoſition: yet was reſolv'd to ſtay at home, though to no other purpoſe, but to give him an Affront; and leſt her *Triumph* ſhould want *Spectators*, ſhe ſends for ſome of her Neighbours to be there at the ſame time, as witneſſes to the Repulſe ſhe meant to give him. *Favorinus* (as confident as his own *naturall* and *acquir'd* abilities would give him leave) repaires to her dwelling-place at the time appointed, (alwayes holding this for a *Maxime* in Loves ſchool, That *there is never a Woman in the world, but ſhe is to be won one way or other, if a man could hit upon the right*) and having heard, and read the many *papers* of Verſes, and *Acroſticks* upon her Name (as ſo many *Encomiums* of her beauty, and perfections; as alſo what *Honymouth'd* Orators ſhe had *baniſhed* out of the *dominion* of her Beauty with *Vinegar* faces) he reſolv'd to ſteer another courſe, and (like skilfull Seamen) to *luvere*, and fetch compaſſes of *winding* policies to his wiſhed point.

To the houſe he *comes*, but findes no preparations for his *comming*; no Neatneſſe *extraordinary* in any part thereof; he was faine to knock twice or thrice at the Hall door before any body would come at him: at laſt one came, and ask'd him, *What he would have?* who anſwered the Fellow (as ſurly) That *he would have the Widow.*

If

If you can have her goodwill (ſaid the Servant) *with all my heart.*

I pray thee let me have thine (ſaid *Favorinus*) *to ſpeake with her.*

You ſhall Sir, (ſaid the Serving-man:) there was *Favorinus* faine to walke *twenty* turnes in the *Hall*, before the Meſſenger came back with invitations of him into the *Parlour*: where he was no ſooner entred, but he could ſee the Widow in a *careleſſe* habit, and as *ſlight* a poſture, playing at Cards with ſome of her Country-Neighbours; yet upon his approach ſhe riſes from the boords-end, and meets him as little a way as ſhe could (glad to ſee the Man in ſo *fine* cloathes whom ſhe meant ſo *finely* to abuſe.)

Favorinus (with ſo *gracefull* a Congie, as *no* education could finde fault withall) almoſt upon her lips, recovers himſelf by degrees, (giving her ſuch a *ſcornfull* looke as could have no other language, but, *how neare was I unto the touch of ſo great deformity! is this the beauty that is ſo much talk'd of? a very Dowdie! an arrant Puſſe! all* this did he *ſpeake* without a *word*, and *more* than this did ſhe *conceive* by that *one* looke) and (dividing a few jeering ſmiles amongſt her Goſſips) departs her preſence, in the greateſt diſdaine that can be imagined.

One of her Gammers cries, *What is this a Showter?*

Another cries, *Out upon him.*

A third cries, *The Gods forefend, that I may never have to dot with any ſuch Showters, what? not* kiſſe her, *when he was ſo* neare *to her? if I were as you ha ſhud never have a kiſſe on me though a wod never ſo faine.*

But *Biſalta* (ſeeing her ſelfe ſo *highly* contemn'd before ſo *many* Witneſſes, which was no ſmall aggravation to her diſcontent) ſwell'd (like a *toad*, ſtung in the fore-head, by ſome *ſpider*, whoſe *poyſon* is of a *hotter* nature than his owne) untill (not onely) the laces of her Bodize burſt in ſunder, but her *big-ſwolne* heart cry'd *roome*, as if thoſe *bounds* of nature had not been *ribs* ſufficient, for ſo *weake* a veſſel. She vowes (within her ſelfe) to be *reveng'd*, and to make him ſee his *errour*, though the *price* of her *experiment* be no *leſſe* than her *ſelfe* and all her fortunes; ſhe thinks if ſhe doth not make *this* Man recant, ſhe doth nothing; and propoſes the gaining of this Mans *love* as a *worke* anſwerable to her *magnanimity*, but ſhe knowes not his *name*, nor *when* ſhe ſhall ſee him againe, whether *ever* or *never*; ſhe tells her Neighbours that *ſhe will bring them to the Gate*, her meaning was, to ſee whether ſhe could lay eyes upon him againe, and find ſome opportunity to ſpeake to him, or happily come to the ſpeech of ſome of his Attendants, that ſhe might know his name: but ſhe came out time enough to ſee him take Horſe, which was brought unto him by a Lacquoy, richly habited, having two Pages ſtanding bare to him in ſumptuous apparell; the *one* having a *Hawke* upon his fiſt, the *other* uncoupling his *Spaniels*.

Favorinus layes his hand upon the *pummil*, and vaults up into the *ſaddle* with ſuch a grace & *cleane* activity, ſitting his Horſe (whilſt he curvetted) in ſuch a comely poſture, as if *Horſe* and *Man* had been but *one* body.

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Biſalta by this time was come downe to the *place*, which he muſt needs paſſe *by*, and ſo by *her*; who (when he came neer unto her) as if ſhe had dopd and curchied ſo much unto him, that he could not doe otherwiſe, beſtowed this regardleſſe language upon her:

Widow, if my Game lead me this way againe, I will make bold to call for a Cup of Drinke.

Joy ſpread its coulours in her face, ſhe makes more than *ordinary* obeyſance, and aſſures him more than *ordinarily*, that *he ſhould be welcome.*

He ſlighting her *extraordinarily*, turnes away from her, and calls upon his Men to *come away.*

She calls upon one of them to *ſtay a little, and tell her, who his Maſter was?*

The Page (with his Hat upon his head, as if he had been good enough for her) anſwered the Lady, that *his Maſters Name was* Favorinus, *Sonne to* Favorinus, *Knight of ſuch an Order, and Brother to* Fortunata, *Wife to the Lord* Corderius; and ſo made haſte after his Maſter without any more expoſtulation.

She tooke ſudden leave of her Neighbours, and preſently returnes to her owne *houſe*, and within her *ſelfe*, and there begins to *commune* with her owne thoughts, what it might be, that was the *cauſe* of his ſo *great* diſlike in her? ſhe preſently ran to her glaſſe, (fearing that her face might be ſmutted, or that *that* dreſſe might not be ſo *pleaſing*, or that her *head* was not well dreſs'd; ſhe calls up her Maid, commanding her *to bring her ſuch a Head-dreſſe, to dreſſe her head ſo and ſo, to bring her ſuch and ſuch Garments for her wearing*; every hayre of her head is *ſet* in *print*, and ſhe makes *twenty* faces in the glaſſe one after another forty times over that ſhe might ſee which of them was moſt *becomming*; *one* ſhe found out which pleaſ'd her better than all the reſt, and *that* ſhe was reſolv'd to keep till he came back; *then* ſhe was afraid he would not come back at all; *then* ſhe ſends her Servants one *this* way, another *that* way, ſome to hearken if they could heare the *crie* of any *Hounds*, or *queſt* of *Spaniels*; others whether they could heare any *Hawkes bells*, or *lurings* after the *Hawke*; her Maydes ſhe imployes in pulling the *coverings* off of the *ſtooles* and *chayres*, the *caſes* off the *Couch* and *Hand-irons*, ſome in *rubbing* the *boords* with *ſweet* and *green* herbs, otherſome in *fetching* downe the beſt *Cubberd* and *Table*-cloathes: the *Woman* was ſtarke wild for the *Man*: at laſt ſhe ſits her ſelfe downe, and thinks with her ſelfe what a *gallant* Man he was, a Knights Sonne, a Lords Brother-in-law, a Lord that is moſt in favour with the Prince; *Fortunata*'s Brother, (who is cry'd up for ſuch a beauty) and ſhe waranted her ſelf that he was a Man of ſome great *power* and *eſtate* by his retinue, *Oh that this Man would come* (thought ſhe) *and like me! I would not have ſuch a ſlur put upon me to be* mislik'd *for the world, this was the firſt man that e're* mislik'd me *ſince I was worth the* having, *and this ſhall be the firſt Man that ſhall* have *me if he* likes *me.*

She

She had no sooner set her *minde* and *house* in order, but one comes (running in) and tells her, *The Gentleman is at the dore, but will not light.*

She runnes out as fast, and prayes him, that *he would be pleas'd to alight from off his Horse, and rest himselfe awhile, he should be very welcome.*

Favorinus tels her, *he cares not and if he doth:* alights off his Horse, ne're *salutes* her; *walks* in by her, gives her never a *word*: by that time he was come into the Parlour, he perceives both *House* and *Housewife* trim'd up to bid him welcome; he calls for *a Glasse of her cooler Wine.*

She intreats him *to sit downe*, and seats her selfe over against him, to her *best* advantage, and the lights shaddowings.

Favorinus perceiving all, and looking a long time very *stedfastly* upon her, at last he told her, that *now he had lookt more* warily *upon her physiogmony, she was an* indifferent *handsome Woman, but wish'd her, not to be too proud, for that was all: even handsome enough to make a Wife, and that was all that could be said of her.*

She (*more glad of that* under-*word* from *him*, than of all the *Hyperbole*'s that had been given her by his *Betters*, said, desiring to improve his good opinion of her, by taking that as a *courtesie* from *him* which would have been an *injury* from *another*) gives him this answer, *You are pleased to attribute a perfection to me above my merit; for, that is the highest degree of naturall endowments, if there be sufficiency thereof inherent in any Woman to preferre her to that state and condition, with what greater priviledge can Nature adorne her chiefest Favourites, than with capacity to attaine to that which is the end of their Creation; but, as I like you in that you have not trod in the beaten-road of common Flatterers, so I must tell you, you have trod beside the path which leads to verity; for, I fall short of those demerits which you speake of, witnesse your owne judgment.*

Favorinus looks into the Garden, and askes her, *if that Window were not a Dore that opened into those Walks?*

Bisalta said, *Yes:* and opened it immediately, which gave them both leave (a breast) to change the *closer* for the *open* ayre.

Favorinus measuring the Gravel-walke with his paces awhile, at last he makes a stand, and with his Cane in his hand makes a Circle upon the ground, incloshing himselfe as a tittle in that round [⊙] where he thus speaks unto his Widow, *Madame, thus it is in short, now I am to be had; but if ever I step one step out of this Circle, if there were no more Men in the world, no Woman alive should have me.*

And as he was going to step out of the round, she bids him, *Hold*; asking him, *Sir, shall I not speake in vaine? will you not refuse your selfe my Husband, if I should now say, I am your Wife?*

Favorinus engages his Honour, that *she should not, if without any delayes she gave her* full *consent, and tooke him whilst he was in the humour.*

Then (said *Biſalta*) *Sir, I am yours, and all my Fortunes as much at your diſpoſall as my ſelfe.*

Agreed (said *Favorinus.*)

And pull'd her within the line of Communication, where they plighted their Troths to one another, calling their Servants to ſtand by as Witneſſes, and the Gods to ſit in preſence; where we muſt leave them for a while, to trace the Succeſſes of *Bertaldo* and *Berontus* in their Adventures.

Chap. XIX.

Bertaldo *arrives at* Spaine. *He is entertained by the Duke of* Medina Cæli. *His Valarous behaviour in the Battell againſt the* Moores: *the Duke acknowledges* Periiſſa *to be his Daughter, and beſtowes her upon* Bertaldo. *He heads the* Alpian *Bandits, and helps* Berontus *to overthrow the remainder of the* Goths. Amariſſa *found to be the Siſter of* Bertaldo.

AS to the firſt, *Bertaldo* had no ſooner arrived at *Porto Sancta Maria*, and acquir'd convenience for his comportment to *Cogollndo*, the Duke of *Medina Cæli* his Manſion houſe, in the Kingdome of *Toledo*, but he could hear how that all *Spaine* was up in Armes; and then upon the generall deſigne of Expulſing the *Moores*. It rejoyced *Bertaldo* exceedingly, that occaſion was given him, of meriting the acquaintance of that truth, the invention whereof was his ſole imployment. Wherefore, without any other expoſtulations with him (for the preſent) he tells him *who he was*, and *that he came to offer his Service in this Expedition*: and withall, let him not be ignorant how it had been his Trade: And (as modeſtly as he could) told him, *with what Succeſſes his good Fortune had beene Crown'd in former Victories againſt that Nation.*

Cæli makes it known unto him how much he acknowledged himſelfe Honour'd with that tendure; and although the Ancient Family of the *Cerda*'s acknowledg'd him to be the Chief, and his *Bloud* no leſſe *Royall*, than the Potent Kings of *Caſtile* have acknowledg'd his deſcent; yet he muſt ſubmit to him that writ himſelf *Newphew* to the *Emperour* of the World; and that he ſhould not onely Command him, but beſpeak his own Commands.

I here intend no deſcription of Battailes, or to ſpeak, [Comme Un Clerc Des Armes] it ſhall ſuffice, that *Bertaldo* had ſuch a Command as deſerv'd his Conduct, and fitted his mind; wherewith he behav'd himſelfe ſo Gallantly (in that Bloudy and laſt day of Battaile, that ever was fought betweene the daring *Spaniards*, and the moſt Barbarous and Bloudy *Moores*) that he not onely got

immortall

immortall Honour (especially in that dayes Service) to the amazement of those Gallant soules, (I mean the *Spaniards*) who are never sparing in giving Worth (the just reward of prayses) in what Countryman soever the desert is found, and as wary in putting Palmes into their owne natives *Hands* where they are claimed, but with the least doubt of merit) having once rescued their King from eminent danger, twice thrust his Launce through the maine body of the Tawny Monster; and at last, when *Cæli's* Son had lost his life in the Cause, and by his death had gained his Friends the Victory. *Bertaldo* would not suffer the sacrifice to be of none effect; but gave the *Moores* (quickly) to understand, that his *Blood* was *Poyson* to their hopes, *Gall* and *Vineger* to their *Thirst*; and every *drop*, *Periods* to their Successes.

Thus *Spaine* formerly lost by Lust, and entred by these *Moores*, in at the sides of a lascivious ravisher, was Re-instated by means of a Chast Virgin.

Bertaldo having acted his part so well, *Cæli* was not backward to Honour him with the highest respects that could be imagined, among the rest he express'd upon occasion a great deal of willingnesse to serve his merits.

Bertaldo reply'd, *That it lay in his power to doe him that Curtesie, that would be the most acceptable favour of any thing that lay in his power to grant, or his, to ask.*

Cæli asked him *what it was*, and told him *it should be granted?*

I ask you nothing (said *Bertaldo*) *but that you would give me* truth.

Cæli bid him onely *aske and have, find and take.*

Then I ask you upon your Honour: Had you not a Daughter who was called Periissa, *mark't with the Sun and Moon upon her Arme? Have you not put this Daughter from you? was she not carried into a strange Country? and will you not re-call her back againe? or how long doe you intend she shall be forsaken?*

Cæli admires the perspicuity of that *Mystery*, and tells him, That *for truth sake he would not deceeceive him, and for his promise sake he would not utterly relinquish her*; telling him moreover, *he did it but to humble the Mother that bare her, and to lead his Child through adversity, that she might attaine to that perfection of humility, of which he hop'd by this time she was mistresse of:* assuring him, that *though she seem'd to be out of his sight, and he might seeme to hide his face from her, yet his providence was never wanting in the supply of such necessaries as were expedient for her, though she knew not whence they came, and that now the time was come for her recallment, her only Brother being dead, and she all the Children he had living.*

But Bertaldo (said the Duke) *how came you to understand all this?*

Onely by hearing, seeing, and believing (said *Bertaldo*) *by hearkning to* Adminda's *voice; by seeing the* Signes *and* Wonders *upon her Armes, and by believing both.*

Cæli ask'd him, *Have you not brought a* Petition *with you, as well as a* Narration?

Bertaldo ſaid *I have, and it is ſoone ſaid. I deſire your Daughter.*

Cæli reply'd, *and it is as ſoone granted: She is yours, and all that* Cœli *has to give; but you muſt have her upon this one condition.*

I will performe it what ever it be, if it be poßible (ſaid *Bertaldo.*)

To which *Cæli* made no other reply but this: *Thus poßible it is, you muſt loſe no time in the accompliſhment of your owne deſires.*

That I may not (ſaid *Bertaldo*) *I take my leave to be obedient to your Commands:* ſo departed: and finding that Prince of the Ayre to blow contrary *winds* in the full *face* of his deſigne, he feared it would be conſtrued negligence to attend that favour: wherefore he croſs'd the *Pereneau* and *Alpian* Mountaines to overcome a difficulty, and the better to *croſſe* that *Mediterranean*, that deny'd him paſſage *all along*; where behold this faithfull diligence made him fortunate in an exploit beyond his expectation; for, *Berontus* having arrived at *Rome*, about the time that the fatall houre of the *Gothes* deſtruction was drawing on, being entertain'd under the Emperour *Honorius*, and having *conditions* anſwering his *dignity*, he hapned to be an inſtrument whereunto the glory of that day owned its chief acknowledgment; ſo that the Emperialiſts having twice beaten the *Gothes* in two ſeverall Combates; at laſt, the Eagle with her large-ſpread-wings made theſe *Tramantanean* birds fall upon the *Italian* earth, and lie full low at the feet of her owne *Alpes*; *Alarick* perceiving himſelfe thrice worſted, and at laſt neceſſitated to ſeek unto the Streights mouthes to be received into their protections; the *Alpian Bandites* (together with all the Inhabitants of the *White Region*, and Travellers in that *Galaxie* or Milky-way of Heaven-treaders under their feet, thoſe cloud-over-topping, sky-threatning, and heaven-aſpiring parcels of earth) hearing of this newes, (like ſo many black Ravens, Kites, and Crowes, aſſembled themſelves in expectation of the fall of ſome ſick and dying beaſt) were thus prepared to watch their opportunities, how they might make a prey of the remainder of this bleeding Army; but their Tumults wanted policy and good conduct, which could not be wanting aſſoone as *Bertaldo* was come amongſt them; who hearing the *newes*, offered his *ſervice*. They knowing the *Man*, were more glad than willing to be commanded by him: he diſpoſes of them in ſuch a manner, as they prov'd ſuch a *Remora* to the Ship of their proceedings, that it was ſoone overtaken by the purſuing Enemy, who being *van'd* and *rear'd* with Enemies alike, *flankt* on both ſides with invincible Rocks and Mountaines, they were all there ſlaine, taken Priſoners, and made a prey to thoſe, who were not enough to reap the benefit of ſo great a harveſt.

Berontus wondred who it ſhould be, that ſhould ſtop ſo *fierce* a torrent, and give battaile to *deſpaire*. *Bertaldo* wondred who it ſhould be that ſhould fall on with ſuch a maine: and who ſhould theſe two be, but the two devoted Servants to *true Piety* and *Virtue*, able at any time to conquer *more* than Men, and to be *more* than Conquerours.

They ſaluted one another, having time enough upon their march between

between that and *Rome*, to recite all their ſeverall paſſages to one another, who were both confident, that their endeavours derived their ſucceſſes from the prayers of Innocents.

Both of them reſolving upon the way to begge that boone of the Emperour, upon their firſt arrivall, to know of *Honorius* how *Amariſſa* was his Neece, and *Bertaldo*'s Siſter? but their thoughts were more reſolv'd than their reſolution was requiſite; for, the whole buſineſſe concerning *Amariſſa* was generally knowne amongſt the *Romanes*, before *Berontus* his returne to *Rome*: and thus it came about. *Flaccus*, Brother to the Emperour *Honorius*, had a pretty Daughter who was bewitched, being a Childe at Nurſe, into extreame deformity, who fearing the perpetuity of that Enchantment (which was but for a time) he forthwith made his Brother the Emperour acquainted with the diſaſter; who unwilling that ſuch an ey-ſore ſhould be viſible upon ſo unblemiſht a race of humane kinde, as he ſuppoſed his owne to be, advis'd his Brother *to ſend her away into ſome foraine Countrey, and to give ſuch a ſumme of Money with her, as ſome ſelected one for the ſame purpoſe would be glad of; who thereby might thinke themſelves ſufficiently engag'd, as well for ſecreſie, as maintenance*: Accordingly *Flaccus* found out a fit inſtrument to worke upon, one *Galeas*, a needy Sea-man, belonging to *Cheru* a poore fiſhing-towne upon the coaſts of *Affrica*, within ſix leagues of *Carthage*, where *Amariſſa* was foſtred up under the wel-enabled and vigilant care of *Galeas* Wife ſeven yeares; at the end of which tearme, the Spell having loſt its virtue, *Amariſſa* came to her former feature, and her Princely countenance received its proper lineaments of majeſtie, which together with the pregnant wit wherewith ſhe was more than liberally endowed by the gifts of nature, ſo wrought upon her Nurſe, that ſhe was more tender of her than of any of her owne Children, ſo tender that ſhe never reveal'd that ſecret unto her, as her being not her owne: and riper yeares making her more capable of further knowledge, and enabling her with more cunning to get out more, her Nurſe at laſt confeſt unto her, that *ſhe was ſome* great *Mans Childe, but ſhe could not tell her whoſe, in regard that her Husband was caſt away at ſea, before ſhe had got the reſt out of him*, withall ſhewing her the *Mantle* wherein ſhe was delivered unto her Husband; whoſe no leſſe *antiquity* than *richneſſe* with its *curious wrought* (yet *worn out*) Enſigns of majeſty, ſpake it a *caſt* Ornament out of ſome Princes Wardrobe; this was all the Card, wherein ſhe could poſſibly read her *Pedegree*, this was all the *Records* whereby ſhe could come to the knowledge of her *Anceſtors*: the drie Nurſe had nothing more to ſay, but that *ſhe knew no more*, and *wiſh'd ſhe could doe her any ſervice, whereby ſhe might attaine to the knowledge of her owne Parents.*

Amariſſa climbing up apace to the yeares of diſcretion, this tender Sapling at the firſt bearing, yeilded theſe fruits of Policy, grafted upon the ſtock of her owne invention; *For*, (ſaid ſhe) unto her Nurſe-Mother (for ſo ſhe alwaies call'd her) *I have heard you often*

say, that your Husband had receiv'd me at the hands of a Romane *Matron*; *more than that, either he could not say, or would not tell you*; *it will not avail us (now) to be inquisitive after that matter, since he is dead who only could decide the businesse*; *but this I would faine supplicate to your indulgent care and love, that's alwaies exercis'd in my behalfe*: *Crosse the Sea, goe to* Rome, *carry the* Mantle *with you, and see who will owne it, know whose Armes they be, what the signification of those* Hieroglyphicks *are*; *and when you have inform'd your selfe as much as you can, or can thereby come to the knowledge of whose it was, tell them how that Mantle wrapt a little Childe that was enchanted by some* Sorcery *or* Magick Spell, *whose craft has now left working, the Cast-away is Fourteen yeares of age, and hath her growth, limbs, and lineaments, with features which they may behold without regret, if they would be pleased to owne their Childe.*

Gensola (for so the Nurse was call'd) was mervailously taken with the Exploit, infinitely commending her wisdome and advice, but commends her most of all by putting it in execution: Beyond-sea she goes, she and her Mantle; to *Rome* she comes, up and down the street she trapes, shewing it to this body and to that; at last she was taken upon suspition of *Felonie*, clapt up in Prison, brought to her Triall, where *Fineus* himselfe sitting upon the Bench, heard her relate (in her owne defence) all the particulars as is before expreſt, stands her Friend, and stickles so much in her behalf, that her Tale was credited, but he would not owne the Mantle, which he caused to be taken from her, nor the Child he would not send for; so great a *power* has *shame* over *delinquency*, rather (against the bonds of nature) to run into a *twofold* Error, than acknowledge *one*: yet nature wrought this effect in him, he sends for the Woman privately, and communes with her, at a distance, concerning *Amarissa*; satisfies himselfe fully in the businesse, commends her for her good will and care, rewards her highly, tells her nothing, but advises her to *conceal* her foster-Child, to be *entertained* with her *condition* untill such time as *opportunity* should serve, and *he season* give her *information* whose she was: For his owne part he was a Friend, that would not let her want so long as she could be silent, sending her such a summe of *money* as he cared not who took notice of; one withall, inclosing within a Cabinet sealed up, and boorded about, wherein was enclosed *jewells* of inestimable value, with this Letter in it:

AMarissa, *you must not know from whence this comes, nor who it is that sends it you*; *upon this Condition you shall never be without continuall supplies*: *Wants not Patience, and you shall never want*; *be obedient to Necessity for a while, and Contentment shall crowne your desires hereafter with the knowledge of what you are, and who it is that writes so like*

A Friend

This Letter was thus superscribed,

For the forlorne, yet accomplish'd

AMARISSA.

With these Instructions and satisfactions *Ganzala* return'd to *Affrica*, delivers *Amarissa* her mind together with the Money she was entrusted with, who thought she had delivered all, together with the Cabinet, which she tooke to be no more than an ordinary Box; which when *Amarissa* had opened (all alone) having observ'd that policy stampt upon the Seals, she found no lesse treasure (of inestimable value) in the Cabinet, than a Cabinet in the Letter, beyond all estimation both for secresie and counsell, whose private boxes she was not able to finde out. Thus farre satisfied (as it was enough at once) she rests contented, rather pleasing her selfe with *present* hopes of future revelation (in its due time) then tormenting her selfe with *prepostorous* scrutinie into the seldome-solid grounds of anticipation, she went as farre as *reason* would give her leave, and commands what *common* sence witnesseth to be within her power, she gave her selfe what Education *money* would purchase, and wore as good *cloathes* as price could reach, when both had made her a Companion for the best, she thought her self beholding to those for her acceptance who were beneath her equalls, by valuing others Jewels she came to know the price of her owne, at last (having more than ordinary parts) there was more than ordinary notice taken of her perfection, insomuch, that she was presented (as a speciall rarity) to the old Princesse, who dying, Prince *Lorenzo* entertain'd as the greatest beauty, till *Honoria* her over-matching and comely feature let him know, that there was a beauty surpassing *that*; which could not be *excell'd* but by her owne flesh and blood, where having brought her *off* and *on Lorenzo*'s love, *in* and *out* of *Bertaldo*'s armes, we will make her amends in making haste to place her in *Berontus*'s bosome, and agree all Parties, after that we have brought *Bertaldo* and *Berontus* home from *Rome*.

After three yeares time had made *Honorius*'s *condition* no lesse *desperate* than his *whole* Empire *shaken* by that *terrible* invasion of the *Gothes*, it fortuned that *Flaccus* (having received his deaths-wound & in the Enemies custody) desired the priviledge of his barbarous Enemy, that he might be permitted to write a Letter to his Brother the Emperour: which being granted unto him, his dying-hand set pen to paper that writ this Letter to *Honorius*:

Brother,

I *Acknowledge a judgement of non-prosperity befalne me, ever since I tooke your counsell of* abandoning *my* owne *Childe in her affliction, whom I should have rather cherish'd than forsaken, and now punishment hath overtaken my offence, I feare me the like hath befalne you for your advising me thereunto, I doubt it will never be happy dayes with you, untill you have rectified this Errour.* Amarissa *she's well, she lives in* Cheru, *within six leagues of* Carthage, *the Womans name is* Ganzala *with whom she lives, the* Mantle *wherein I sent her away is in my house; the Lord Chief Justice of the Bench will relate unto you the whole story*

when you ſhew him the Mantle, *tell him of the* African *Woman that was queſtioned before him for a Felon, and ſhew him my Letter: I can write no more, but find my ſelfe diſpos'd more and more to bid you farewell,*

FLACCVS.

Flaccus dying almoſt with the pen in his hand, the *Gothiſh King* perceiving the contents of the Letter, and nothing deſirous to contribute the leaſt aſſiſtance to the removall of any judgments from over his head, whoſe deſtruction was his deſign, conceal'd the Letter: ſuch *fallings ſhort* are men *incident* to meet withall, who *procraſtinate* their *amendments*, and leave their *good Deeds* to be *performed* by their *Executors*.

But *Berontus*, *Amynda's* Favourite, Fortune's Minion, Fortitudes Piller, and Heire to Juſtice, muſt bring all theſe things to light; for, in the firſt Battaile that ever he ſtruck with the Emperour againſt the *Gothes*, he ſeiz'd the *Gothiſh* Kings Pavilion, wherein amongſt other Papers, after that *Berontus* had received Orders to proſecute the *Gothes*, the Emperour (at leiſure) found this Letter, ſent for the Juſtice, ſhewed him the Letter, view'd the Mantle, wherein were ſcarce (diſtinctly) perceiv'd the Emperours Armes, the *black-ſpread-Eagle*, who had loſt its colour, very little of whoſe *body* could be perceiv'd, onely the *head* and part of *both* the *wings* might be diſcern'd, the *border round about it* quite worne *out*, onely the *titulary* Letters were plaine and legible: In a word, by that time *Bertaldo* and *Berontus* were return'd to *Rome*, being received as triumphantly by the Emperour, as joyfully by the People, they were entertain'd with revelations, for all things were made ready to their hands, there needed but little examinations where confeſſions were ſo plaine, records ſo evident, and witneſſes ſo palpable in their demonſtrations: but to make haſte to *Carthage*.

CHAP.

Chap. XX.

Bertaldo *and* Berontus *returne to* Carthage *with joyfull Tydings.* Bertaldo *is Married to* Periiſſa. Berontus *to* Amariſſa. Favorinus *to* Biſalta. Hortenſius *to* Pippea. Prickette *to* Rivana. Lorenzo *and* Honoria, Corderius *and* Fortunata, Thoron *and* Armena *Solemnize the Wedding.*

Bertaldo and *Berontus*, the one having received many Favours from his Royall Uncle; the other Acknowledgements that he was his Nephew, like two skales equally poiz'd by the hand of Juſtice, (one fill'd with *Weight*, the other with *Value*) both returne to *Carthage*, where we imagine them *unloading* themſelves (of the glad Tydings that were ſuch *Burthens* to them) till they had thrown them off their *retentive faculty* into their Miſtreſſes *eares*.

Have you ſeene, or can you imagine, how an Uſurer welcomes *full* Bags of *Gold* (in their telling) when they are paid unto him (with all their intereſt) out of ſome deſperate Debt? So ſatisfi'd were the expectations of theſe Votaries, with the Relation that they made, and the good Account that they had given them in every particular.

Never before this time were all the *Blockers* knockt out of the way for the well-delivered *Bowle* (*fairly*) to take its *courſe*, *Court* and *Kiſſe* its *Miſtreſſe*, ſent from the never-erring hand of Providence.

Bertaldo takes *Periiſſa* by the Hand, and thus ſpeakes unto her: Periiſſa, *the Bleſsing of Heaven, the* Joy *of the whole Earth, the* Fruit *of Paradiſe, natures* Excellency; *the* Ornament *of Humility, the* Mirrour *of Chaſtity, the* Ne plus ultra, *to the* degrees *of Love*; *whoſe* Merrit *is above my* Recompence! conſtancy *denyes an* imitation, *whoſe* value *hath no* Price! *whoſe* ſelf *ſo* good, *that* Flatteries *can neither* hurt, *nor* Hyperboles reach! *How happy am I in anſwering thy ſo* well-*contrived affections with a* compleat *furniture for ſo* fair *a roome! here let me take a* Chamber *for* eternity, *and let no time out me from* poſſeſſion *of this Happineſſe!*

Periiſſa anſwers this Speech with *admiration*, and *lookes* anſwers 'fore ſhe *ſpeakes*; at laſt ſhe findes the *doore* of *utterance*.

Bertaldo (ſaid *Periiſſa*) *how happy hath my* ſuppoſed *unworthineſſe made this* equality *between us! how great a friend hath my* deſpaire *been to this our* Union! *None can* rejoyce *at the comfortableneſſe of* Fire, *but* he *that comes out of the* Cold; *none can be* glad *of* Meat, *but* he *that is a* Hungry; *and* none *can* ſlack *his* Thirſt, *but* he *that was* a-dry: Colours *cannot be better* commended *than by their* contraries; *nor* Miracles *more taken* notice *of, than by* impoſſibilities. *Wherefore*

the wiſe Creator in manifeſting his omnipotence, rais'd a glorious Light *from* Darkneſſe; *drew* Method *from* Confuſion; Order *from the* Chaos: *and at laſt, compos'd a* Firmament *of the* weakeſt *of all elements. Such a patterne hath* Bertaldo *followed; now he hath rais'd his* Periiſſa *from ſuch weak hopes, to ſo firme a confidence, whilſt ſhe was in ſo* dark *a condition, to* ſhine *with ſo* bright *a Luſtre in his Eyes; and through* impoſſibilities *to cut out, and plaine away for my acceßion to this Throne: Wherefore, ever let my chiefeſt care to* pleaſe you *be* my Crown; *and all my* Paſſions, *my* Subjects.

Whilſt *Bertaldo* and *Periiſſa* were courting one another, and both congratulating their good Fortune; ſmiling upon the Starres that ſhowr'd downe their choiceſt influence upon their Heads: *Berontus* and *Amariſſa* thus all the while beſtowed themſelves in their behaviour and language. *Berontus* tooke his *Amariſſa* by the hand, whoſe ſprightly behaviour anſwered the tacture, with like affection, as when good conceits meet with quainteſt wits; whereby it becomes a hard matter to diſcerne whether of both are better pleas'd, the giver, or receiver. Both theſe make one paſtime, theſe both one happineſſe, and thus he ſpeakes unto her:

Amariſſa, the maine engine from whom the wheel of Fortune borrowes its motion; the Ball whom Envie toſſes above its owne head by ſpurning at it; the Vine that gives it ſelfe its education, and can exhale nouriſhment out of its owne body without the uſuall, and outward bark of Parents: how pleaſing are the remembrances of thoſe things which were ſo hard to ſuffer? how contentfull are the atchievements which break their way through difficulties? was ever Love unfetter'd ſo as mine hath been? were ever Hearts unchain'd as ours? was there ever ſo faſt a Knot untyed before? did ever any Act paſſe ſo farre beyond all hope?

Amariſſa, *there is a Joy that* may *be expreſs'd, there is a Joyfulneſſe that can* hardly *be uttered; but the gladneſſe that affects me in having you, hath no Language: wherefore all muſt now lie at the* mercy *of your* belief; *believe but* half *of that that is, and your belief ſurpaſſes* all *imagination.* To which *Amariſſa* reply'd,

Berontus, *in anſwer to your* Metaphors *and* Compellations, *I could call you Heire to Juſtice;* Amynda's *Favourite,* Fortitudes *right Hand, Fortunes* Minion, *the Peoples* Darling: *But I conceive more felicity in ſaying,* My Berontus, *which includes* all *that can be ſaid: And for your doubt of my belief, Alas! I have an* Inmate *in my breaſt, that* leads *my Faith by the* hand, *like a* Child, *and ſhewes me all the ſecrets of your Heart: No* Berontus, *thou haſt met with roome enough to* hoard *up all thy* ſtore *of Merit, if thou thinkeſt the place worthy of it.*

Whilſt *Bertaldo* and *Periiſſa, Berontus* and *Amariſſa* were geminating Hearts and Soules, *Hortenſius* and *Pippea* ſtanding at a diſtance, ape one another into their ſimilitude and likeneſſe; *Hortenſius* takes *Pippea* by the Hand, who receives his Curteſie with ſuch a kind of Laughter, as Country Laſſes cannot chuſe but make when they firſt ride in Chariots, which hath not its proceedence from *ridiculouſneſſe*

lonſneſſe, but from a mixture of *joy* and *baſhfulneſſe*, to ſee themſelves ſo *highly* grac'd *above* their merits, and thus he ſpake unto her:

Pippea, Why may there not be as much ſincerity and affection expreſs'd by ſticking a Cowſlip *or a* Gilliflower *within thy breaſt, as there can be either in the choiceſt* Tulip, *or the moſt fragrant* Roſe? *as they are not altogether ſo* beautifull *and* delightfull *to ſome of the ſences, ſo they offend* none; *whereas the high-priz'd* Tulip *has no* ſavour, *and the ſweet* Roſe *growes upon ſuch* Prickles *as oftentimes offends the touch, often cauſing the ſame* fingers *to bleed ſoarly that pluckt them from their ſtalks.*

Why talks my Hortenſius *thus to me?* (ſaid Pippea) *there are* Ladyes-gloves, Silver-haire, *and* Marigolds *to be found in the Common*-fields, *which are not in Ladyes* gardens; *let them* plume *the* corners *of their* beds *with* gilded-feathers, *whilſt* we border *ours with* dayſies *and* everlaſting.

Whil'ſt theſe three paire of Lovers were courting one another, *Lorenzo* and *Honoria* could not uſe any *language* for *hearkning* to what they had *ſaid*, nor other *behaviour* for *obſerving* theirs: both were exceeding glad to ſee the corne ſo *fluſter* upon the ground that was *ſowed* by their hands, and come to ſuch maturity as required their ſickle to be thruſt into their harveſt, that ſhould cut downe the *looſe* eares that were *open* to further diſcourſe, that they might be bound up in the *band* of unity: wherefore *Lorenzo* and *Honoria* appoint the time of Marriage, and that, no longer then the day that followed; they ſend for the *Heraulds*, and asked their advice about the manner of the ſolemnity, charging them, that *it might be performed with the greateſt* ſtate *and* magnificence *that lay within the power of* art *and* coſt *to ſet it forth.*

The Heraulds anſwered, that *all things were in a readineſſe, that preparation it ſelf could ſet in order; but there was one thing requiſite, which if it could be effected, nothing could more conduce* to make *it ſolemne*, viz: that *theſe ſolemnities might have their ſhadowes, and theſe paires their ſeconds; which* (they ſaid) *might be eaſily done if they intended Marriages betweene* Favorinus *and* Biſalta, Hortenſius *and* Pippea *might have ſuch accelerations as they might all meet in parallels upon the ſame day.*

The propoſition pleaſed the Princes well, and the Ladyes moſt of all; it was ſo order'd by *Lorenzo*, whoſe commands *plain'd* all difficulties, and *cut* off all delayes: The Parties were ſent for; ſent for, came; no ſooner there, but all agreed: *Corderius* made a motion to all the Company, that *to his knowledge there were a Couple to be Married, and the time appointed was but the day after the morrow whereon theſe ſolemnities were to be performed, he ſaw no reaſon but that they ſhould take them alſo into the number that the Temple might be full:* They all conſented, and were earneſt to know *who they were?* and being told them, who ſhould it be, but poor *Prickette* and *Rivana*;

joy, and *mirth*, and *willingneſſe*, were expreſſed *all* at *once* for his *reception*: A Herauld at Armes was ſent to *Prickette* to ſummon him to the Wedding, and to command him to be ready on the morrow with his Sweet-heart, to be Married with the reſt.

The Heraulds having ended their debatements concerning the particular Ceremonies, it was concluded, that *Bertaldo* and *Berontus* ſhould have *Banners* carried before *them*, wherein were curiouſly repreſented *all* the famous deeds of Chivalry that had been perform'd by thoſe *Heroes*, when they moſt *quench'd* their *thirſting* after fame, and ſo they were to make a moſt *ſolemne* proceſſion up to the Temple of *Virtue*; and through it, to the Temple of *Honour*; where ſuch *unions* were to be made as *divided* themſelves into *halves* to be *wholly* one anothers: But, as for *Favorinus* and *Biſalta*, *Hortenſius* and *Pippea*, whoſe utmoſt merits aym'd at no higher perfection than *morallity*, their *aſcendent* was to be no *higher* than to the Temple of *Virtue*, and *there* to conſummate their Vowes, where the *totall* ſumme of all their merits would not ariſe in their *particulars* to any tearmes of Honour: But, *Prickette* and *Rivana they* were to goe no farther than to the *portch* of the Temple, *there* to content themſelves with *compatible* ſolemnities.

This *Concluſion*, was no *ſmall* occaſion of *much* diſtraction; for, *Biſalta* (a Woman of a high ſpirit) was not a little diſpleas'd that ſhe ſhould wed her ſelfe to a Man of no *atchievements*, and to one that could not lead her up the ſteps of Honour, ſo that at *laſt* ſhe began to *ſwell* bigger with *ſcorne* than when he *ſcorn'd* her *firſt*: and thus ſhe openly expreſt her diſcontents before all the Company, *Muſt I beſtow my ſelfe, and* ſmile *a fortune upon a Man that can anſwer my deſerts with no* higher *advance to than ſet me* downe *at Virtue's feet? whoſe Temple as it is a* thorow-fare *to Honours, I like full-well; but as it is a* confine, *I like the Seat no more than if he had ſate me upon the* Stoole *of* ſad *Repentance. I thought (when I ſaw him firſt* (active *as* lightning) *get up upon his* flying *Horſe) he had been able to have* pluckt bright Honour from the pale-fac'd Moone; *but* now, *I ſee, that* Hares *and* Partridges, *were the* Trophees *of his* greateſt Victories: *ſhe could be no more contented with that* beggarly *glory, than* Eagles *could make it their repaſt to catch at* Flies.

Nor was this all, for *Pippea* takes her Sweet-heart *Hortenſius* aſide, and tells him, *Hortenſius, thou art an* honeſt *man, but that is* all: *what a fine thing it would have been if thou hadſt done ſome* famous *act whereby we two might have been Married in the Temple of* Honour *with* Bertaldo *and* Periſſa, Berontus *and* Amariſſa? *I love thee well already, but if thou hadſt been a* martiall *Man, Oh how happy ſhould I have been!*

Why (ſaid *Hortenſius*) *what is that to love? why ſhould Women be ſo much in love with bloody hands?*

Oh (ſaid *Pippea*) *they are not bloody except they be ſtain'd with* unlawfull *blood! he that knowes how to conquer Men, knowes how to de-*

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*fend a Womans honour : who would Marry a Milk-*ſop ? Hortenſius, *canſt thou not doe* one *gallant exploit or other, and let Marrying alone for awhile ? I would faine be Married in the Temple of* Honour, *I will promiſe thee that I will love thee twice as much, and doe any thing for thee that thou wilt have me doe.*

Hortenſius (put *off* and *on* two *ſuch* buſineſſes as *neither* lik'd him) was not a little troubled : yet he was contented enough to make a *virtue* of *neceſsity*, and climbe to Honour through that aſcent, but he wanted an opportunity, which was preſently offer'd him, for behold, Whil'ſt theſe affaires were in agitation, there came a *hot* and *ſtinging* alarum to the Court, that young *Towolin*, Emperour of the *Abiſsines*, had invaded the Dominion, and entred farre into the Countrey with a mighty Army, in purſuance of his Fathers Quarrell ; this ſudden newes *lock'd* up the Temple gates, and tooke their *reſolutions* off the *hinges :* for, neither of thoſe two Worthies thought it gallantry to *creep* to happineſſe *between* a paire of *ſheets*, whil'ſt the Enemy had *colours* flying in the *field* that invited them to *honour* and *ſafety :* and *Periiſſa* perceiving how Planet-ſtrucken *Favorinus* and *Hortenſius* were through want of merit, (to anſwer the expectations of their *envious* Miſtreſſes) ſhe encourages them to reſolutions that ſhould *wreſt* the *wreath of Bayes* out of the hand of *fame*, and with as much *eaſe* as if ſhe had been a *Childe* had held it in her hand. *Favorinus* and *Hortenſius*, *fir'd* with *hope*, and *fill'd* with *confidence*, knowing, that a better School-Miſtreſſe could not direct them in that diſcipline, were reſolv'd to follow her inſtructions whatſoever they were, verily believing, that nothing could be found *impoſsible* or *difficult* that ſhe call'd *eaſie* ; wherefore they deſir'd her to *lay her commands upon them, and to acquaint them with the deſigne, and ſhe ſhould ſee that the fault ſhould not lye in* them, *but (if any were) in* her *who was never faulty*. She declares it to them, (which we will forbeare to *expreſſe* till the act *ſhowes*) they like it well, all was in a readineſſe ; the Army is drawne out and face each other : who but *Favorinus*, and *Hortenſius* ! all the *common* Souldiers, and *inferiour* Officers, admire to ſee them ſent to ; and running in and out ſo often to and from the Councell of Warre ; ſome jearingly ask'd one another, *If Favorinus had e're a Hawke to flie ?* Others ſaid, *If there were but a Hare in his way, how bravely would he charge the Enemy, with a cry of Doggs ?* Others jear'd *Hortenſius*, and ask'd, *What have we to doe with this Gardener here ? what ? is he ſent for to the Councell of Warre ?* Others anſwering, that *ſure he was ſent for to line the hedges :* Others ſaying, *If all yonder Regiments were but ſo many private Buſhes, how bravely would he top their heads with his Garden-ſhears !* Thus *idle* Courtiers, and *upſtart* Favourites, muſt be contented to be *jeer'd* when they are out of their *element*, the courted, till they have made themſelves *famous* by ſome *exploits*, and then they ſtop the mouthes of their Adverſaries.

But to the buſineſſe it ſelfe, *Favorinus* and *Hortenſius*, according

to *Periiſſa* her directions, *black* their hands and faces with an unguent which ſhe had given them, and ſo under a *two*-fold darkneſſe of *night* and *hue*, repaire to the Enemies Camp, and never left moving from place to place untill they came to the Emperours Tent; where watching their opportunity (when the Emperour was leaſt attended) they entred the Pavilion, where *Favorinus*, ſlayes the Emperour; and *Hortenſius*, the Standard-bearer; together with the Emperour's Page; which were all the heads, that the Tent ore-covered at that inſtant: the chief whereof *Favorinus* cuts from the body, and *Hortenſius* takes the *Standard* in his hand, as *Favorinus* did the *head*, wherewith they both mounted on Horſeback, exhorting the Souldiers to *ſtand to their Armes*, crying out, *the Enemy is upon us!* the Officers and Souldiers (taking them to be ſome of the chief Commanders, but could not informe themſelves in the darke, they ſtanding not ſtill to give information) take the alarum: Trumpets ſound to Horſe, the Drums beat. *Lorenzo*, by this diſorder, knew that the worke was done; and (according as they had layd the deſigne) fell upon the *Moores*; who running to their Emperour to receive Orders, found him *without* a head; by reaſon of which confuſion, the *Carthaginians* ſoone devour'd that headleſſe Monſter, as if ſo many *hounds* had ſeiz'd upon a new-falne *ſtagge*: *thus* was that *great* Army *ſoone* diſſolv'd by the two conſtant Followers of *Periiſſa* her direction; who returning from the Warres, *Favorinus* being poeticall given, ſtraines his Genius that way to frame theſe Verſes in honour of his Directreſſe:

The floating ſhip, *is govern'd by the* card;
The Architect, *muſt have his* ſquare *at hand*;
The glittering buckler, *doth the Souldier* ward,
(Although aſſaulted by a mighty *band)*
Whilſt breathing I remaine, Periiſſa, *ſhe*
A Card, Square, Buckler, *and a* Shield *ſhall be.*

A card, *which me directs, to heavens* coaſt;
A ſquare, *to governe all my* actions *by*;
A buckler, *to defend me from an* hoaſt:
Then ſhall I Devill, world, *and* fleſh, *defie*:
And though to them (at firſt) I ſeeme to pray,
Yet doubt I not, but I ſhall win the day.

Now the Marriages run on wheels, and the *compleat Armour* muſt give way to *wedding Garments*; *Gantlets* muſt be throwne aſide to put on *wedding Gloves*, and *plumes* of *feathers* bend whilſt *head-pieces* doe vail to *bonnets* ſtuck with *bridal-favors*. Now *all* muſt into the *Temple* of *Honour*; *Favorinus* muſt have the *black* head of the *darke* Emperour, carried before him: *Hortenſius* the *Standard* that he tooke; all was *ayre*, and *light*, and *fire*, and *ſunnes*, and *moones*, and *ſtarres*:

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onely *Prickette* and *Rivana* they were *dull*, and *earth*, and *heavy*; having no merit to lay claime to Virtue or Honour, they were (likely) to loſe their ſhares in the *glory* of the *day*.

Wherefore, *Rivana* told her Sweet-heart (plainly) that *She would not be Married in a Portch, ſhe ſaw no reaſon but that* he *was as good a Man as* Hortenſius, *and if he was* not, *it was his* owne *fault, he* might *have been if he would: why did he not goe into the Warres, and doe as he did? for her part, ſhe hated a Man that was good for nothing: and if he would needs Marry in a Portch let him get one that would, for ſhe would not be made a laughing-ſtock for the beſt of them all. Oh that ſhe were a Man ſhe would have been Married in the Temple of* Honour, *or elſe ſhe would have been wedded to her* grave!

This Speech made *Prickette ſoarly* lament and *repent* that he had been ſo *negligent* in laying hold of opportunities (when they were offered him) to have done *ſome glorious act whereby he might be famous*.

He conſiders with himſelf, and repaires unto the *Herauld*, and layes before him the *miſery* of his *condition*, offering him a large ſumme of money, if *he could finde out ſome way, or plead his caſe ſo, that he might be Married in the Temple of* Honour, *or elſe he was ſure to loſe his Miſtreſſe for ever*.

The *Herauld* told him, that *there was no way except he could fight a Duell with ſome* knowne *Worthy, and ſo come off with* honour, *and in ſuch a caſe he had a private conveyance where he could ſhew him how he might convey his Miſtreſſe into the Temple, and there when he was once got in, it was the manner of the place, that none ſhould be excluded; and he would plead the priviledge of the Temple in his behalf if need required*.

Prickette did not like the Propoſition very well, yet that was all he could get of the *Herauld*: away he goes, telling him, that *he would ſee what he could doe*, reſolving to be *quarrelſome* with any living ſoule that ſhould give him (but) the leaſt occaſion; for, he was reſolv'd not to endure that life whatſoever came of it: up and downe he goes ſeeking occaſion, where at laſt under the walls of *Carthage* he lights into a *grot*, where one *Hamon* (a notable *Kill-cow* and noted *Dueller*, and one who had formerly put an afront upon him) was drinking and making merry with ſome others of his Companions: *Prickette* comes in, and tells them, *he was diſpos'd to be merry*.

The Company anſwered him, that *they were diſpos'd to bid him welcome*.

But *Hamon* look'd ſomething *ſurly* upon *Prickette*, and he upon *Hamon*.

At laſt when *wine* had begun to *ripen both* their humours, *Prickette* begins to *vapour*.

Hamon tells him, that *leſſer ſayle would ſerve his veſſell*.

Prickette anſwered him, That *if that diſpleas'd him he would ſet up more, and yet not over-ſet, for any* big *wind* his *words could make*.

Hamon perceiving him to grow ſo faſt upon him, asked him, *if he remembred* ſuch *a time, when he put* ſuch *an Affront upon him?*

Prickette told him, That *he remembed it very well, and therefore he took this opportunity to queſtion him for it.*

Hamon told him, *he took a very ill time to queſtion him, when it was Night; and that he doubted he would not be ſo* valiant *in the Morning.*

Prickette told him, That *if he thought ſo, he would fight with him preſently, it was as dark for the one as tother, happy man be his Dole.* But the Company would not ſuffer them: and *Prickette* found many friends, becauſe he was a Courtier, and one that might be made ſome uſe of; wherefore *Prickette* pretended a willingneſſe to be reconcil'd, that he might enjoy his opportunity to whiſper *Hamon* in his Ear; who had his deſire, and privately challenged *Hamon* to come out, and fight with him; telling him, That *he would take an occaſion to goe out, as if he meant to turne his face to the Wall, and then he ſhould come after him, and they would have a Craſh. Hamon* conſented to it, out goes *Prickette*, and climes up to the top of a Rock, whereon the *foundation* of the City-wall was laid; after him comes *Hamon* (no man ſuſpecting any ſuch matter) and drawes his Sword, and askes *Where art thou?* Now *Prickette* had him between him and the light, ſo that *he* could eaſily diſcerne *him*; but *Hamon* (newly come *out* of the light, and having it behind him) could not ſee before him: So that he ſtill cry'd, *Where art thou? Where is this Fellow? Prickette* ſtill cry'd, *Here: Why don't you come on?* Untill ſuch time as he had got him juſt under him, and then he leaps upon his Neck and Shoulders, and beares him to the ground; puts his Shoulder out of joynt, Diſarmes him; cryes aloud, *Call for mercy (thou Villaine) or I will be the death of thee.*

The Company hearing a noiſe, all run out with Candles in their hands, and there they find *Prickette* upon the *Gyant*: They all take him off of him. *Hamon* cryes, *O I am ſoarly bruis'd, and my Bones are out of joynt! Sirrah, had it been in the day thou ſhouldſt never have done this: I proteſt I ſaw him not, but he came upon me all of the ſuddaine, I knew not how, nor which way. O my Arme! my Shoulder is out of Font, my Neck is Bruis'd, my Head is Broken! Who would have thought there had been ſo much ſtrength in ſuch a little Urchin!*

Prickette told him, That *if he thought the* Night *had been any* diſadvantage *to him, he ſhould doe well to take the* advantage *of the Day, he would anſwer him.*

No (ſaid *Hamon*) *I think you have given me enough for all the dayes of my life.*

All began to *admire Prickette*, every body thought *Prickette* a *Gallant* Man; who but *Prickette* was *cry'd* up for a *daring* fellow. *Prickette* repaires to the *Herauld*, brings his witneſſes, tells him what he had done: The *Herauld bids him leave the management of the reſt to him, and bring his* Rivana *along with him, much about the time of the*

the Solemnity, and he would conveigh them away where they ſhould not need to go through the Temple of Vertue, but paſſe through the Prerogative, into the Temple of Honour.

Now becauſe I will not end my ſtory with *relations* of *Wedding Garments*, or ſuffer my *pen* to be ſo neare of kinne to *feathers* in a *bed* as to write their *happineſſes upon its Sheets*, I ſhall onely bring theſe *Worthies* into the *ſacred Temple*, and there leave them in a place of *glory* & *honour*, into a place that was all *light* & had no *windows*, ſuch a *light* as receiv'd its *luſtre* from the *flames* of *hearts* and *melting ſoules burning* in the *fire of love*, which were *upon* & *under* the *Altar*, whoſe *Quire* was *pav'd* with *precious Stones*, where *Diamonds* were ſet in *Characters*, whereby Letters of Light were ſo compos'd that every foot that gave a ſtep made impreſſion upon Eternity. In the midſt of which Temple there was a *ſea* of *bliſſe*, and *Angels* moving upon the face of the *water*, whoſe *oares* were *wings* and *boates* ubiquities, and every *ſtroake* that *plaſh'd* upon thoſe *waters* of *life* gave both life and muſick: all the Temple was covered over with *repreſentations* of the Triple Deity (by whom *Ovid* ſwore) curiouſly done in Moſaick worke with the bright and ſhining ſcales of Fiſhes taken out of that ſea, all *three* ſupporting the ſame *Looking-glaſſe* with their right hands, wherein were to be ſeen pleaſures, and round about it written the word FOR EVERMORE. Into this glorious Temple the Heraulds lead theſe loving Paires, and placed them in their ſeverall ſeates of rotten, but now ſhining wood; upon one ſide whereof was written *Mortallity*; and upon the other, *Corruption upon armes whoſe hands laid hold upon the ſeates*, as if they were ready to teare them in ſunder. After that the high Prieſt had made an end of offering, and perform'd the holy Rites, there deſcended from above a Commiſſion and a Pen which an Angel received and delivered it into the high Prieſts hands, who preſented both to *Periiſſa*; which Commiſſion was that *that* Pen ſhould write, *I'm before Mortallity*, and *In before Corruption*: ſo the ſame power made the ſame hands as ſtayes to ſecure their bleſſed ſtate, which formerly had been the cauſes of their diſſolutions: And thus we end our Hiſtory with the heavenly Choriſters, ſinging this *Antheme:*

THus at last the lost Sheep's found,
Thus humility is crown'd;

Thus the patience of three
Hath got a three-fold victorie;

Thus pure chastity can say,
St triumphs in the latter day;

Thus true fortitude is blest,
B'assurance of eternall rest;

Thus stain'd innocence has right,
The black falls off, she's all in white;

He that of merit wants a stock,
Conquers (thus) climbing up the rock;

Be ever happy in this pleasure,
Time hath throwne away his measure.

Who a good conscience wou'n't keep fast,
To be rewarded, thus, at last!

FINIS.

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